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PREFACE.

Almost every Tourist in Wales has found either the inconvenience of conveying and referring to many volumes, or the want of a guide in every direction from a single book. To supply such desideratum, has, therefore, been attempted in the present work. The editor has diligently traced the steps of all the most popular tourists, and availed himself of their united labours; nor has he rested here, but has enlarged an accumulated stock of materials, by corrections and additions made by himself during several excursions, and he has also been favoured with some communications. Yet, notwithstanding the pains which he has thus taken, he is aware that much remains yet uneffected. And this should not be a matter of surprise, for our attainments are progressive, and the varied and complicated qualifications required to form a complete traveller, perhaps were never yet found in the same person. It is necessary to possess a taste, at least, for the fine arts, and particularly for landscape-gardening, sculpture, and painting; to be able to discriminate the various styles of architecture; to practise drawing; to understand mineralogy, botany, and natural history in general; to be conversant with the various modes of agriculture; and to have studied effectually our ecclesiastic, civil, and military histories and works of antiquity. The aim of the compiler has been to include a larger portion of information and interest in a small compass than has hitherto appeared; yet, whatever may be found in extracts, should be considered only as outlines of greater originals. He has avoided throughout to bedeck himself with borrowed plumes, giving to "Cæsar the things which are his; tribute to whom tribute is due;" and if there had been one book existing which would have supplied the use of this, he would not have obtruded himself upon the public, who are already superabundantly supplied with Welsh Tours, Directories, &c. &c.

At the head of each division in the following work are references to the places whence the different tourists, whose productions have been consulted, came; and at the end of each division are noted the places to which they passed. The distances, in miles, have been given, whenever they could be ascertained; the rest have been supplied from the best maps, on which a dependence is somewhat uncertain. The compiler trusts much to the hope of making many further excursions into Wales, and thereby adding to the present mass of information. The united communications of intelligent tourists could effect very much; and investigating residents in particular districts still more. The precarious tenure of life will necessarily cause many alterations in the names of residents, in a future edition, if this Guide should, fortunately, become a frequent Pocket Companion. From the present arrangement, the tourist may perceive what tracks have been explored, from which he may either be directed into the path most congenial to his pursuits, or may descry others, perchance, more curious and inviting.

Some advances have already been made in a *Caledonian Guide*, on the present plan, by the compiler,

Stourport, Worcestershire, GEORGE NICHOLSON.
September, 1808.

BRIEF CHARACTERS
OF THE PRINCIPAL PUBLICATIONS REFERED TO IN THE PRESENT WORK.

The prevailing features in Mr. *Pennant's* Tour through Wales, which he commenced from his own residence near Flint, is solid Antiquity and History; he ought indeed to be considered what he really was, the first modern traveller in Wales, who undertook and executed a work contained in 2 vol. 4to. 1784, of great value, both as to local, historic, and antiquarian research. Mr. *Wyndham's* Tour in 4to, printed 1781, is valuable, as containing 16 well executed and faithful views; and there attaches to this performance the honour of having first awakened the attention of the English to welsh scenery, and encouraged an inclination for excursions in the principality. It was this traveller who obviated the prejudice which prevailed, 'that the welsh roads were impassable, the inns intolerable, the people insolent and brutish;' and convinced his readers that "in the level counties the turnpike-roads are excellent; that the mountainous roads are in most parts as good as the nature of the country will admit of; that the inns, with a few exceptions, are comfortable; and the inhabitants universally civil and obliging." The prevailing features in Mr. *Aikin's* Tour through North Wales, 8vo. 1797, are mineralogy, botany, and scenery; in *Skrine's* Tours through Wales, 8vo. 1798, slight, yet neat, details of such remarkable objects as generally prove interesting and striking to fashionable travellers; in *Warner's* Walks through Wales, 2 vol. 8vo. 1798, 1799, lively slight description, with wonderful anecdote and adventure: in *Coxe's* historical Tour in Monmouthshire, 2 vol. 4to. 1801, close investigation, joined to diligent research, both in respect to history, antiquity and biography: in *Bingley's* Tour in North Wales, 2 vol. 8vo. 1804, history, scenery, and botany, are carefully illustrated: in *Evans's* Tour in North Wales, 8vo. 1800, and his Tour in South Wales, 8vo. 1804, lively narrative, reflection, anecdote, history, agriculture, botany, mineralogy: in *Barber's* Tour through South Wales, 8vo. 1803, architecture and scenery: in *Hutton's* Remarks on North Wales, 8vo. 1803, slight description, amusing narrative and opinion: in *Malkin's* Scenery of S. Wales, 4to. 1804, a minute survey of the scenery and a collection of much biographic and historic information: in *Donovan's* Tour through South Wales, 2 vol. 8vo. 1805, much antiquarian and historic research: with some entomology, botany, and scenic description: the Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwyn, through Wales in 1588, written by Giraldus de Barri, is crowded with superstitious relations of miracles, ghosts, &c. but in the new translation into English, by sir *Richard Colt Hoare*, bart. 2 vol. royal 4to. 1806, the annotations which are interspersed, exhibit deep research, and comprehend a rich addition of original information.

MODES OF TRAVELLING.

The plan which Mr. Malkin adopted was that of walking; but he says, "I took a servant on horseback, for the conveyance of books as well as necessaries, without which convenience, almost every advantage of a pedestrian is lost, except economy, and that is completely frustrated by so expensive an addition." Warner made his tour entirely on foot, and carried his own necessaries. He appears to have often walked 50 miles in one day. Walking can only be pleasing to those who have been accustomed to that exercise, and when not limited to time. He who takes a horse and saddle-bags, has certainly much the advantage of a pedestrian in most situations; he passes over uninteresting tracts with celerity; surveys, at ease, the attractions of both near and distant objects, and is received with more cordiality at the inns. The latter, tho' he be at liberty to scramble up a mountain or a rock, has to suffer more from that addition to his common fatigue. 'T is true that he can step aside to botanize and examine the beauties of nature and art, in situations where a horse would be an incumbrance; but when he arrives wet and weary, at an inn, at ten at night, he has sometimes to suffer the mortification of being received with coldness, treated with subordinate accommodations, if not refused admittance, and obliged to take up with a mere public house; or proceed further. Dr. Mavor, who proves to be the anonymous tourist in the "Modern and Contemporary Travels," vol. 3, several times referred to in the present work, says, "The comforts of a carriage are scarcely compensated for, when the numerous inconveniences are taken into the account. The most independent way of travelling is certainly on foot; but as few have health or strength for an undertaking of this kind, carried to any length, the most pleasant and satisfactory way of making a tour, is undoubtedly upon a safe and quiet horse, adapted to the country through which we are to pass. I would therefore advise persons who are traversing Wales, to purchase a sure-footed welsh poney, as soon as they enter the country, and to perform that part of the journey which lies through England in regular stages. They may thus gain time for their researches in the principality, and be exempted from the delays and fatigues incident to any other plan of journeying." Page 148. Dr. Mavor travelled in an open carriage and two horses, in company with a female friend, and two gentlemen, but he does not describe the vehicle further. In his remarks, however, at Corwen, he says, "we were assembled and ready to start; and tho' at six o' clock, a crowd was gathered round our carriage, as usual, admiring it's singular construction. I have not often noticed this circumstance; but it was a source of continual amusement to us in every place through which we passed, because it amused others."

"The compiler has hitherto travelled on foot, but he has been, like others, subjected to some unpleasant rebuffs, as at TANYBWLCH, and at MALLWYD. The principal objection to walking which he can make, is that of carrying the luggage of a change or two of linen and stockings, a small compass, a prospective glass, Hull's Pocket Flora, a portable press for drying plants, this interleaved Guide, a drinking horn, and occasionally some provision more savoury or palatable than a penny-roll. Where a guide is employed he will generally relieve you from the incumbrance of such a package, but the most desirable mode of travelling is certainly upon a strong little horse which you can relieve by walking at intervals; or, in the style of mr. Pratt, who travelled upon one that was broken winded, which he could always find again near the spot where he had occasion to leave it." The compiler once met in *Cwm glas*, a party of four gentlemen on foot, whom a little boy followed upon a small poney, with the joint conveniences of each, in a large wallet; but then how rarely can two persons be found, whose pursuits are similar, and their desires alike? The chance of four being so agreed is proportionably more uncertain. Walking becomes exceedingly painful when blisters upon the feet result from this exercise. But this inconvenience may be prevented by wearing pliant and easy shoes, or those which are made from two lasts to the shape of the feet, as described in No. 47, of "The Literary Miscellany," by wearing fine soft flannel or woollen socks next to the skin, and by washing the feet with water before going to bed. If, for want of such precaution, blisters should arise, let out the serum with a needle, without breaking the skin, bathe the part with equal quantities of vinegar and luke-warm water, and apply a thin liniment of wax and oil, with a little sugar of lead; some apply a compress of brandy, with an equal quantity of vinegar of lead, and anoint with oil. See also advice to those who ascend mountains, page 365. "I would strongly recommend it," says Mr. Malkin, "to the traveller of curiosity and leisure, who may take the direct route from England east and west to begin with Remney, from the sea to it's source: then adhering to that method, to pursue the banks of each river as far as they will lead him with tolerable convenience, the regular chain of which a good map will point out. The following catalogue of the highly picturesque rivers which constitute the great beauty of South Wales is transcribed from Drayton's topographic poem.

That Remney when she saw these gallant nymphs of Gwent,
on this appointed match were all so hotly bent,
where she of ancient time had parted as a mound,
the Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,
intreats the Taff along, as grey as any glass;
with whom clear Cunno comes, a lusty Cambrian lass:
then Elwy, and with her Ewenny holds her way,
and Ogmore, which would yet be there as soon as they,
by Avon called in; when nimbler Neath anon
(to all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known;
besides her double head, to help her stream that hath
her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsey and Tragarth)
from Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas, and Cleddaugh,
by Morgany do drive her through her watery saugh;
with Tawy, taking part t' assist the Cambrian power:
then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen them by Gower,

Betwixt Neath and Logor is this Gower, a little province, extended into the sea as a chersonese; out of it, on the west, rise these two rivers meant by the author. —*The Scenery, &c. of South Wales, 4to.*

The compiler has found Evans's reduced Map of North Wales very correc, but the enormous price fixed upon it, namely one Guinea, in a Case, renders i necessary to mention an excellent two sheets map of the whole Principality, by C. Smith, 172, Strand, London, price 7s.

THE WELSH, OR BRITISH LANGUAGE,

is conjectured to have had not less than 38 letters; at present 13 single, and double consonants, and 7 vowels are used. J, K, Q, X, V, and Z are not properly welsh letters, but modern innovation, even in the names of welsh towns, has frequently introduced some of them. For J, si is used, and sometimes i; the sound of k is expressed by c; of q by cw; of x by cs; of v by f; and for z, s is used. The alphabet contains A, B, C, Ch, D, Dd, E, F, Ff, G, Ng, H, I, L, Ll, M, N, O, P, Ph, R, S, T, Th, U, W and Y.

OF THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE WELSH LETTERS,

A, is pronounced as A English, in man, pan, lad, bad: and when circumflexed as in dame, pale, ale.

B, as B English.

C, as K English, or as C in can, cane, come: never as in cedar, city, cistern.

Ch, as x greek, rightly pronounced; and being a radical, is ever attended with w.

D, as D English.

Dd, as th English, in this, thou, that; dda, good, is pronounced tha.

E, acuted, as E English, in men, ten, bed; circumflexed, as Ea, in fear, tear.

F as V consonant, English.

Ff, as F English.

G as G English, in gain, get, go.

Ng as Ng in English, as king, ring, thong, strong.

H, as H in the English, hand, hind. Note, that some had rather call this an auxiliary than a letter; because it serves only to aspirate the foregoing consonants, as ch, ph, th; or the following vowels, as ha, he, &c.

I, as Ee in the English, bee, tree; or i, in rich, ring, thing; cil, a retreat, is pronounced keel.

L, as L English, in law, love, low.

Ll, is L aspirated, and has a sound peculiar to the Welsh. It is pronounced, by fixing the top of the tongue to the roof of the mouth, and breathing forcibly through the jaw teeth on both sides, but more on the right; as if written in english, Llh. Llangollen is pronounced Thlangothlen.

M, as M English.

N, as N English.

O, acuted, as O in gone; circumflexed, as O, in bone,

P, as P English.

Ph, as Ph English, as in philosophy, physic, &c. The true difference betwixt ff. and ph, is, that we write with ff, either such words as are purely british, as ffon, a staff; ffau, a den; ffordd, a way; ffelaig, a chieftain, a prince: or such words as are derived from latin words written with F, as ffydd, faith; ffynnon, a fountain; ffurf, a form; ffenestr, a window; perffaith, perfect; but we write with ph either such british words as have the radical P changed into the aspirate Ph, as tri-phen, three heads from Pen, a head; or when the Greek Phi, or Hebrew Af, are to be expressed, as Philosophydd, Philemon, Ephesiaid, Phinehas, Pharaoh; for it would be absurd to write these words, Triffen, Ffilosoffydd, Ffilemon, Effesiaid, Ffinehas, Ffaraoh.

R, as R English; and, when a radical, is always aspirated, and is then written rh.

S, as S in the english savour, sense.

T, as T English.

Th, as Th English, in thick, thought, mouth,

U as I English, in this, bliss, : if circumflexed, as ee, in queen, screen, green,

W, as O in the English, as to, who; if circumflexed, as oo, in boon, root, soot, boot.

Y, in the penultima, antepenultima, &c. as U in the English turn, hunt, further, sturdy; or as i, in bird, third: in the ultima or in monosyllables, as i in the english fin, thin, skin, trim, (except these monosyllables, y, ydd, ym, yn, yr, ys, fy, dy, myn; which sound Y, as in the penultima); and if circumflexed, as ee, in the english meek, seek. You have both sounds in the words hynny, ystyr, llythyr, myfyr, pybyr, &c. The constant sound of Y, in the penultima, &c. and it's ordinary sound in the ultima, are both exemplified in the single word, sundry. The accent is, in all Welsh words, either on the last, or penultima syllable; never on the antepenultima: but it is much more frequently on the penultima; and when on the last, it is a circumflex.

OF THE VARIATON OF INITIAL LETTERS IN WELSH.

Such words as begin with mutable consonants, viz. b, c, d, g, ll, m, p, r, and t, in their primary use, change these their radical initial letters, as occasion shall require, and according to the effect, which the words preceding have on them, as follows. Words primarily beginning with C have four initials, viz. c, ch, g, ngh; as câr agos, a near kinsman, ei châr, her kinsman; ei gâr, his kinsman; fy nghâr, my kinsman. Words primarily beginning with P have likewise four, p, b, mh, ph; as pen gwr, a Man's Head; ei ben, his head; fy mhen, my head; ei phen, her head. Words that have T in their primary use, have also four initials, t, d, nh, th; as tâd y plentyn, the child's father; ei dâd, his father; fy nhâd, my father; ei thâd, her father. Words begnning with B have three, b, f, m; as bara cann, manchet-bread; ei fara, his bread; fy mara, my bread. Words beginning with D have likewise three, d, dd, n; as Duw trugarog, a merciful God; ei Dduw, his God; fy Nuw, my God. Words beginning with G have also three, viz. g, ng, w, and the first vowel in the word, casting away the g; as gwâs ffyddlon, a faithful Servant; fy ngwâs, my servant; ei wâs, his servant. Words beginning with Ll have but two initials, ll, l; as llaw wenn, a white hand; ei law, his hand. Words beginning with M have likewise but two, m, f; mam dirion, a tender mother; ei fam, his mother. Words beginning with Rh have also two, viz. rh, r, as rhwyd lawn, a full net; ei rwyd, his net. Note, that M and N also, are aspirated in South Wales; as ei mham, her mother; ei nhai, her nephew. This variation of the initial letters is always regular, and constantly betwixt letters of the same organ of pronunciation; for a labial letter is never changed to a dental, nor a dental, to a labial, &c. Adverbs, being formed of adjectives, become such, by putting yn in opposition to the adjectives, which change their mutable initial consonants into their soft; as da, (adjective) good; yn dda, (adverb) well; mwyn, (adj.) kind; yn fwyn, (adv.) kindly. Initial vowels are also capable of occasional changes. Some of changing one vowel into another; as aberth, a sacrifice, pl. ebyrth; attal, to stop; ettyl, he will stop; &c. And all, of taking the aspirate h before them after the pronoun sing. Ei, when of the feminine gender; and the pl. pronouns eu, their; and ein, our; and the affix 'm; as, oedran, age; ei hodran, her age; amser, time; eu hamser, their time; anadl, breath; ein hanadl, our breath; Arglwydd, Lord; i'm Harglwydd, to my Lord, &c. to which rule dipthongs are also subject; as eiddo, one's own; ei heiddo, her own, &c. In seeking for words in a dictionary, the reader should always turn to them in their primary or radical initials. — Richards's Welsh Grammar.

* * *

THE READER IS REQUESTED TO CORRECT THE FOLLOWING MAT RIAL ERRORS WITH THE PEN.

Col. 12, line 38, for "25" substitute 20.
line 45, for "9½" sub. 6¼
— 13, after li. 11, add, To Conwy 11 miles, Warner.
— Rhuddlan, 6 miles, Skrine.
— 26, l. 48, for "Comdochon" supply Corndochon.
— 29, l. 9, from bottom, for "11½" sup. 15.
l. 8 from bottom for "Holyhead" sup. Gwyndy.
— 46, l. 21, for "48" sup. 30.
— 60, l. 5 & 6, dele "Donovan, Evans, Skrine, Warner," and sup. To Kea
1½ miles, Donovan, Evans, Skrine, Warner.
— 79, l. 25 for "Denbighshire" sup. Flintshire.
— 80, l. 7 dele the whole, and sup. To Hope, 1 mile, Pennant.
— 105, l. 7, from bot. dele "Nant Frangon, Bingley;" sup. to l. 9 Bingle
and add Llanberris, 8 miles, Hutton.
— 130, at the foot add, To Llandulas, 9 miles, Pennant.
— 135, after l. 14, add To Llanrwst, 24 miles.
— 141, after l. 30, add, To Welsh St. Donats, 2½ miles, Malkin.
— 145, l. 42, for "3" sup. 10.
— 163, l. 12, for "44" sup. 21,
l. 13, for "26 miles," sup. 14
— 229, l. 24; for "Hubberston," sup. Pyle.
— 266, l. 19, for "Towey," sup. Teivi.
— 281, l. 21, for "15" sup. 20.
— 383, l. 21 & 22, for "Bishop's-castle" sup. Bridgenorth.
— 411, l. the last, for "14" sup. 11.
— 462, l. 21, for "Llanidloes, 13," sup. Welshpool, 17.
— 516, l. 34, dele "thence to Towyn 17" and sup. 12.

Some other incorrections of lesser importance have occurred, which th compiler hopes will be excused in a first edition.

THE CAMBRIAN TRAVELLER'S GUIDE,
AND
POCKET COMPANION.

The names of places occurring in the text, distinguished by SMALL CAPITALS, may be found with more enlarged description in the general alphabetic arrangement; those in *italics*, of inferior note, are referred to from the index.

ABER.

From Port Penrhyn, 5 miles, Aikin; Evans.
— Llanfair Vechan, 2 miles, Bingley.
— Conwy, 9 miles, Hutton; Skrine.
— Penmaenmawr, Skrine.
— Llandygai, Pennant.

ABER, (the confluence) is a pleasing little village, about 9 miles distant from Conwy, affording a comfortable inn, which from it's situation near *Penmaen Mawr*, is a convenient place whence to ascend the summit of that mountain.

This is one of the *Ferries* to Anglesea. When the tide is out, the *Lavan Sands* are dry for 4 miles, over which the passenger has to walk to the channel where the ferry-boat plies. As the sand frequently shifts, this walk is dangerous. Yet many are under the necessity of adventuring, and the large bell of Aber is rung constantly during foggy weather, to direct those coming from the island, by it's sound. From this village a deep and romantic glen, in length nearly two miles, is the avenue to a celebrated cataract at it's extremity, called *Rhyadr Mawr*, falling over a tremendous slate rock, called *Maes y Gaer*, by a double fall, the lowest of which may be 50 feet. Upon an artificial mount, near the village, once stood a *Castle*, the palace of Llewelyn ap Gryffydd, prince of Wales. The vestiges of the moat and it's feeder from the river yet remain. At the siege of Montgomery, in the reign of Henry the third, Llewelyn was so successful as to take *William de Breos*, a potent baron, prisoner, whom he conducted to his castle at Aber. In this situation a friendship took place between the captive, (who is said to have been accomplished and beautiful) and his victor. It unfortunately happened, however, that the princess of Wales commiserated the situation of De Breos, and was so much won by his manners and address, that a clandestine intimacy took place between them. At length, a ransome liberated the knight from his captivity. Soon after, facts of inconstancy and intrigue on the part of the princess, and deceit on the part of the captive friend, being discovered, Llewelyn solicited from the knight the favour of a visit, to which he unsuspectingly acceded. He was once more in the power of Llewelyn, who cast off the character of friend and assumed that of the fiend. By Llewelyn's orders the Knight was cast into a dungeon, and a gallows erected on a small eminence in the dell, about 100 yards below the castle, on which De Breos suffered death, the victim of treachery and of love. Yet did not the barbarity of Llewelyn end here; the ultimatum remained, with which he intended to glut his revenge. While the knight hung, Llewelyn took the princess to a window, from which was a full view of the gallows. Approaching, he sarcastically smiled, and asked what she would give for a sight of her lover. At the neighbouring cottages, near the foot of this mount, tradition retains Llewelyn's question and the lady's answer in Welch. In English thus,

"Lovely princess," said Llewelyn,
"what will you give to see your William?"
"Wales and England and Llewelyn,
I'd freely give to see my William."

Upon a mountain, about 4 miles south of Llewelyn's castle, in a field called *Car Gwillim Duu*, is an artificial cave, where William de Breos, was interred. This melancholy occurrence happened in 1229. The frail princess was *Joan*

Plantagenet, daughter of King John. Except in this unfortunate affection for De Breos, she had passed a life of prudence, lived on friendly terms with her husband, and was an amiable woman. She survived this catastrophe eight years, and was interred, agreeably to her own request, in the monastery of the Dominican friars, at *Llanfaes*, near Beaumaris. Llewelyn erected a monument over her, and died in the year 1240. His son afterwards married De Breos's daughter. The remains of the lady of Llewelyn was suffered to lie 293 years, till Henry the 8th, "who may justly be charged with murdering the living, and selling the dead," disposed of the monastery to one of his courtiers; when the church was converted into a barn, in which state it still remains. The ferocity of the times ejected Joan from her little tenement. Her coffin of stone was placed in a small brook, and for 250 years, was occupied as a watering-trough for the farmer's horses. Lord Bulkley recently rescued it from it's degraded station and ordered it to be laid upside down at Baron-hill, near the hall. The sides, ends, and bottom are about four inches thick. From the cavity within, the princess appears to have been about five feet six or seven inches high; sixteen inches over the shoulders, and nine inches deep in the chest.

On the way to PENNMAEN MAWR, the small village and church of LLANVAIR VECHAN is passed, after which that vast promontory, rising abruptly, like the rock of Gibraltar, from the ocean, is presented in tremendous majesty.

While at Aber, Mr. Bingley pursued the banks of the stream, in search of the waterfall, before-mentioned, distant two miles. About half way is a bridge over which the road leads to *Caer Rhûn* and the vale of Conwy. A little beyond, taking a view down the vale, he found a most charming landscape. Following still the course of the stream, he soon reached *Rhaiadr Mawr*, the Great Cataract, a fall of about 60 feet, it's character simple, yet grand.

To Penmaen Mawr, 8 miles, Aikin; J. Evans.
— Llandygai, 4 miles, Bingley.
— Bangor, 3½ miles, Hutton; Skrine.
— Llanvair Vechan, 2 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Kilgarran, 23 miles, Barber; Skrine.
— Aberystwyth, 15 miles, Warner.
— Cardigan, 26 miles, Wyndham.

ABERAERON, in Cardiganshire, is a neat little village near the sea-shore, pleasingly situated at the entrance of an abrupt well-wooded valley. Near it's picturesque bridge there is a more comfortable inn than might be expected in so retired a situation, and the only tolerable one between Cardigan and Aberystwith. From this place the road, bordering the sea-shore, becomes more level, and soon introduces the fragments of a *Castle* on the beach, the greater part of which appears to have been washed away by the action of the sea. This fort was probably erected by the Normans to cover their landing or retreat, when in the reign of William Rufus, they fitted out a fleet, and, descending on the coast of Cardiganshire, conquered or ravaged the maritime country to a considerable distance.

Soon after passing this place TOWARDS ABERYSTWITH, the dreary village of *Llansantfred* appears, where a monastery is conjectured to have existed; and about two miles further *Llanrhystid*. At the latter place there is a tolerably decent alehouse called the Red-Lion Inn. Advancing about two miles, on a gentle eminence, in a field to the left of the road, appear several rough-hewn stones, patched with moss. Two of these remain upright, which are massive parallelopipeds, from 8 to 10 feet high, standing within a yard or two of each other. They are supposed to be either the remains of a druidic temple, or the tomb of some departed warrior.

The road now descends into the abrupt vale of Ystwith, crossing a picturesque bridge, venerably mantled with ivy. Continuing the route over the high ridgy hills which divide the parallel vales of Ystwith and Rhydol, the latter presents an agreeable contrast to the dreary country within a few miles of HAVERFORDWEST. Here, among extensive meadows of the richest verdure, the meandering Rhydol wantons in fantastic courses. On a gentle eminence, near it's banks, in the midst of the valley, appears the embowered town of LLANBADERN-VAWR, a picturesque tho' deserted spot; yet once a roman city, and afterwards the seat of an episcopacy and monastery, established by St. Paternus, in the beginning of the sixth century. The church is yet a handsome building. Between this town and the sea-coast is a small ancient fortification, consisting of a square area, surrounded by a wall with a tower at one of the angles. A range of wild-hills, backed by the stupendous *Plinlimmon*, forms the opposite boundary of this valley; and at it's termination in the sea-coast, the town of Aberystwith appears in a very picturesque light on the brink of the sea, with it's ruined castle, on a gentle rise, to the left.—Barber.

After quitting Aberaeron, mr. Warner's leading object was KILGARRAN CASTLE. A dull unvaried country led him for 14 or 15 miles to the village of *Blaneporth*, where he quitted the Cardigan road and turned to the left, through a broad vale watered by the Tyvi. The little village of *Lluryd* was before him, containing an immense manufacture of tin plates, the property of Sir Benjamin Hammet, whose house, called *Castle Malkwn*, is contiguous.

To Aberystwith, 18 miles, Barber; Wyndham; Shrine.

— Cardigan, 22 miles, Warner.

From Monmouth, 16½ miles, Barber; Shrine.

—— Ragland, 10 miles, Coxe.

—— Brecon, 20 miles, J. Evans.

—— Usk, 11 miles, Warner.

—— Llanthony Abbey, 11 miles, Wyndham.

ABERGAVENNY is a straggling irregular town in Monmouthshire, pleasingly interspersed with trees, situated on the conflux of the Gavenny and the Usk, at the foot of one of the confederated hills sustaining the towering cone of the SUGAR LOAF, which gently inclines to the river. On an eminence near the southern extremity of the town, is the ruined *Castle*, which at present exhibits very few memorials of former magnificence. The gate-house is tolerably entire, and vestiges of two courts may be traced among the broken walls; but of the citadel no traces remain, although an intrenched mound, close to the ruins, evidently marks it's site. The town was also fortified, and many portions of the work remain, particularly Tudor's Gate, the western entrance, furnished with two portcullisses and remarkable for the beautifully composed landscape seen through it. The principal part of the castle was erected by the Normans on the site of a british fortress. The *Church* is a large gothic structure and appears to have been built in the form of a roman cross, but is now curtailed of it's transepts; at the juncture of one of them, a circular arch, now filled up, wears a norman character, and seems to have been part of the original building. Three arches, curiously dissimilar, separate the aisle from the nave. The choir remains in it's antique state, with stalls, for a prior and his monks, formed of oak, and rudely carved. The aisles on either side are furnished with the monuments of several illustrious personages. Before the dissolution of religious houses, the church belonged to a priory of Benedictine monks, which was founded by Hamelin Baladun, who is also said to have built the castle. The Priory-house, adjoining the nave of the church, is converted into a commodious dwelling. The *Free-School* in the town was founded by Henry 8, and amply endowed with the revenues of forfeited monasteries, &c. Abergavenny was a roman town, the Gobanium of Antoninus; it is at present populous, has a good market place, two parish churches, and several good inns. At about two miles distance is *Werndee*, a poor patched-up house; tho' once a mansion of considerable magnificence, is now only interesting as being considered the spot where the prolific Herbert race was first implanted in Britain. A principal EXCURSION from Abergavenny is that which leads northwards TO LLANTHONY ABBEY, a majestic ruin, seated in a deep recess of the Black mountains, at the very extremity of Monmouthshire. The first part of the route lies through a romantic pass between the SKYRRID and SUGAR-LOAF MOUNTAINS, upon the Hereford turnpike. Proceeding about 2 miles, the church of *Llandeilo Bertholly* appears on the right, and not far from it an antique mansion called the *White-House*, a residence of the Floyers. Another ancient house at the village of *Llanvihangel Crickhornell*, seen through groves of firs, was lately a seat of the Arnolds, but now occupied as a farm-house. From this spot a footpath strikes off among the mountains, through tangled forests and upon precipices impendent over the brawling torrent of the Honddy, which sometimes opens to scenes of the most romantic description. Immediately to the left of the road rises the *Gaer*, a huge rocky hill crowned with an ancient encampment. On the opposite side of the river, fearfully hanging on a steep cliff, and beneath a menacing hill, bristled with innumerable craigs, is the romantic village of *Cwmjoy*.—J. T. Barber.

The road TO BRECON lies on the clear and lively Usk, in a romantic valley, which passes the boundary of the charming county of Monmouth, but is attended with a continuance of agreeable scenery. Among the verdant accompaniments of the serpentizing river, the rich groves and smiling lawns of *Dany-Park* are conspicuous, swelling above a fertile vale, and backed by a range of wild mountains. Nearly opposite, in a field to the right of the road, and the fifteenth mile from Brecon, is a single upright stone, about 14 feet high, suspected to be a druidic monument. About two miles further occurs Crickhowel, an old meanly built town; but hanging on the steep declivities of a fine hill, and dignified with the picturesque ruin of a castle, is an interesting object in the approach. The extent of this fragment of antiquity, is by no means considerable. A narrow gothic bridge here crosses the Usk to the pleasing village of *Llangottoc*. This neighbourhood is enlivened by several handsome seats; the most remarkable of which, with respect to excellence of position and singularity of design, is the newly erected residence of *Admiral Gell*. The road continues scenic and entertaining to the small village of *Tretower*, remarkable only for a few picturesque fragments of it's castle, once the residence of *Mynarch, lord of Brecon*. Then winding round a conic eminence the road ascends a mighty hill, called the *Bwlch*; during which ascent, a farewell view of the vale of Usk and it's appendages, is truly interesting and grand. But from these wide ranging views, and external scenery, the tourist becomes shut up, on entering the pass of the mountains, (a sterile hollow) from which he emerges on a subject of an entirely opposite and very singular description. Surrounded by dark mountains, melancholy, and waste, appears an extensive lake called *Langor's Pool*, upwards of six miles in circumference. In the neighbourhood of the lake northeastward, and near the head of the Lleveny brook, which empties itself into the pool, is *Blaen Lleuven Castle*. It was fortified by Peter Fitzherbert, decended of Bernard de Newmarch, Lord of Brecon. The road soon descends to the fine vale of Brecon, grandly accompanied by a semicircular range of mountains; where the *Van* proudly rears it's furrowed and cloven summit, high above the clouds. Advancing, cultivation takes a more extensive sweep, and picturesque disposition becomes frequent. The Usk, flowing round the foot of the Bwlch, clothed with the extensive plantations of *Buckland House*, salutes the beholder with renewed attractions; and farther up the vale, the charming woody eminence of *Peterstone* is laved by it's sinuous career. On the left of the road, about five miles from Brecon, is a stone pillar, 6 feet in height and nearly cylindrical, on which is an inscription, which Camden read; N——Filius Victorina, but which is now almost obliterated. In the parish of Llan Hamwalch, standing on the summit of a hill near the church (which is to the left of the road, a little beyond the former monument) is *St. Iltut's Hermitage*, composed of four large flat stones; 3 of which, standing upright, are surmounted by a fourth, so as to form a sort of hut, 8 feet long and 4 wide, and nearly 4 in height. This kind of monument is called a Kist-vaen, a variety of the Cromlech, and supposed to have been applied to the same purposes.—J. T. Barber.

To the north of Abergavenny, stretches a mountainous district, containing very romantic features. *Llanviangel Crukhornel*, situated at the extremity of the pass between the Skyrrid and the Black Mountains, five miles from Abergavenny, might be the centre of several excursions.

Oldcastle, a little picturesque village, on the eastern slope of the black mountains, which skirt the vale of Ewias on the right, is supposed by Gale and Stukeley to have been the ancient Blestium, but upon grounds which are inconclusive. It is however true that several encampments near the spot, wear a roman character. The place is noticed as having been the residence of sir John Oldcastle, lord Cobham, the companion of Henry 5, afterwards chief of the Lollards, and martyr to their religious views. This castle has been lately taken down, and a farm house constructed with the materials. On this chain of hills are the remains of an ancient *Encampment*, probably roman. From this eminence may be seen the recesses of the black mountains, and the range of hills which stretch from Abergavenny beyond the frontiers of Brecknockshire and Herefordshire. Beneath the junction of the Honddy and the Monnow, is *Altyrynys*, a seat of the Cecil family, in a singularly picturexquisite situation. Two miles from Llanvihangel, close to the Hereford road, is *Campston*, where Charles I is said to have passed a night.

Four miles from Campston, on the road from Abergavenny to Hereford, is *Llangua*, the site of an alien priory of black monks; but no vestige remains. These places only deserve to be visited, not as objects of curiosity, but for the sake of examining the face of the country in new positions. The tourist should not omit traversing the road from *Llangua to Campston*, which commands a delightful view of the mountains in the northern part of the country.

From the summit of the *Gaer*, which occupies the centre of the chain, a striking view of these mountains is presented: first, *The Derry*, rising from Abergavenny; then succeeds the bare and russet *Brynaro*, and opposite the last is the *Great Skyrrid*. To the north of the Brynaro extends the long line of the black mountains, sweeping in a semicircular direction. To the west of the black mountains rises a succession of eminences, stretching across Brecknockshire. Beyond these mountains the eye glances over the fertile parts of Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire, backed by the distant hills in the counties of Worcester, Glocester, and Somerset, and intersected by the estuary of the Severn. At the foot of the *Gaer* stretches a part of the *forest of Moyle*.

EXCURSIONS FROM ABERGAVENNY are frequently made to *Blaenavon Iron Works*, distant about six miles. The road passes the Usk by a stone bridge along the plain, between the river and the Blorenge, and crosses the summit of the mountain. 350 men are employed in these works. The iron is conveyed to the canal on rail-ways. The tourist may take the road to PONT Y POOL, leading down the valley of the *Avon Lwyd*.

The indefatigable Mr. Coxe, who left no district in Monmouthshire unexplored, penetrated into the *Vallies of the Ebwy and Sorwy*, which abound with the most romantic scenery. The road from PONT Y POOL passes along the side of the canal to *Pont Newynydd*, and ascending to the moors, a track leads to *Cwm Tilery*. In this descent is presented a district well peopled, richly wooded, and highly cultivated; the numerous vallies abound with delightful scenery, and at a distance bursts the Little Ebwy, through a deep, narrow, and woody glen, visible only by it's foam glistening through the thick foliage. Crossing this torrent, over a stone bridge, a narrow and rugged path leads up the valley (through hanging groves of oak, beech, ash, and alder, which skirt the precipitous sides of the mountain), towards the church of Aberystwith, a handsome gothic building, beautifully situated in the midst of fields, on a gentle eminence overhanging the Ebwy. The valley, at first is extremely narrow, almost without inhabitants, the foaming torrent nearly filling the whole space between the mountains; it afterwards expands, and includes a pleasing display of farm-houses, and inclosures of corn and pasture. At the extremity of this valley, Mr. Coxe, traversed the moors, to visit the iron works of *Nant y Glo*, and passing round the Brecon mountain, which divides the two vallies of the Ebwy, returned through the valley of the Great Ebwy to Llanhiddel. "In a general description," he says, "this vale would appear similar to that of the Little Ebwy; it is bounded by ranges of hills feathered with trees, and traversed by a mountain torrent. Yet nature always presents a different aspect, and from rocks, woods, and waters, forms endless combinations, which, though similar in description, are varied in appearance. The scenery here is wider and more romantic, the plain narrower, the acclivities steeper, the torrent more rapid and confined, the woods more gloomy and impervious; the streams pour thro' the glens, and rush down the hills in greater abundance, and there are fewer habitations. Art has also introduced a striking difference; in the other vale, the path continually ascending and descending, ran along the rugged sides of the Brecon mountain; here the road is a railway, carried over an artificial terrace, in a waving line, near the edge of the banks overhanging the torrent. Finding nothing interesting at *Llanhiddel*, he hastened to PONT Y POOL.

IN ANOTHER EXCURSION, MR. COXE crossed the canal, and ascending by the side of a torrent, reached a small lake which forms the reservoir of the canal, and stretches along the foot of the hill called the *Mynydd Maen*. Between the Mynydd Maen and the *Keven y Krib*, is a narrow and romantic defile, through which he passed to the reservoir of the

Crumlin branch of the canal, and thence descended to *Crumlin Bridge*, where he left his guide, and rode along the valley to the junction of the two Ebwys. "The scenery at the junction," says he, "is most delightful; on one side the Great Ebwy rushes through the vale which I traversed in my last excursion; on the other the Little Ebwy, foaming through a hollow and narrow glen, emerges from a thick wood; these two branches dash round the southern extremity of the Brecon mountain, and unite at it's foot. Two stone bridges are thrown over the Little Ebwy, within a few paces of each other; one supports the rail-road; the other was the common pass before it's construction. I crossed the latter, near which stands a stone cottage with a group of trees overhanging it's roof, and walked through a grove of alders to another bridge over the Great Ebwy, whence a path leads up the woody side of the mountain which bounds the valley. I remained for a considerable time leaning on the parapet of the bridge, absorbed in contemplation of the picturesque objects around me; objects which recalled to my recollection the milder cast of mountain scenery, which I formerly so much admired in the Alps of Switzerland, and drew a tear of sympathy and regret for the fate of that once happy and delightful country." Returning to *Crumlin Bridge*, mr. Coxe continued along the side of the canal, much pleased with the views on this route. Large quantities of coal are brought down a rail-road to Newbridge from the mines of *Mynydd Yslwyn*, to be conveyed by the canal to Newport; and between *Newbridge* and *Risca*, the numerous buildings and manufactures scattered along the sides of the canal, render the valley a scene of bustle and activity. At *Risca*, a village situated at the extremity of the vale, under the the craggy side of *Twyn Barlwm*, mr. Coxe dismissed his guide, and took the road to Newport. The next day he explored the *Valley of the Sorwy*, which was not inferior to the vallies of the Ebwy in wild and romantic scenery. During this excursion he visited *Penllwyn* and *Bydwelly*, two seats belonging to the ancient family of Morgan, now converted into farm houses. He returned along the level summit of the mountain; and after crossing the valley of the Sorwy, passed through *Cross pen Main* to *Crumlin Bridge*, whence he pursued the route at the foot of the Mynydd Maen to Pont y Pool.

Two high roads lead from Abergavenny TO MONMOUTH; one by *Coldbrook-House*, through *Bryngwyn*, *Tregaer*, and *Dynastow*; and the other, shorter but more hilly, through *Llanvaply*, *Llandeilo Cresseney*, and *Rockfield*. *Llandeilo Cresseney*, midway between Abergavenny and Monmouth, is the seat of *Richard Lewis, esq.*; standing in a fertile, enclosed, and richly wooded country, commanding extensive views of the distant hills and mountains. It was the seat of a younger branch of the Powells. On the extinction of the male line, it came by marriage into the family of Lewis. Among the portraits here preserved is that of the eccentric *James Howell*, author of the "Familiar Letters." In a field adjoining Llandeilo-house, is the site of *Old Court*, once the residence of the celebrated *Sir David Gam*. To the south of the high-road are the sequestered ruins of the *Abbey of Grace Dieu*, founded in 1229, by John of Monmouth.

Where the road strikes off TO USK, is a neat mansion belonging to Mr. Jones, called *Clytha*. On the opposite side, upon an eminence, is a building in a castellated form, erected as a monument of domestic affection to a woman of uncommon excellence, the heiress of the house of Tredegar, who, with her hand, bestowed on the present proprietor a very splendid fortune.—J. Evans.

To Brecon, 25 miles, Barber.
— Monmouth, 16½ miles, Coxe.
— Ragland Castle, 9 miles, J. Evans; Wyndham.
— Crickhowel, 6 miles, Warner.
— Llanthony Abbey, 11 miles, Skrine.
— Llandulas, 2 miles, Pennant.

From St. Asaph, 9½ miles, Bingley; Skrine.
—— Llandidno, 16 miles, Aikin.
—— Rhyddlan, 5 miles, Warner.
—— Conwy, 11 miles, Wyndham.

ABERGELEY is a village of Denbighshire, of considerable resort on account of it's large cattle-fairs. It is also frequented in the bathing season, but not so much as Park-gate, by people of fashion. It is situated upon the edge of *Rhuddlan Marsh*, and consists of one street.

Having passed this village, on the road TO LLANDULAS, the sea is beheld on the right, and a range of low rocks on the left, from the foot of which meadows and arable fields extend nearly to the water. A huge calcarious, rock, at the termination of a mile, called *Cefn-Ogo*, particularly struck the attention of Mr. Warner, in which he observed many natural caverns, penetrating the side of the mountain. To one called Ogo, he ascended; it's mouth resembled the arched entrance of a gothic cathedral, divided within into two apartments. Upon one of the high lime-stone cliffs, is a mount called *Cappa yr Wylfa*, an ancient british post.

To Llandulas, 3 miles, Bingley.
— St. Asaph, 8 miles, Aikin; Wyndham.
— the Passage-house, 10 miles, and Conway, 1 mile; Warner.

End of Mr. Pennant's Journey to Snowdon.

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From Machnytbleth, 20 miles, Aikin.
—— Aberaeron, 22 miles, Barber; Skrine.
—— Pont y Monach, 12 miles, Malkin; Warner.
—— Newcastle in Emlyn, 38 miles, Evans.
—— Towyn, 12 miles, Warner.
—— Aberaeron, (through *Llanrhysted,*) 18 miles, Wyndham.
—— Llanbadern vawr, 1½ miles, Wyndham's 2d. tour.

ABERYSTWITH, in Cardiganshire, is situated at the conflux of the rivers Ystwith and Rhydol; yet, like Llangollen, is less agreeable on examination than a prepossession impressed by it's beauty, as a distant object, may have led the traveller to expect. The streets are narrow and ill paved, and the dark coloured stone of the buildings gives the houses a dirty appearance. It was formerly a fortified place, and still retains many ruins of a strong Wall, and a large Castle or citadel boldly occupying a projection of slate rock, on the side of the sea. It holds a considerable rank among the towns of the principality, as a fashionable place of resort in the bathing season, being much frequented by the Cardigan, Montgomery, and Shropshire gentry. Lodgings reach a price as high as at Weymouth. At the *Talbot-Inn* may be found a boarding table, and strangers cannot fail being satisfied with the good accommodations, reasonable charges, urbanity, and attention of Jacob Jones. The *Harbour* is deep enough at high water to receive the larger kind of welsh coasting vessels, but a bar of shifting sand at it's mouth is a great annoyance. The town exports lead and calamine, procured from the mines near Plinlimmon, oak-bark, and some manufactured goods, such as webs, flannels, and stockings; which are sent chiefly to Bristol and Liverpool. It imports cast iron goods from Coalbrook dale, shipped at Bristol; lime, groceries, and porter, from Bristol; grain from Liverpool and Ireland; and coals from the southern counties of Wales. A considerable fishery is also carried on here. Cod, mackerel, herrings, &c. are sent as far as Shrewsbury.

The *Castle*, seated on a craggy eminence, projecting into the sea, westward of the town, was founded by Gilbert de Strongbow, son of Richard de Clare, in the reign of Henry the first; but soon after it's erection it fell into the hands of the welsh princes, and was destroyed in their intestine quarrels. Powell says, that the present castle was built by Edward, anno 1277. It appears to have been a strong place, as a garrison of King Charles kept it in possession for some time after his death. An agreeable public walk is traced through the ruin; near which mr. *Uvedale Price* has erected a singular building for his summer residence. It is in the gothic style, and castellated form, consisting of three octagon towers, with a balcony towards the sea. The elevated situation of the castle commands a magnificent view of the whole extent of that line of welsh coast which is included in Cardigan-bay. This vast curve is formed by the projecting counties of Caernarvon to the north, and Pembroke to the south; the coasts of Merioneth and Cardigan fill up the centre. Aberystwith, is about the middle of the bay, whence may be seen to the N. a long irregular line of distance, formed at first by the projecting coast of Merioneth, and then continued out to sea by the long mountainous promontory of Caernarvon, terminated by the isle of Bardsey. There is no situation south of Caernarvonshire, from which the welsh alps may be seen so advantageously as Aberystwith castle, or some of the surrounding cliffs. The lofty hills which confine the estuary of the Dovey, and raise their broad backs far above the Cardigan rocks, are surmounted by Cader Idris and it's subject cliffs; these are overtopped by the giant mountains of Caernarvonshire; among which, in clear weather, the sharp peak of Snowdon itself may be discerned pre-eminent above the surrounding crags. To the south of Aberystwith, the coast of Pembroke, being less curved and not so lofty as the northern limit of the bay, the line of boundary appears more uniform.

This wide expanse of water, diversified by numerous vessels in every direction, some steering for Pwlhelli, Crickeath, Barmouth, Aberystwith, Aberdowy, Cardigan, or other ports in the bay; some further out to sea, slowly urging on to reach Liverpool, or Bristol, or some of the irish havens; while others, almost stationary, busily employed in fishing, afford a very amusing and pleasing spectacle. Northwards of the castle is a level beach, a few hundred yards in length, to which succeeds a long range of high slate rocks, worn into caverns and recesses, by the dashing of the waves, and affording a secure abode for hawks, ravens, and various species of gulls and other sea-birds. At the foot of these cliffs extends a reef of low rocks, the crevices and pools of which are adorned with numerous beautiful corallines and fuci, and enlivened by different kinds of shell-fish and marine animals; at high tide they are covered. A long stone bridge crosses the Ryddol, near Aberystwith, on the other side of which rises a hill. Upon it's summit is a large intrenchment.

Among the more common plants, J. Evans found in this neighbourhood, scilla verna, triglochin maritimum, statice armeria, plantago maritima, p. coronopus, cucubalus otites, chelidonium glaucium, cochlearia officinalis, anthyllis vulneraria, convolvulus soldanella, elymus arenarius, nymphæa alba, euphorbia peplis, pulmonaria maritima.

The turnpike road TO PONT Y MONACH, which lies chiefly over uncultivated hills on the south western side of the vale of Rhydol, at the distance of 12 miles from Aberystwith, contains some striking scenery. The vale of the Rhydol gradually contracts into a deep glen, the rocky banks of which are clothed with plantations, and at the bottom runs a rapid current. Mr. Evans entered the *Vale of Rhydol* at the village of LLANBADERN VAWR, supposed to be the Mauritanea, where St. Paternus founded a monastery, and an episcopal see, in the 6th century. The vale here becomes inclosed with lofty mountains, adorned with verdure, and interspersed with bare cliffs and frowning crags. At the feet of these the river struggles through the huge fragments of rock which obstruct it's course, in angry and tumultuous roar. At *Pont y Pren*, or *Melincwm Rhydol*, is a striking scene. On one side of the river, dark rocks rise to nearly 400 feet, opposed on the other by inferior cliffs; through a chasm between, issues a mountain stream, forming a delightful cascade. In this sequestered spot is a grist mill, the access to which is upon a bridge formed of the trunk of a tree. Approaching that part of the valley were the Monach flows into the Rhydol, near the conflux of which is the justly admired scenery of Pont y Monach.

On the road TO TREGARON, *Nanteos*, a family mansion belonging to the Powels, first occurs on the left. The situation is very agreeable, being enclosed by moderate hills, and open towards the sea. The house is large, substantial, and plainly handsome. *Crosswood Park*, the seat of the hon. col. Vaughan, member for the burough of Cardigan, is a very ancient place, yet has infinite attractions for the lovers of the rural and picturesque. The scenery is various and delightful, and the spot might be rendered a paradise. At the village of *Llanafun* and *Llannwnws*, composed of a few scattered houses, we enter upon a high and dreary common of stones and barrenness, the ascent to which is long and fatiguing. This is the south western extremity of that ridge, which terminates with *Eglwys Newydd* on the N. E. In descending the hill on the S. E. the first indication of any thing agreeable is the village and neighbourhood of *Ystrad Mirk*. There is here, on the side of the declivity, a woody shelter which derives a double charm from contrast, and gives a picturesque effect to some grand masses of rock. This retreat among the mountains contains besides a mouldered Castle, a school endowed by the late *Edward Richard*, a self-taught scholar, native of this place and master of the school many years. The descent continues to the plain, through which the Mirk passes. The river is to be crossed before you reach *Pentre Rhydvendigol*, a hamlet on the banks of the Tivy, but in which there is the accommodation of a bed. *Strata Florida*, with it's ruined Abbey, stand upon excellent meadow land and near a fresh and rapid stream. This religious house (of great repute in monastic annals) was founded by Rees ap Griffith, in the year 1164. There is remaining a very fine saxon arch of free stone; but not a tomb or a monument. The present was built from the ruins of the ancient church, but occupies a very small portion of it's area.

Some part of the cloister and infirmary may be traced. A guide should be procured to visit *Llyn Tivy* and the other five lakes on the mountain above, because there is no path. Llyn Tivy is the largest of them; it's circumference probably a mile and a half. To return from the lakes to the Tivy, and follow it through the vale, is a tedious reach, without sufficiently corresponding interest. The guide will conduct you across the hills to TREGARON, the chain of which runs, without a single break, from Lanbeder to Bishop's Castle in Shropshire; a space of about 60 miles. It might be traversed on horseback without the interruption of a single gate or fence, without any path, and probably without seeing a human creature.

On the road TO CARDIGAN, the vale of Istwid, with the romantic bridge, venerably clothed with ivy, near *Llanercharron Castle*, is the first interesting point; immediately afterwards, at *Chancera*, the hills rising abruptly, shut out the country on the left, and leave a very fine sea view. About *Garengyr* the country is pleasing. *Tavern Spite* is an hospitium of latter times, open to all travellers, on condition of paying for their accommodation. Near *Meliver*, on the right hand of the road, are two druidic monuments. *Llanrhystid* stands on the banks of the little river Werry, near were it falls into the sea. There are some interesting traces of monastic institution at this village. *Llansantfried* has an ancient church. The river Perris falls into the sea near Llannon. The village of *Morva* stands near another little brook; the Church is near the sea-side. Beyond this place is a very steep hill, with the road winding to the right, turning upon the cliff and leading unexpectedly to the pleasing and interesting village of *Llan Dewi Aberarth*. ABERAERRON, another pleasing village, about two miles further. A bridge over the Arron is highly picturesque. After which you mount a hill. On the coast, between Aberaeron and Llanarth, are the fragments of a small castle. *Llandisiliogogo* lies out of the road near the shore. Up the hill of *Synod Finnonddewy*, were the Bidder is crossed, there is a very fine view of Cardigan bay. A tedious journey over a rocky track, disposes the traveller to be pleased with the sheltered situation of the *New Inn*, at the bottom of the hill. *Pwllglas* is in the parish of Pebyrn, the church of which is on the right hand near the sea-shore. *Castle Yndalig* is a British encampment, very large, and double trenched. Two miles further, at *Blaenporth*, there is another not so large. The descent to NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN is considerable, but the prospect improves momentarily as you approach the vale of Tivy. The bridge over Kerry affords a pleasing view of that river near it's junction with the Tivy.

On the way TO MACHYNLLETH mr. Warner endeavoured to find *Cargerion Castle*, without a guide, but missed the road, and being much bewildered by intersecting tracks among the mountains, reached Machynlleth, by frequent enquiries, after much loss of time, darkness closing on him, and by the guidance of a miller's boy whom he accidentally met with. On the turnpike road, in approaching to *Tal y Bont*, Mr. Wyndham was much pleased with the plantations of firs near the house of mr. Price. Having left this place scarcely two miles, the country wore a fairer aspect, a sylvan scene conducted him besides two waterfalls, near an iron furnace to the banks of the Dovy, enclosed by a majestic chain of rich mountains. A considerable flood prevented him from crossing the Dovy to the iron works at *Penhal*; he therefore followed the rocky and picturesque road to Machynlleth.

To Pont y Monach, 12 miles, Aikin; Barber; Evans; Skrine.
— Towyn, 12 miles, Aikin.
— Tregaron, 18 miles, Malkin.
— Machynlleth, 25 miles, Wyndham; Warner.
— Aberaeron, 15 miles, Warner's 2d walk.

From Holyhead, 20 miles, Bingley.
— Llanerchymedd, 6 miles, Aikin.
— Beaumaris, 18 miles, Warner.

AMLWCH, (near the lake) is a market-town of Anglesey, on the coast, chiefly supported by the copper-mines, with which the surrounding district abounds. About the year 1766, Amlwch contained no more than half a dozen houses in the whole parish, but now includes a population of 4 or 5000 inhabitants. "I am acquainted with no place," says Mr. Aikin, "the manners of whose inhabitants are so unexceptionable (as far at least as a stranger is enabled to judge of them) as Amlwch. Not a single instance have I known of drunkenness, not one quarrel have I witnessed during two very crowded market-days, and one of them a day of unusual indulgence; and I believe no jail, or bridewell, or house of confinement exists in the town or neighbourhood."

The following is extracted from mr. Bingley's account of his visit to the *Anglesea Copper Mines*. "Having ascended to the top of the celebrated *Parys Mountain*, I stood upon the verge of a vast and tremendous chasm. I stepped upon one of the stages suspended over the edge of the steep, and the prospect was dreadful. The number of caverns, at different heights along the sides; the broken and irregular masses of rock, which every where presented themselves; the multitudes of men at work in different parts, and apparently in the most perilous situations; the motions of the windlasses, and the raising and lowering of the buckets, to draw out the ore and the rubbish; the noise of picking the ore from the rock, and of hammering the wadding, when it was about to be blasted; with, at intervals, the roar of the blasts in distant parts of the mine, altogether excited the most sublime ideas, intermixed with sensations of terror. Leaving this situation, and following the road which leads into the mine, my astonishment was again excited, the moment I entered. The shagged arches and overhanging rocks, which seemed to threaten annihilation to any one daring enough to approach them, when supperadded to the sulphureous smell arising from the kilns in which the ore is roasted, made it seem to me like the vestibule to Tartarus, described by Virgil. To look up from this situation and observe the people upon the stages, 150 feet above one's head; to see the immense number of ropes and buckets, most of them in motion; and to reflect, that a single stone casually thrown from above, or falling from a bucket, might in a moment destroy a fellow creature, a man must have a strong mind not to a feel impressed with many unpleasant sensations. The sides of this dreadful hollow are mostly perpendicular. Along the edges are the stages with the whimsies by which the buckets are lowered; and from which the men descend to their stations upon the sides. Here suspended, the workman picks with an iron instrument, a place for a footing, whence he cuts out the ore, and tumbles it to the bottom, where it rests with a thundering crash. After working the place into a cavern he removes to a new station. In the Parys mountain are two mines: of these, that upon the eastern side is called the *Mona Mine*, the entire property of the earl of Uxbridge. *The Parys Mine* is the joint property of the earl of Uxbridge and the rev. Edward Hughes of Kinmael, near St. Asaph.

"It is generally believed that the Romans obtained copper ore from this mountain, for vestiges are yet left of what was taken for their operations; and some very ancient stone utensils have, at different times, been found. From the time of the Romans to the year 1761, these mines seem to have been entirely neglected. The bed of ore is in some places more than 60 feet in thickness; and the proprietors are said to ship annually 20,000 tons. The number of hands employed is upwards of 1000. The workmen seemed much more healthy than it would be natural to expect. Their average wages are about 1s. 6d. a day. The mines have increased the value of lands in the parish of Amlwch from about 1400 to 5000 pounds per annum, and upwards; the number of houses from 200 to upwards of 1000; and the population from 900 to about 5000.

Mr. Aikin describes this immense undertaking as follows. "The substance of the mountain being ore, the work is carried on in a very different manner from the custom of other mines. Here are comparatively few shafts or levels, the greater part being quarried out so as to leave a vast excavation open to the day. The view down this steep and extensive hollow is singularly striking. The sides are chiefly of a deep yellow or dusky slate colour, streaked, however, here and there, by fine veins of blue or green, shooting across the cavern, mingled with seams of greyish yellow. The bottom of the pit is by no means regular, but exhibits large and deep burrows in various parts, where a richer vein has been followed in preference to the rest. Every corner of this vast excavation resounds with the noise of pickaxes and hammers, the sides are lined with workmen drawing up the ore from below; and at short intervals is heard, from different quarters, the loud explosion of the gunpowder by which the rock is blasted, reverberated in pealing echoes from every side. After the ore is obtained from the mine, it is broken into small pieces by the hammer (this being chiefly done by women and children), and piled into a kiln, to which is attached, by flues, a long sulphur chamber. It is now covered close; a little fire is applied in different places; and the whole mass becomes gradually kindled. The sulphur sublimes to the top of the kiln, whence the flues convey it to the chamber appointed for it's reception. This smouldring heat is kept up for 6 months, during which the sulphur-chamber is cleared four times. At the expiration of this period the ore is sufficiently roasted. The poorest of this, that is, such as contains from 1½ to 2 per cent, of metal, is then conveyed to the smelting houses at Amlwch-port; the rest is sent to the company's furnaces of Swansea, and Stanley, near Liverpool. The greater part of the kilns are very long, about 6 feet high, and the sulphur-chambers are of the same length and height, connected by three flues, and on the same level with the kilns: some new ones, however, have been built at Amlwch-port, by which much sulphur is preserved which would have been dissipated in the old kilns. The new ones are made like lime-kilns, with a contrivance to take out at the bottom the roasted ore, and thus keep up a perpetual fire; from the neck of the kiln branches off a single flue, which conveys the sulphur into a receiving chamber, built upon the rock, so as to be on a level with the neck of the kiln, i. e. above the ore. The two smelting houses, of which one belongs to each company, contain 31 reverberatory furnaces, the chimneys of which are 41 feet high; they are charged every 5 hours with 12 cwt. of ore, which yields ½ cwt. of rough copper, containing 50 per cent. of pure metal; the price of rough copper is about 2*l* 10*s* per cwt. The coals are procured from Swansea and Liverpool, a great part of which is Wigan slack. The sulphate of copper, however, is the richest ore which the mine yields, containing about 50 per cent. of pure metal. This is found in solution at the bottom of the mine, whence it is pumped up into cisterns, like tanners' pits, about 2 feet deep; of these pits there are many ranges, each range communicating with a shallow pool of considerable extent; into these cisterns are put cast iron plates, and other damaged iron vessels procured from coalbrookdale; when the sulphuric acid enters into combination with the iron, letting fall the copper in the form of a red sediment very slightly oxidated. The cisterns are cleared once in a quarter of a year, when the sulphate of iron in solution is let off into the shallow pool, and the copper is taken to a kiln, well dried; and is then ready for exportation. The sulpate of iron remaining in the pool, partly decomposes by spontaneous evaporation, and lets fall a yellow ochre, which is dried and sent to Liverpool and London. The sulphur produced in the roasting, after being melted and refined, is cast into rolls and large cones, and sent to London. The cones are used chiefly for the manufactory of gunpowder and sulphuric acid. Green vitriol, and alum are made by a separate company, but to these works strangers are not admitted. The number of men employed by the two companies is 1200 miners, and about 90 smelters. The depth of the mine, in the lowest part, is 50 fathoms, and the ore continues as plentiful as ever, and of a quality rather superior to that which lay nearer the surface.

Not far from Parys Mountain is the Port whence the ore brought from the mines is transported to Liverpool and Swansea. It is a chasm between two rocks, large enough to receive 30 vessels, each of 200 tons. The two companies employ 15 brigs, from 100 to 150 tons burden, besides sloops and other craft.

The whole of this coast consists of bays and recesses of various forms and dimensions, with lofty projecting promontories.

To Caernarvon, mr. Warner returned to *Plas Gwyn;* thence to the village of *Pen Mynydd*, the birth-place of *Owen Tudor*, the great ancestor of a line of english monarchs. What remains of this ancient residence is incorporated in a farm house; but some coats of arms, escutcheons, and specimens of old masonry, still exist. He then proceeded to the mansion of Plas Newydd, through the park, an enclosure, which gently slopes to the Menai, and is covered with venerable oaks and ashes. In the midst of this sylvan scene, stand two relics of druidic superstition or infamy, called [illegible]. Plas Newydd is a magnificent castellated mansion, altered and enlarged by the Earl of Uxbridge, at an immense expense. It commands a view of the picturesque strait, on the banks of which it stands. In front appears the Snowdon chain. There is a path through Plas Newydd park, to a ferry of the same name.

To Llanelian 9 miles, Bingley.
— the village of Cemmaes [illegible] miles, back to Amlwch, thence through Llanerchymedd to Bangor ferry, 23 miles. Aikin.
— Caernarvon, 31 miles, Warner.

ANGLESEA. This island forms one of the counties of N. Wales. It is about 20 miles long, 17 broad, and 76 in circumference. It contains about 200,000 acres of land, and 20,000 inhabitants. It is divided into 7 hundreds, has 74 parishes, and 4 market towns. The ferry-boat takes passengers every day across the Menai, to and from the island, which is little more than a mile across. The boat always passes at high water, and a horn is blown at the time, in order to give notice to those who desire to go. This island, prior to the invasion of the Romans, was called Môn, which signified what is insulated or detached, and this they latinized into Mona. The Britains called it also Ynys Dowyll, (the shady island) Ynys Fôn, from it's situation, and Ynys y Cedeirn, from it's heroes, or it's powerful and celebrated priests and druids. It receives it's name Anglesea from the Saxons, who reduced it. The general face of the country is low, flat, and disagreeable, being in want of woods and mountains. In this island the princes of North Wales resided, from the time of Roderic Mawr, to the ninth century, for near four centuries, till the reign of Llewelyn, the last prince. Their palace was at *Aberffraw*. Some of it is said yet to remain, forming part of the walls of a barn. The island of Anglesea is celebrated for it's rare marine productions, and particularly for the variety of it's shells and crabs.

A rural pipe, used by the shepherds for their amusement, called the *Pibgorn*, in some measure resembling a hoboy, is said to be almost peculiar to the Isle of Anglesea.

There are five Ferries into Anglesea, in the distance of 12 or 14 miles. 1, The most southern is Abermenai. 2, Three miles north of this is that of Ca narvon, Tal y Foel. 3, Four miles, s north, is Moel y Don. 4, Three mil beyond this is Bangor, Porthaethwy; the narrowest part of the Menai; not half mile wide. The fifth is at Beaumar four miles over.

From Corwen, 12 miles, Pennant; Bingle Wyndham.
— Llangynog, 11 miles, Aikin.
— Pont y Glyn, 12 miles, Hutton.
— Mallwyd, 24 miles, J. Evans.
— Dinas Mouddy, 22 miles, Warner.
— Dolgelly, 18 miles, Skrine.

BALA, (the outlet of the lake) is populous market-town in Merione shire, consisting of one principal stree the others crossing it at right angle It is in the parish of *Llanycil* (the churc of the recess) about a mile distant. A this place is carried on a great trade i woollen gloves and stockings. Ju before entering the town is an artificia mount called *Tommen y Bala* (the tumulus of Bala), which is supposed t be of roman origin, and placed her with a small castle on it's summit, t secure the pass towards the sea. O the eastern bank of the Dee is anothe mount, not far distant, called *Cast Gronw Befyr o Benllyn* (the castle o Gronw, the Fair of Penllyn), a chieftai who lived in the time of Maelgwn Gwynedd. Bala Lake, or *Llyn Tegi*, or *Pimble-mere*, is a quarter of a mi south of the town. It is the largest lake in Wales, being about 4 miles long, and in some places near a mile in breadth. At *Bryn Golu* it's depth is several fathoms. The scenery around is mountainous, but not very striking The overflowings of this lake are sometime dreadful; but this only happens whe the winds rush from the mountains a the upper end. In stormy weathe when swelled by torrents, the water i driven to the height of 8 or 9 feet, covering great part of the vale of Edeirnio and almost threatening the town wit destruction. In calm settled weathe it has been so smooth as to be completely frozen over. The river Dee rises from under *Arran ben Llyn*, the high mountain at the head of the lake; and, according to Giraldus Cambriensis, Drayton, and others, passes through this immense body of water without deigning to intermix it's waters, as the Rhone is said to pass through the lake of Geneva, and like the Alpheus through the waters of the Adriatic. Hence it has been asserted that the salmon are never found in the lake, nor the gwiniadd in the river. This may generally be the case, but perhaps by accident the gwiniadd has been known to stray as far as Llandrillo, six miles down the river, and a salmon has now and then been found trespassing in the lake. From the bottom of the lake or N.E. end, the view to the S.W. is exceedingly fine; a line of rich corn fields and verdant meadows bound it's waters on the right; on the left, the bridge, through which issues out the river called the *Dee*. A large rocky hill, well clothed with wood, rises over it in picturesque beauty. A range of crags thence leads the eye to the lofty Arrans with their summits Penllyn and Fowddy. On the N.W. are the cloudy tops of Arennigs, Vawr, and Vach; and in the distant horizon, the tripple crown of the towering Cader Idris. The lake abounds with a variety of excellent fish; salmon, pike, trout, perch, eels, and a fish peculiar to alpine lakes, called gwiniadd; the salmo lavaretus of Linnæus, and the ferra of the lake of Geneva. The fishery in the thirteenth century belonged to the abbey of Basingwerk; the whole property is now vested in Sir W. W. Wynne.

AN EXCURSION round the Lake, 12 miles; from Bingley's Tour.

"Crossing the bridge and proceeding along the eastern edge of the pool, from near the hamlet of *Llangower* a pleasing vale opens on the opposite side, bounded by mountains, and closed in at the end by one of the *Arenigs*. Passing the end of the lake about half a mile, and leaving the road down a narrow lane to *Llanuwchllyn* (the church above the lake) the vale of *Twrch* is entered, where *Aran Benllyn* presents one of it's naked, craggy, and prominent cliffs, it's poor vegetation hanging in a few tufts from it's broken sides. The scene is altogether that of nature in her roughest attire, where rocks, heath, moss, and a few grasses, seemed almost the only component parts of the picture. Crossing the river Twrch (the burrower) my guide, says Mr. Bingley, pointed out a piece of land of considerable extent, which was nearly covered with innumerable masses of broken rocks, which had been carried there in the summer of 1782, by what the Welsh call *Daeardor*, a breaking of the earth. This is a dislodgment of a vast quantity of the surface of the ground, and, as appears to have been the case in the present instance, sometimes of a considerable tumulus from the highest mountains, which seems to have been occasioned by the bursting of clouds, whose vast contents being lodged in the hollows, penetrate into the earth, which loosening the whole mass, is swept down with the torrent, and generally lodged in some vale below. The present accident happened after a thunder-storm, on the 20th of June 1781, when the river Twrch overflowed it's banks in such a dreadful torrent, as to sweep every thing before it. According to the newspaper accounts no less than 17 houses, ten cows, and a vast number of sheep, besides the soil of all the meadows and corn fields in it's course, were destroyed by it; and this meadow, in which the greater part of the stones were lodged, was so heaped with them, as to render it not worth the trouble of clearing it again for cultivation. The dimensions of some of the stones, borne hither by the impetuosity of the torrent, are astonishing; one was 18 feet long, 9 broad, and 6 high; another, split in the descent, was 19½ feet by 7½, and 6 deep. Eight other stones, half this size, were carried half a mile, and five bridges in the parish were swept away. The inhabitants providentially received a timely alarm; the consequence of a few minutes delay would have been their destruction. The only person missing was a poor woman, who being sick in bed was drowned. [Pennant ii, p. 87.] On the summit of a high and craggy rock, at some distance from the road, about a mile beyond Llanuwchllyn, are the remains of an ancient british fort, called *Castell Corndochon*. Returning, upon an eminence on the left, near the head of the pool *Caer Gai*, was formerly a fort belonging to *Cai Hir ap Cynyr*, or, as Spencer has called him, Timon, the foster father of King Arthur, who was educated here."

Of the inns at Bala, Mr. Hutton says, "altho' I have often only reposed one night at an inn, yet, from agreeable treatment and conversation, I found some regret the next day at parting. Though I saw the people but once, the mind revolted at the idea of seeing them no more. This was also the case at Bala. In one of my tours, I stopped at the *Three Golden Eagles* (the arms of Wynne) where, by mistake, my saddle-cloth was left. It was however carefuly preserved; though my return was uncertain. In a subsequent tour, I received the cloth, and was truly sorry to find the unhappy landlord had been obliged to shut up." The *Bull* is accounted the head inn.

In the immediate neighbourhood is the seat of mr. Price. Elegant grounds add considerably to the beauties of this spot, which is surrounded by mountains, through which roads have been cut with excessive labour. While at Bala, mr. Skrine visited the pass of *Glynduffis*, where a torrent is precipitated from the hills with great force, and falls, in some places, perpendicularly, from basin to basin. The road is here so constructed, as to follow the windings of the torrent, upon a shelf above it. In one place, springing across by a bold arch, it commands a view of all the falls. Soon afterwards he reached CORWEN.

On the road TO LLANRHAIADR, about a mile and a half from Bala, is the Bridge called *Pont Gynwyd*, below which the turbulent little stream is crowded with huge masses of rock, deeply excavated into circular hollows, by the furious eddying of the water which rages from above. About a mile beyond stands *Rhiwedog* (the abrupt ascent), an ancient family seat, near which, in a vale, where there is stagnant water in winter, called *Pwl y Gelenedd*, (the pool of the slain) was fought a most severe battle between the Britons and Saxons, in which the aged Llywarch, lost his only surviving son. From the side of a steep, just after entering the moors, appears a distant view of the *vale of Edeirneon*. The road then leads over *Trûm y Sarn* (the cause-way of the ridge). At a little distance on the right, runs one of the immense ridges extending 15 or 16 miles in length, called the *Berwyn Mountains*. Two of the most elevated points are *Cader Ferwyn* and *Cader Fronwyn*. Soon afterwards, occurs a noted bwlch or pass, which divides the counties of Merioneth and Montgomery, called *Milltir Gerig* (the stony mile). Hence is a prospect into the romantic *vale of Llangynog*, completely enclosed on all sides by mountains. The bottom is interspersed with small farm houses.

On the road to DINASY MOWDDW on the nw. side of the lake, the villag of *Llangcil* and *Llanuwchllyn* occur, b yond which the mountains assume bold style. Here commences the cra gy ascent of *Arran ben Llyn*, whic continues for nearly two miles; beyo is the rough glen through which t boisterous Twrch rushes in continue cascades. The cottages in this distr are most rudely formed, and their ou ward appearance corresponds to t wrechedness within. Continuing h journey up the stream; the traveller a length arrives at the entrance of th military pass of *Bwlch y groes*, (the pas of the cross) so called from a crucif which was anciently erected at th summit of this ascent. Mr. Aikin, wh took this route, says, "Before we en tered the pass, we turned aside a litt on our right, to admire a very striking *cascade of the Twrch*. The bed of th torrent was filled with enormous masses of rock several yards in diamete piled one upon the other in a most singular and wonderful manner, deeply worn by the constant action of the water, which boils and foams and rushes with vast impetuosity through the intervals between the rocks, which were themselves adorned with large tufts of saxifraga nivalis, and other plants, in full flower. About a quarter of a mile above the fall is a craggy perpendicular cliff, bending over the water, whence, no doubt, these surprising ruins were detached by the force of frost, or the irresistible rushing of the torrent, swelled unusually by heavy rain; the pieces as they fell, rolled along the bed of the stream, till one being at this place interrupted in it's further progress, stopped also all the rest which were behind it; the descent of the current heaped them upon each other in their present disorderly arrangement, but was unable to sweep away the mound; it has however left deeply engraven marks of it's violence, and by it's gradual, though constant erosion, will probably at some future period, aided by some high spring flood, tear away these obstacles, and carry their shattered fragments into Bala-pool. Returning into the road from this romantic spot, we began to ascend the steep mountain of *Bwlch y groes*, by a most miserably rugged road of loose slates, rendered slippery by the rain, which was coming down with increasing violence. We at length gained the summit, and descended by a noble broad terrace road, down the opposite side of the mountain, crossing several small rivulets, which, uniting, form the source of the river Dovey, a large stream which gives it's name to the valley. We soon arrived at *Llan y mowddu*, whence we proceeded to DINAS Y MOWDDU, passing on our right a most beautiful CASCADE formed by the river *Cowarch*, which hastens to mingle it's waters with the Dovey. We passed through Dinas y mowddû without stopping and halted for the night at MALLWYD, 2 miles lower down the vale, where we found a very tolerable inn."

To RUTHIN occurs a gradual ascent of two miles, and then is discovered a grand view of Bala Lake, finely backed by the Arran and the more distant Cadir Idris. At about the end of the 6th mile, the turnpike road from Llanrwst to Corwen crosses at right angles. Glynn bridge lies a mile to the left, an object well worth so short a deviation. [see PONT Y GLYNN.] Mr. Warner continued along the banks of this stream, till he entered the Ruthin road, near a village called *Betws Gwynfyl goch*. Three or four miles distant from Ruthin the vale of Clwyd is entered, a rich tract of land stretching 22 miles in length, and five or six in breadth.

The road TO FESTINIOG is over a dreary waste of 18 miles, through ten of which there are but two solitary houses.—Hutton.

To Llangynog, 10½ miles, Bingley; Wyndham.
— Mallwyd, 24 miles, Aikin.
— Festiniog, 18 miles, Hutton.
— Dinas y Mouddy, 22, miles, J. Evans. *Pennant.*
— Dolgelle, 18 miles.
— Llanrhiadr, 15 miles.
— Corwen, 12 miles, Skrine.
— Ruthin, 21 miles, Warner.

* * *

From Plas Newydd, 5 miles, Wyndham.
—— Port Penrhyn, 1½ miles, Bingley.
—— Amlwch, 23 miles, Aikin.
—— Aber, 3½ miles, Hutton; Skrine.
—— Caernarvon, 9 miles, Evans; Hutton; Warner.
—— Conwy, 11½ miles, Warner's 2d walk.
—— Holyhead, Pennant.

BANGOR, (from Bon chôr, the beautiful choir) in Caernarvonshire, is a bishop's see. Though now very inconsiderable, it appears to have been, in ancient times, so large as to be called Bangor vawr, the great Bangor, probably to distinguish it from Bangor-is-coed, in Flintshire. It is seated in a narrow valley, between two low ridges of slate-rock, opening to the south towards Snowdon, and terminating northwards about half a mile from the cathedral into the beautiful bay of Beaumaris; the low towers of it's castle are visible from the beach, lord Bulkley's mansion at *Baron-hill*, appearing behind. At a distance, Puffin's island, and the promontory of Orme's-head, are seen to guard the entrance of the harbour; the vast Penmaen mawr, and a line of villages, with cultivated fields, lie stretched along the shore. From the church-yard is an extensive and charming prospect of part of Anglesea, with the town and bay of Beaumaris. On a rocky eminence, about a quarter of a mile E. of Bangor, formerly stood a Castle, built by Hugh, Earl of Chester, sometime during the reign of William 2. The date of it's demolition is unknown. The site is still visible on a precipitous hill, about half a mile eastward of the city.

The Cathedral is a small dirty-looking building, dedicated to St. Deiniol. It appears to have been first erected by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, about the year 550; it was destroyed by the Saxons 1071; and afterwards rebuilt by King John, in 1212. It suffered, with the cathedral of St. Asaph, about 1247, in the wars betwixt Henry 3, and the Welsh. In 1402 it was burnt down in the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr; and remained in ruins upwards of 90 years, when the choir was rebuilt by bishop Henry Dermis or Denni, in the reign of Henry 7; but the tower and nave were, according to an inscription over the west door, built at the expense of bishop Skeffington in 1532. This see met with a still more cruel ravager in bishop Bulkeley, who not only alienated many of the lands belonging to it, but went so far as even to sell the bells of the church. Beneath a simple arch lies the body of Owen Gwynedd, the valiant Prince of North Wales. The heart of bishop Skeffington is deposited here; his body was interred at Beauleau, in 1530, of which monastery he had been abbot. The choir was fitted up in a style of neat and simple elegance, by the late prelate Dr. Warren, and ornamented with a good organ, the gift of Dr. Thomas Lloyd, 1779. The chapter consists of a dean, 3 archdeacons, 2 preceptors, 2 vicars, 6 minor-cannons, 6 lay clerks, and 8 choristers, with an income of 2000*l* per annum. The situation of the cathedral is remarkable; on the s. it is enclosed by a steep mountain, and on the n. by rising ground, so as to be lost sight of as soon as the place is quitted. The Free School was formed in 1557, out of a building called the Priery, probably once a religious house. It has long been in high repute as a training seminary for Oxford, and Trinity College, Dublin. A handsome school-house has been erected, with an income of 400*l* per annum. The present master is the Rev. P. Williams, of C. C. C. Oxford. Mr. Warner and his companion spoke in raptures of this place. The beauty, retirement, and repose of the whole pleased them wonderfully. The latter observed, that "if he were Bp. of Bangor, the only translation he should covet would be thence to heaven." The former agreed with him, that "were fate to throw him also into such a spot, very few attractions would have sufficient force to elicit him from it." They had "never seen a place which united so many beauties in so narrow a circle; the sublime mountains of Caernarvonshire, at a short distance from it, the picturesque scenery of it's own immediate neighbourhood; and the ocean spreading it's broad bosom within two miles of the town." From the beach at Bangor the low towers of the castle of Beaumaris are distictly visible.

This city affords two inns named the *Eagles*, and *George and Dragon*.

Two miles from Bangor is *Aber Cegid*, a small creek, through which the Ogwyn is emptied into the Menai; on the shore of this creek a new port formed at the expense of Lord Penrhyn, and called after his name, is the grand depository of the slates which are brought from Lord Penrhyn's, quarries at Dôlawen, near Llyn Meirig, in the mountains of Ogwyn.

A NEW ROAD is now opened from Bangor TO LLANRWST, through Nant Frangon.

BANGOR-FERRY, called by the Welsh, *Porthaethwy*, (the ferry of the confined waters), is at the distance of about a mile from the town, on the eastern bank of the Menai, the straight which divides Anglesea from the other parts of Wales, and is one of the most charmingly retired places in the kingdom. The inn is resorted to by travellers, the accommodation being superior to any in Bangor, but they have lear to charge, even in this respect, as hig as at the inns on the London great roa It is, however, beautifully situated a hanging gardens on a rock, which over looks the Menai. On the shore grow abundance of the Cochlearia officinali c. danica, papaver cambricum, liche fuscus, l. lanatus, l. coerulescens, bryu verticillatum, byssus aurea, and asple nium lanceolatum; and on the risi ground, between the city and the ferry, the hypericum angustifolium, an galleopsis villosa.

The road from Bangor-ferry TO CARNARVON has nothing extraordinary to arrest attention, till the fourth mile-ston has been passed; then, on a sudde turn of the road, the straights of Mena the wooded isle of Anglesea, and beyond these the distant Rivel mountai on one side, open into a placid scen while the black precipices and shagge sides of the rocks of Caernarvonshir on the other, form a most delightfu contrast. Proceeding on, the town an castle of Caernarvon, after some time enter the scene, and complete one o the most exquisite landscapes the eye ever beheld.—Bingley.

TO ANGLESEA, mr. Warner, on his second walk, took the ferry at Garth Point, at the distance of half a mile from Bangor. Winding up a declivity which rises over the Menai, he took a path across the fields to BEAUMARIS; now "treading the sacred ground of Mona, the holy land of the ancient Britons, the great school of Druidism, so ofte stained by the bloody rites of a superstition the most dreadful that ever enchained the human mind."

AN EXCURSION TO LORD PENRHYN'S SLATE QUARRIES, 28 miles.

Nant Frangon; waterfalls of Benglog; Llyn Ogwen; Llyn Idwel. The greatest part may be performed in carriages, or on horseback.

To the Ferry 1½ miles, thence to Beaumaris 5½ miles, Wyndham.

— Port Penrhyn, 2 miles, Aikin.

— Caernarvon 10½ miles, Bingley; Hutton.

— Conwy, 11½ miles, Hutton.

— Conwy, through Port Penryhn and Penmaen Mawr, 15 miles, Warner.

— Beaumaris, 6 miles, Warner's 2d. Walk; Skrine.

— Llandegai, Pennant.

From Holt, 8 miles, Pennant.
—— Rusbon, 7 miles, Bingley.
—— Wrexham, 7 miles.

BANGOR ISCOED, is situated in a detached part of Flintshire, 3 miles NE. of Overton, on the banks of the Dee, which here passes under a bridge of five arches. From a few hundred yards below the bridge, a beautiful landscape is presented, including the river, bridge, and the tower of the church, rising above a clump of trees. This place, at present very inconsiderable, is famed on account of having been the site of the most ancient monastery in the kingdom, founded by Lucius, the son of Coel, the first christian king of Britain, sometime previous to the year 180. This monastery was remarkable for it's valuable library and it's number of learned men. *Gildas Nennius*, a disciple of Elvod, who lived in the 7th century, and wrote in Latin an incorrect history of Britain, which is yet extant, was one of the abbots. According to Speed, the monastery of Bangor in the year 596 contained not less than 2400 monks, 100 of which passed in their turns, one hour of devotion. This place appears also to have been the site of Bovium or Bonium, a famous roman station; but there are no remains either of the monastery or city.

To Overton 3 miles; thence to Rusbon, 7 miles, Pennant; Bingley.

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BARDSEY ISLE, situated near the SE. point of the promontory of *Llyn*, in Caernarvonshire, is the property of Lord Newborough. It is somewhat more than 2 miles long and one in breadth, containing about 370 acres of land, of which near a third is occupied by a high mountain, affording sustenance only for a few sheep and rabbits. It's distance from the main land is about a league. On the SE. side, which only is accessible to the mariner, there is a small well-sheltered harbour, capable of admitting vessels of 30 or 40 tons burden." 'The soil is clayey, and produces excellent barley and wheat.' No reptile is ever seen on this island, except the common water lizard. It contains but 8 houses, yet the number of inhabitants is upwards of 70. Few of the present inhabitants are natives of the island. Their chief employment, besides managing their land, is fishing.

* * *

From Harlech, 10 miles, Bingley; Warner.
—— Dolgelle, 10 miles, J. Evans.

BARMOUTH, is placed near the conflux of the river Maw or Mawddach, in a situation wretchedly fitted for a town. The houses are disposed, either among the sand, in a low situation, or reared at different heights on the side of a huge rock, like part of the city of Edinburgh; and said to resemble the town of Gibraltar. These houses form 8 tiers, one range above another, to which there is no approach but by steps cut in the rock. The floors of one row is about level with the chimnies immediately in front, so that a person standing at his door may look down the chimnies of the neighbourhood below. The first range regales the second with it's smoke, the second the third, &c. till we arrive at the uppermost, which in a westerly wind, takes the mixed perfume of all.—Bingley. It is frequented during the summer season as a sea-bathing place. The Cors-y-gedol Arms is a comfortable inn, the proprietor of which accommodates lodgers at another large and good building. Here is admirable harping and an assembly twice a week. There is a delightful promenade on the beach. Barmouth is the port of Merionethshire; the number of ships belonging to it is about 100. The population of the place is estimated at 1600. Not far from Barmouth the river Mawddach separates, leaving a small island called *Ynys y Brawd*, or the *Friar's Island*. On the top of the rock, called *Dinas Gortin*, was formerly a military trench or fence.

"I left Barmouth," says mr. Bingley," and proceeded along the bank of the Mawddach, usually called Avon Vawr, (the great river) TOWARDS DOLGELLE. It was high water, and the whole bed of the river being filled, made the different landscapes in the scene appear truly picturesque. The first two miles, which lay along what the inhabitants of Barmouth call the Beach, formed the most interesting part of the journey. In the composition of the views, scarcely any thing appeared wanting; there was every requisite of mountain and vale, wood, water, meadows, and rocks, arranged in beautiful order. Beyond the beach, the road winds at a little distance from the river, among the low mountains, from different stations, in which I had views of the river, partly hidden by intervening mountains, which produced the appearance of elegant and picturesque landscape." On this coast are, geese, gulls, black and white sea-crows, penguins, puffins, ring ouzles, cormorants, wheat-ears, and many smaller birds. On the sands grow the glaux maritima, antirrhinum orontium, euphorbia peplis, cineraria palustris, arenaria maritima, a. peploides, a. rubra, var. β; and cheiranthus sinuatus. On the rocks, plantago maritima, crithmum maritimum, salicornia erithmoides. A single rock near the harbour abounds with the armeria statice. Many prefer making a journey from Barmouth to Dolgelleu by water. The river, however, is diminished so much in width and depth within the last mile, as not to admit even of a pleasure-boat to reach Dolgelleu, which obliges company to walk three quarters of a mile to the town.

At the distance of two miles from Dolgelleu is LLANELLTYD, a neat village, whence is a road which winds along a dark and gloomy vale, towards Maentwrog. From the bridge this vale is seen to great advantage, There is a footpath from this village leading to an ancient monastic ruin, called *Y Vaner* or *Kimmer Abbey*.

Mr. Warner, in passing this way, suddenly turned upon *Pont ddu*, a stone bridge of one arch, bestriding a furious torrent, which rushing from a dark wooded glen, forms a beautiful cascade above. "Ere he had proceeded a mile further, another variety in the scenery of the most striking kind occurred. The mountains in front receding from the river, are replaced by rich meadows, through which the stream, widening and deepening, flows with silent majesty A vast eclivity forms the distant scene, diversified with woods and lawns, and rural dwellings, with a partial view of Dolgelleu. Behind are caught the different reaches and windings of the river, which loses itself at length in the great waste of waters, together with the shaded hills that confine it on one side, and the rocky precipices of Cader Idris on the other."

Proceeding TO HARLECH, the road lies along the flat, undulating shore of the Bay of Cardigan. On the right is the western termination of the upper Merionethshire chain, ending in abrupt crags and rude precipices, down to the strand; on our left, the ocean, dashing over the irregular sands, and foaming against he rocky shores of the peninsula of Penmoria, which lies stretched in prospect, forming the northern horn of Cardigan bay. The road deviating from the shore, favours an ascent to visit the environs of *Cors y Gedol*, the ancient seat of the Vaughans. The mansion affords nothing striking. The woods abound with large timber, but so affected by the west winds, that they have the appearance of being shorn at top, like the wood of Margam in Glamorganshire. The vicinity, however, abounds in british antiquities. *Criag y Dinas*, is a conical hill, whose summit is surrounded with a vast pile of rough stones, used as ramparts, and supposed to have been a british post. It has an oblique entrance with stone facings, and near it are two other ramparts of stone: NW. of this, on the top of another hill, is *Castell dinas Cortin*, entrenched round with an advanced work in front; at a small distance in the plain, between these posts, are a variety of druidic remains; cromlecha, carnedds, stone circles, maenhirion, and kist vaen. Contiguous are the small lakes of *Llyn Bodlyn*, and *Llyn Irddin*; the former famous for it's *Char*, and the latter for a species of trout, mentioned by Gyraldus, with a long toad shaped head. Hence is the pass of *Bwlch drws Ardudwy*, but mr. Evans says it is so arduous that he preferred returning to the road not far distant from Harlech.

To Dolgelleu, 10 miles, Bingley; Warner.
— Harlech, 10 miles, J. Evans.
— Dolgelleu and Falls, to Tan y bwlch, 28 miles.

* * *

From Holywell, 1½ miles, Pennant; Bingley; Wyndham; Skrine.

BASINGWERK ABBEY, or Greenfield Monastery. These shattered timeworn remains, with the surrounding sycamores, are from some points of view highly picturesque and beautiful. The little at present left is scarcely sufficient to indicate what this Abbey has formerly been. The church which lay on the E. side is totally destroyed, The refectory is tolerably entire, and has on one side a large recess, with two round arches. The cells for the lodgings of the monks, with a small window to each, were above. The chapel of Knights

Templars, founded here by Henry 2, is spacious and elegant. The brick building, striped with timber, which joins the abbey, is conjectured by Mr. Grose to have been the grainery. The situation is delightful, commanding an extensive prospect of the river Dee, Chester, Park-gate, and the Lancastrian hills. The architecture of the round arches and short massy columns, are saxon, and the narrow pointed windows gothic. This abbey is supposed to have been founded about 1131, by Ranulph earl of Chester. Not far from this place, on the edge of Watt's Dyke, stood formerly a strong fort, called Basingwerk Castle, built as Lord Lyttleton supposes, by one of the earls of Chester. It was rebuilt by Henry 2, after his escape from Euloe, having been demolished in a former reign. In 1165 Owen Gwynedd, after many unsuccessful attempts, took it by storm, and immediately levelled it to the ground.—Bingley.

The rich pastures which immediately surround this abbey and the plantations on every side, contribute exceedingly to it's picturesque beauty. The oaks and elms, tho' a large size, appear withered and blasted by the channel breezes; but the sycamores flourish, even to their summits. This fact may afford a hint to planters. The sycamores and maples, indeed, seem to be the only trees, which are not liable to be injured by the saline winds, and spray of the sea.—Wyndham. From this place, mr. Skrine ascended a very long and steep hill, whence he enjoyed a wonderful prospect towards the coast; while on the other hand, hill rose upon hill, in irregular confusion, till the Caernarvonshire mountains closed the scene; above which the lofty summits of Snowdon towered with majestic pre-eminence. He then descended into the fertile *vale of Clywdd*, a track of great extent and singular fertility and beauty. The small rivers of Elwydd and Elwy run nearly parallel one to the other, through the greatest part of it's length. Pleasant villages, are scattered in this pleasing territory, and it's three towns, RUTHIN, DENBIGH, and ST. ASAPH, stand in fine positions.

Back to Holywell, Pennant; Bingley; Wyndham.

To Denbigh, 15 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Llanelian, 14 miles, Bingley.

—— Bangor, 6 miles, Wyndham; Warner; Skrine.

—— Plas Newydd, 6 miles, Pennant.

BEAUMARIS, in Anglesea, is a neat and well-built corporate town, containing 6 or 7 streets, one of which is handsome. It is finely situated on the western bank of the Menai, where it opens into an extensive bay. Near it is *Baron-hill*, the charming seat of Lord Bulkley, and grand ornament of the vicinity of Beaumaris. The Castle, which stands in the grounds of lord Bulkeley, is close to the town and covers a large space of ground, but it's situation is low. It has consisted of an outer ballium or envelope, surrounded with a broad ditch, flanked by several round towers, and had on the east side, an advanced work, called the Gunner's walk. Within there is the body of the castle, which is nearly square, having a round tower at each angle, and another in the centre of each face. The area is an irregular octagon, about 57 yards from north to south, and 60 from east to west, and in the middle of the north side is the hall, 20 yds, long and 12 broad. The porter's lodge is a bridewell. There has been a communication round the buildings of the inner court, by a gallery, 2 yards broad, which is yet in a great measure entire. In the different recesses of the sides are square holes, which seem to have had trap-doors opening into a kind of dungeon underneath. In the two eastern towers have been dungeons, the descent to which was dark and narrow. On the east side of the building are the remains of a very small chapel. The castle was built by Edward 1, about the year 1295, sometime after he had founded those of Caernarvon and Conway. A more charming situation, than the beautiful *bay of Beaumaris*, cannot well be imagined. It forms a fine opening before the town, where ships lie very securely. Under the town the water is 6 or 7 fathoms deep, when the tide is out, but this deep channel scarcely extends more than a quarter of a mile in width; the other 3 miles to Aber, being one continued bed, called the Lavan Sands. About a mile from Beaumaris, near the seat of sir Robert Williams, bart; and not far from the shore, stands the small remains of the house of Franciscan Friars, founded by Llewelyn ap Jorweth, Prince of North Wales, ometime before 1240, called *Llanfaes*, or the *Friars*. So trifling a portion of which remains as to form only part of the walls of a barn. [see page 3.] Near this place, in the year 819, a severe battle was fought between the Welsh, and the Saxons under their leader Egbert, who had invaded the island and given it it's present name. They were however, afterwards dispossessed of it by Merfyn Frych, a Welsh prince. Two miles north of Friars is the *priory of Penmaen*, consisting of little more than the ruinous refectory and part of the church. Near this place is a well, surrounded by a wall and stone seats, having 2 entrances. On the walls are some initials. In the park of Sir Robert Williams, about a quarter of a mile distant, is an ancient cross, about 6 feet in height. The shaft is curiously ornamented.—Bingley. Not a mile from the shore is *Ynys Seiriol, Seiriol's Island*, now called *Priestholme*. There are on it the remains of a square tower, supposed to have been an appurtenance to the monastery. This island from the beginning of April to the beginning of August, is inhabited by immense numbers of different kinds of sea-fowl, but particularly that rare species, called Puffin Auk, the *Alca Arctica* of Linnæus, which are birds of passage that resort hither to propagate. On the west of Priestholme are three islands, each called *Ynys Lygod, the Mouse Island*.

Proceeding from Beaumaris towards BANGOR, the mouth and harbour of Conwy first appears; then the rock of *Penmaen-bach*, forming an abrupt shore, which continues as far as the soaring cliffs of PENMAEN-MAWR, overhanging the sea. Approaching Bangor, the mountains recede, sloping gently to the water, their lower parts peopled by almost a continued line of villages.

From Beaumaris, mr. Skrine proceeded to *Gwndy*, or half way house between Bangor and Holyhead, an inn, near the centre of the island, which he made a principal station while he surveyed this district. "The face of the country," says he, "is uniformly uninteresting, being hilly without grandeur, and rocky without beauty; it has that rugged and ill-cultivated aspect, arising from poverty of soil and scarcity of inhabitants; for villages are rarely distinguished, and the few houses, which appear, mark the wretchedness of their tenants." His first excursion was to HOLYHEAD; and his next to AMLWCH and the copper mines at *Pary Mountain*. He afterwards repassed the Menai straits, at Bangor ferry, and entered upon an excellent road, commanding the most varied and majestic landscapes, which became more expanded as he approached CAERNARVON.

Mr. Warner pursued a walk hence, of five miles *to Plas Gwyn*, the seat of Mr. Panton, through a country rather uninteresting from it's uniform flatness and want of trees. The house is a well-built brick mansion, embosomed in woods, but the land around undulates agreeably, and was in the year 1798, laying out into a range of diversified pleasure grounds.

To Llanelian, 16 miles, Pennant.
Back to Caernarvon, 30 miles, Bingley.
To Amlwich, 23 miles, Warner.
Back to Bangor Ferry-house, [see Bangor] thence to Conwy, over Penmaen mawr, 14 miles, Wyndham.
To Caernarvon, 17 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Caernarvon, 12 miles, Bingley.
—— Snowdon, Pennant; Aikin.
—— Pont Aberglaslyn, 4 miles, Wyndham; Evans; Warner.

BEDDGELART, is a village of Caernarvonshire, situated in a beautiful tract of meadows, at the junction of three vales, near the conflux of the Glas Lyn and the Colwyn, which flows through Nant Colwyn, a vale that leads to Caernarvon. It's situation was the fittest in the world, says mr. Pennant, to inspire religious meditation, amid lofty mountains, woods, and murmuring streams. The Church is small, yet the loftiest in Snowdonia. The east window consists of three narrow slips. The roof is neat; and there yet remains some very pretty fret-work. A side chapel is supported by two neat pillars, and gothic arches. This church has been conventual, belonging to a priory of Augustines, dedicated to the Virgin. They were probably of the class called Gilbertines, consisting of both men and women, living under the same roof, but separated by a wall, as a piece of ground near the church is called Dôl y Llein (the meadow of the nun). No remnant of the priory however exists. *Moel Hebog* (the hill of flight) rises to a point in front of the village. Tradition says, that Llewelyn the great, came to reside at Beddgelart during the hunting season, with his wife and children; and, one day, the family being absent, a wolf had entered the house. On returning, his greyhound, called Killhart, met him, wagging his tail, but covered with blood. The prince being alarmed, ran into the nursery, and found the cradle in which the child had lain, overturned, and the ground covered with blood. Imagining the greyhound had killed the child, he immediately drew his sword and slew him, but on turning up the cradle, he found under it the child alive, and the wolf dead. This so affected the prince, that he erected a tomb over his faithful dog's grave, where, afterwards, the parish-church was built, and called from this accident, Bedd Gilhart, or the grave of Killhart. Behind the old public-house, opposite a mill, is an interesting view; consisting of a solemn dell, rugged with rock and rude excrescences. The eye in surveying this chasm, is relieved, now and then, by spots of verdure, patches of heath, thinly scattered sheep, and the beautiful curvature of the mountain. In the welsh annals this region is styled the Forest of Snowdon.

There is a new-erected comfortable inn at this place, called Beddgelart Hotel. The guide to the mountains is Wm. Lloyd, the village school-master, who thus explains his summer occupation, in a bill stuck upon the inn door. "William Lloyd, conductor to Snowdon, Moel Hebog, Dinas Emrys, Llanberis pass, the lakes, waterfalls, &c. &c. Collector of crystals and fossils, and all natural curiosities in these regions. Dealer in superfine woollen hose, socks, gloves, &c."

While I was staying at Beddgelart, "says Mr. Bingley, "I found myself one evening almost devoid of employment, and the moon shone so beautifully bright, that I was tempted to ramble alone as far as the bridge. There never was a more charming evening. The scene was not clad in it's late grand colours, but now more delicately shaded and arrayed in softer charms. The darkening shadows of tho rocks cast a gloom around, and the faint rays in some places faintly reflected, gave to the straining eye, a very imperfect glimpse of the surfaces it looked upon, while in others, the moon shot her silver light through the hollows, and brightly illumined the opposite rocks. All was solitude, serene and mild. The silence of the evening was only interrupted by the murmuring of the brook, which lulled to melancholy, and now and then by the shrill scream of the night owl, flitting by me. I hung over the battlements of the bridge, listening to the hoarse fall of the water down the wear, and watching, as the moon became more elevated, the decreasing shadows of the mountains. I, at length, returned after a most delightful ramble of nearly two hours."

In ascending to the summit of SNOWDON from this place, a neighbouring vale, called *Nant Gwynant*, (the vale of the stream,) is passed, which is by far the most beautiful of the vales among these mountains. It is about 8 miles long, and affords a great variety of wood, lakes and meadows. The vale of Llanberis is the only one which may be said to rival it; but their characters are so different, that they cannot with propriety be compared. On the left, about half a mile up the valley, is a lofty wood-clad rock, called *Dinas Emrys*, the fort of Ambrosius, or Merlin Emrys, a magician who was sent for to this place from Caer Merdhin [Caermarthen], by Vortigern, who was king of Britain from 449 to 466. It was to this place that Vortigern retired, when he found himself despised by his subjects, and unable to contend longer with the treacherous Saxons, whom he had introduced into his kingdom. It is probable that this insular rock afforded him a temporary residence till he removed to his final retreat in Nant Gwrtheyrn, or Vortigern's valley, not far from *Nefyn*, in the promontory of Llyn. Speed says, that Vortigern married his own child by Rowena, daughter of Hengist, the Saxon prince, and had by her one son. A little further, in a charming situation, is a pool called *Llyn y Dinas*, (the pool of the fort.) Two miles beyond is *Cwm Llan*, a romantic hollow, running into the mountains on the right, towards Snowdon. Passing on this tract a little way, another pool appears, somewhat smaller, called *Llyn Gwynant*. Near the end of this vale are two enormous masses of rock; one of them has the appearace of the gabel end of a house. The vale here changes it's name to *Cwm Dyli*, in which is a cataract called *Rhaiadr Cwm Dyli*. The rivulet which runs from the Alpine pool, Llyn Llwydaw, in the mountains above, here breaks into foam and spray down the rugged rocks, whence it runs into Llyn Gwynant.—Bingley.

On THE DIRECT ROAD TO SNOWDON, the pleasing vale of *Colwyn* is entered. At the distance of little more than two miles the tourist reaches the source of the river *Llyn y Cader*. On the left is *Llyn y Dywarchen*, or the Lake of the Sod, celebrated by Gyraldus for it's Insula erratica, or wandering island. It is a piece of land, consisting of peat and turf, torn off by some convulsion, and remaining entire by the thick entangling roots which abound in this species of soil. It is of an irregular shape, about 30 feet long. Gyraldus says, that "it is set in motion by the wind towards the shore, and sometimes rejoins it's native banks; and cattle have been surprised on it by a contrary gale, and carried a short voyage from the shore." On the right, is an ascent to Snowdon, where the base extending to a considerable breadth, presents a track less steep than some others. The sons of Snowdon *Moel Elian*, and *Castell Cedwm*, arise on the right, while the waters of the beautiful Lake of *Cawellyn*, 2 miles in length, are expanded on the left. The road lies close to it's margin on the eastern side. At the back of the lake, on the opposite side, rises perpendicularly, of a semicircular shape, *Moel Mynydd Mawr*. "This lake," says mr. Evans, "is noted for a species of char, (Salmo alpinus, Lin.) called *Torgoch*, or Red-belly, found formerly in *Llyn Peris*, and in some of the lakes of Switzerland; and whoever has travelled through the Grisons, would from the great similarity of the scenery, conceive that he had been wafted by magic to that alpine country. The road just described is not unlike that from Grenoble to Susan." A little farther is a fine cascade formed by the *Fai* or *Gwyrfai issa*, running from the lake into the valley, which now expands to fine meadows. In this vale is the small village of *Betlws Garmon*. Ascending an extensive plain, strewed with many cottages, the idea of population is presented. About a mile distant from Caernarvon, the Rhythell, is crossed, here assuming the name of Seiont, over a stone bridge, built by by Harry Parry. At a short distance stands the church of *Llan Beblic*.

The *low* road TO TAN-Y-BWLCH, lies partly over the sands Traeth Mawr, and cannot be passed but at low water. The *mountain* road from Pont Aberglâslyn, for nearly 7 miles, is the rudest imaginable. A new road is forming from near the bridge, to join that from Caernarvon to Dolgelleu, not far from Tan-y-bwlch. From one very elevated situation on this road is a most delightful view of this mountainous country. Harlech and Criccieth castles may both be seen, and the entire promontory of Llyn.

The ROAD TO DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE lies under the skirts of Snowdon, along a valley to the NE. attending the course of the same river which is crossed at Pont Aberglaslyn. A little way from Beddgelart is a rude alpine bridge thrown across the torrent to a water-mill on the other side, which, with the neat chapel, about a quarter of a mile lower down the stream, forms a very pleasing view. Proceeding two miles on the road, an immense cataract appears on the left, which bursts out of the cloudy side of a steep mountain; precipitated from rock to rock, and, lastly, with one bound, falling into a deep gulf. A little further the road passes by the side of *Llyn y dinas*, a considerable lake enclosed by huge mountains. At the distance of two miles, another lake of somewhat larger dimensions than the former occurs, the shores of which are well-wooded. The road here crosses the valley, and from the beginning of it's ascent for above a mile, is a continued series of rude broken steps, very narrow and winding, ascending the steep face of a craggy mountain which overlooks the lake, without the slightest barrier even in places where the descent is exceedingly abrupt; yet these mountainous stairs are ascended and descended by welsh horses. A tract of boggy mountains, bare and desolate, are next to be passed; the majestic forms of the Snowdon mountains are all which can render this dreary part of the country interesting. At about 6 miles from the last lake the traveller will undoubtedly descry, with lively emotions, the ruins of Dolwyddelan castle.

The whole walk from Beddgelart TO HARLECH is a succession of various and pleasing scenery, by which the attention is kept awake during every part of the journey.—Bingley.

TO CAERNARVON, mr. Wyndham passed over a rocky desert at the foot of Snowdon, to the two lakes of *Llwych-*

wellyn or Llyn cywysly. From the brink of the larger lake a remarkable precipice erects it's rugged perpendicular to an amazing height; for, tho' in the neighbourhood of Snowdon, it is called *Mynydd mawr* (the great mountain). A picturesque water-fall occurs near the mill of Llyn cywyslyn, which descends under a small stone bridge, backed by Mynydd Mawr.

To the summit of Snowdon, 6 miles, and back again; thence to Pont Aberglaslyn, 4 miles, Bingley.
— Tan y bwlch, 8 miles, Bingley.
— Snowdon, and back; thence to Dolwyddelan Castle, Aikin.
— Caernarvon, 12 miles, Evans.
— Snowdon, Warner.
— Caernarvon through Bettws Garmon, 13 miles, Wyndham.
— Llanberris, over Snowdon, 16 miles.
— Pont Aberglaslyn, 3 miles, Pennant; Skrine.

* * *

From Montgomery, 9 miles.
—— Shrewsbury, 20 miles, Wyndham.

BISHOP'S CASTLE, in Shropshire, is a small market town on the river Clun; yet an ancient corporation, and sends two members to parliament. It's Castle was formerly the residence of it's bishops, whence it was named, but there is no remnant of it existing. The Town-house is a neat structure. There is little to attract the notice of tourists at this place. Mr. Wyndham has treated it with neglect, and other travellers have done the same. The accommodations at the *Castle Inn*, are of the best kind.

The ROAD TO LUDLOW for the first 7 miles is uneven, dipping into well-wooded vallies, affording cursory views of farmer's habitations lurking among the trees. At the distance of 4 miles from Bishop's Castle is the village of *Basford-gate*, curiously scattered in a dingle. 2½ miles further occurs the village of *Newton Whetleston*. On advancing to the cross roads, where an obelisk is erected, inscribed with the distances of towns, an excellent inn has been recently built by lord Craven, for the accommodation of the public. Near this place is *Sibdon Castle*, the property of T. F. Baxter, esq. of Ludlow. At a short distance on the right is *Stoke Castle*. At a bridge over the Ony is the village of *Steperside*, where, on the left, the the pleasing and retired situation of *Onibury* strikes the traveller's attention; the tower of it's rural church being characteristically overgrown with ivy. About 3 miles beyond, occurs the picturesque village of *Bromfield*; and at a short distance, the elegant seat of Dowager lady Clive, placed with considerable effect, upon the summit of a well wooded eminence, rising abruptly from the banks of the Teme, [see Ludlow.] About two miles up the current of the river is *Downton Castle* the mansion of the ingenious Richard Payne Knight, esq. [see Ludlow].

To Ludlow, 16 miles.
— Clun, 5 miles, Wyndham.

* * *

From Abergavenny, 20 miles, Barber.
—— Merthyr Tydvil, 18 miles, Malkin.
—— Llandovery, 20 miles, Evans; Skrine's 2d. visit.
—— Crickhowel, 14 miles, Warner; Skrine.
—— Neath, 48 miles, Warner's 2d. walk.
—— Buallt, 15 miles, Wyndham.

BRECON or **BRECKNOCK**, is delightfully situated upon a gentle swell above the Usk, overlooking a fertile highly-cultivated valley, enlivened with numerous seats, and enriched by several sylvan knolls. It is governed by a bailiff and 15 aldermen, and sends one member to parliament. On one side of the town, beneath the majestic hanging groves of the Priory, the impetuous Honddy loudly murmurs, and unites with the Usk, at a short distance beyond it's handsome bridge. This county-town consists of three handsome streets, in the most spacious of which stands the Town-hall and market-place. In form it is compact, and it's elevation above the Usk contributes to it's cleanliness. The magnificent Castle, built by Bernard de Newmarche, in the reign of William Rufus, standing in the suburbs, and isolated by the river, is now curtailed to a very insignificant ruin; and that little is so choaked up and disfigured with miserable habitations, as to exhibit no token of it's ancient grandeur. This castle was besieged by Llewellyn, in 1233, but not taken. Some broken walls and a solitary tower compose it's remains. There are three Churches, the most considerable of which is St. David's, a grand cruciform building, 200 feet in length by 60 in width, and has an embattled tower 90 feet high, rising from the centre of the building. A cloister extends from the church to the Priory-house.

The most fascinating attraction of the town is it's delightful walks; the one traced on the margin of the noble Usk; the other, called the Priory walk, a luxuriant grove impendent over the brawling Honddy. The town, built on the site of a roman station, was originally, called Aber Honddy. It was strongly walled, and had four gates. The principal remnants of the fortifications are to be seen by the water side, where the view is very romantic.

The town and neighbourhood are much inhabited by gentry of easy fortune. The modern built houses are numerous. The markets are well, but not cheaply, supplied. The principal trade here is hat-making. The *Mounchdenny*, or *Pennervaen*, is a very high mountain, on the s. side of the town, which from the quickness of it's ascent, and pointedness of it's summit, bears a miniature resemblance to Cader Idris, as seen from Dolgelleu.—Wyndham.

About 7 miles on the road to Hereford, is *Brunlyss Castle*; the principal and almost only feature of which is a high round tower upon an artificial mount. Hay, a small populous town on this road, at the extremity of the principality, occupies an eminence near the banks of the Wye, and was formerly graced with a fine castle, which is now reduced to a few broken walls. *Clifford*, a mile or two further, on the upper-road, still exhibits the majestic remains of it's castle, crowning a bold hill which towers above the river, renowned for being the birth-place of the lovely but frail *Fair Rosamond*.

The direct turnpike road to Crickhowel passes through a fine country; but the Brecknock canal for some miles injures the effect. The traveller of taste and curiosity will deviate to the left. At the distance of 3 miles is the village of *Llanvihangel Talyllyn*, contiguous to a lake, from which it's name is derived. The road beyond changes into green sward, between two hedges. An opening presents impressively this grand expanse of water, called *Llyn Lavathan*, a sylvan foreground contributing it's chastised pleasures to the contemplative scene. In approaching the lake on the western side, you are obliged to cross the river Lunwy, which issues from it's northern extremity, and bends down it's eastern bank to the village of *Llangors*. The walk to Llynsavaddon is remarkably pleasant. To skirt the lake all round, as near the brink as possible, takes in a compass of about 7 miles; nor will the votary of retired and peaceful scenes be content with much less. It is entirely shut in by precipitous mountains, except to the n. *Talyllyn House* and the *church of Llangasty* tal y llyn, are situated almost at the edge of the water at the southern extremity. The river Lunwy passes through the lake to the Wye without mixing it's waters. The fish of the river are not found in the lake, nor those of the lake in the river. At a short distance, near the head of the Llunwy, are the ruins of *a castle*, which was the baronial residence of Peter Fitzherbert. *Llansantfred* is distinguished by a stone pillar about six feet high, on which is an inscription noticed by Camden. The traveller now regains the turnpike road, and comes at once upon the bwlch or pass which opens to a magnificent and extensive range of scenery, diversified with woods, lawns, and the majestic elevation of *Cader Arthur* or *Mynich Denny*, in front. "The landscape from this bwlch is peculiarly striking. The Duke of Beaufort's hills, grandly wooded, form the screen on the right; on the left, the little valley of *St. Michael Cwm Du*, stretching up in a lancet-like direction from the larger vale, is bounded by the mountains above the top of the valley. The front is occupied by one of the most considerable mountains in Brecknock, in point of height and grandeur, distinguished by the appellation of *Arthur's chair*. It is dark and cloudy in it's aspect; while the continuity of the foreground is finely broken by an abrupt hill starting up, with the road winding round it after the long descent of the bwlch. The village of *Pentagare* lies in the bottom; and just beyond, *Tretower* ruins add their mouldering grandeur to the other attractions of the scene. After having passed Pentagare, and stretched along the side of the beforementioned hill, a bridge, close by a few houses called *Pontprenhurst*, carries you over a little brook, running from St. Michael Cwm Du to the Usk, which here renews it's intercourse with the traveller, after having swept round the the extended base of the bwlch at a considerable distance. And here it is that the Usk begins to assume those riper charms, and that more matronly importance, which characterize it's fuller and more majestic course through Monmouthshire. It is now, to the unspeakable relief of the instructed eye, no longer attended by it's starch companion, the canal. The banks of the river on both sides from this bridge to Crickhowel are more than ordinarily beautiful. Several gentleman's seats, of elegant appearance, line the banks on each side. Those of the most taste on the south are *Glanusk*, belonging to Mr. Frederic; and *Llangatoc Place*, the seat of Admiral Gell. Both these are recommended by natural beauty, and the judicious application of art. *Dany-Park*, below Crickhowel, at the eastern extremity of the county, belongs to an iron master of Llanelly, but contains no marked character of picturesque attraction. [see p. 7.] Returning from Dany-park, by the southern side of the Usk, a narrow gothic ivy-clad bridge carries you over to Crickhowel. From this bridge, there is an advantageous and interesting view of Llangatoc-place, and the bridge itself is a fine addition to the landscape. The ruin of Crickhowel castle is by no means extensive, as viewed at a distance; but it forms an object of some interest on the approach, from the commanding site of the keep, on a lofty artificial mound."—B. H. Malkin's "Scenery, &c. of S. Wales."

Northward from Brecon, the road passes over an abrupt succession of hills and hollows, near the impatient Honddy, which is seen to extend for several miles through a wild romantic valley. On leaving the lively rivulet's devious course, the road traverses an extensive hilly tract, from the summits of which a grand expansive valley, dignified with the sinuous Wye, bursts upon the view, in a long continuance of varied scenery. The town of BUALLT, occupies a spot on the nethermost side of the vale, overhanging the pride of welch rivers; and beyond it's opposite hilly boundary, a majestic outline of distant mountains describes the horizon. A picturesque cascade, rushing through a portal of rocks and woods to the left of the road, must not be passed unnoticed; it occurs within a mile of Buallt, and after crossing the road beneath it's bridge, the stream unites with the Wye. It was on the banks of this river, but further northward, where the decisive battle was fought between the gallant Llewellyn, the last prince of Wales, and the forces of Edward I.

The road to LLANDILO, through Llandovery in Caermarthenshire, is highly picturesque and in other respects interesting. For several miles it traverses an undulating district enlivened by the Usk; which now, approaching it's source in the *Trecastle Hills*, assumes all the impetuosity of a mountain torrent. Three miles from Brecon, *Penpont*, graces the borders of the stream; and on the left of the road, a short distance further, appear the trifling remains of *Davennock Castle*. *Trecastle*, 10 miles from Brecon, a small village, but possessing a good inn, is deprived of every vestige of it's ancient foundation. From this place the road winds for 9 miles to LLANDOVERY, in a deep fertile valley, between the mountains, called *Cwm-Dwr*, a romantic pass, watered by a lively stream, and dotted with numerous cottages, is beautifully contrasted by the wild aspect of the impending heights. LLANDOVERY is a small irregular town, nearly encompassed by rivulets, and only worth notice to the picturesque traveller, for the small ruins of it's ivy-mantled castle. The road afterwards, continues to Llandilo on a high terrace, ornamented on the right by the groves of *Taliaris* and *Abermarle Parks*, and overlooking the upper vale of Tawey, rich in cultivation and the beauty of it's stream.—J. T. Barber.

From Brecon, mr. Malkin made AN EXCURSION TO VISIT THE VALE OF TAWY, but thinks it might be more conveniently explored from Trecastle downwards, or up from Swansea. The following is an abridged account from this minute and ingenious writer. A village at the mouth of the small river Lyker, where it falls into the Usk, is enlivened by the vicinity of *Aberisker Court*. On a rising ground, is a roman camp, commanding a view of the vale between Brecknock and Trecastle, Some part of the enclosing wall remains, and the foundation is entire. A quarter of a mile from this place, on the causeway, is what Camden and others have denominated the *Maidenstone*; it is believed to represent a man and woman. *Llanspyddid* is a village on the south side of the Usk, with a small neat church, surrounded with venerable yews. At a short distance the Brean joins the Usk; where the spacious lawns and extensive plantations of *Penpont* adorn the borders of the larger river. *Abercamlas*, is a place well adapted to a philosophic and dignified life. The *Castle of Devynnock* is in a state of considerable decay. On approaching *Trecastle*, the softer features of nature give way to the rude vastness of a mountainous district. The *Black mountain*, towering above the village, is a leading object in this untameable scene. This mountain, upon which arises the Usk river, is forked like Pouncudeny; and it has not been ascertained whether is the highest. In front of the inn, the site of the castle may be distinguished, but all it's honours are laid low. Beyond is the small village of *Llywell*. On crossing the Black mountain in a southern direction from Trecastle, the ascent is very long, and the character of the mountain impresses the mind with tiresome uniformity; but the descent into the vale of *Tawey* is singularly beautiful. This vale supplies scattered white cottages, depositories of lime, and the villages *Chapel Callwen* and *Tywynny*. The greatest curiosity of this extraordinary neighbourhood is the *Cribbath lime-rock*, which is reared to an immense height. On reaching the level of the vale, the sinuous river assumes very charming features. The confined descent to *Hennoyadd* by the rail-road, is romantically overhung; where a view from the wooden bridge is uncommonly beautiful, particularly by moonlight. There is an incommodious public house just by. The present head of the Swansea canal is at this place. At *Chapel Coelbren*, between Hennoyadd and Ystradvellte are the remains of a roman road.

From Brecon, mr. Skrine made an excursion of about 5 miles *to Penpont*. The approach was very grand. Beneath the spreading woods and lawns of the domain, upon an elevation above the river, stands the respectable mansion of the Williams'. The house is spacious and irregular, but it's local beauties and accompaniments, give it a title to distinction among the seats of this part of Wales. "The views," says mr. Skrine, "throughout all his charming territory, are wonderfully striking, nor are those from the house less beautiful; and the whole is kept in that perfect order which indicates a wise and zealous administration in the present widowed possessor." After returning nearly to the entrance of Brecon, mr. Skrine resumed his tour, passing through a dreary valley at the foot of the Van, and gaining the summit of a chain of wild hills, gradually descended TO MERTHYR TYDVIL.

TO ABERGAVENNY, mr. Evans visited *Mynich Denny* or *Cader Arthur*, [see page 48.] In a clear day, the Malvern hills, Gloucester, Bristol, and parts of Devon and Cornwall may be seen from this eminence. Langor's Pool [see Abergavenny] Passing the towns of Tretower [see ibid.] and Crickhowel [see ibid.] he turned aside to view the ruins of Llanthony Abbey. [see ibid.] Thence to *Skyrid Vawr*, or St Michael's holy Mount, a remarkable rent or chasm. In the parish of *Cwmjoy*, is a singular mountain, whose sides have at different times detached large fragments from them, leaving a perpendicular cliff of nearly 200 feet high. Passing the little Skyrid, the town of Abergavenny is entered.

From Brecon, on his way TO BUILLT, mr. Skrine entered a narrow winding valley, with some wood and cultivation, and approaching *Castle Madoc*, the seat of mr. Powell, the scenery became more diversified and illustrious; still winding along the valley, by the side of it's little rivulet, at length reached the hills which form it's boundary. Having crossed these by an abrupt descent, he reached Buallt.

To Buallt, 15 miles, Barber; Skrine; Warner.
— Crickhowel, 14 miles, Malkin; Wyndham.
— Abergavenny, 20 miles. J. Evans.
— Merthyr Tydvil, 18 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Cowbridge, 8 miles, Barber.
— Pyle Inn, 7 miles, Malkin.
— Ewenny Priory, 3 miles, Evans.

BRIDGEND is a straggling little town in Glamorganshire, built upon the opposing banks of the river Ogmore.

The situation of *Newcastle*, which forms a part of Bridgend, is bold. The churchyard commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country. There is an extensive woollen manufactory carried on here belonging to Messrs Wyndham and Franklyn. Wool is combed by Cartwright's machines, and worsted spun by those of Arkwright. One hundred people, chiefly children, are employed. The intention of the proprietors is somewhat frustrated by a perversity in the natives, which induces them to prefer indolence and want, to labour and sufficiency. *Dr. Price*, a man of a placid, serene, and virtuous life; who wrote on the most important subjects, in a style of luminous simplicity, was born near this place.

The ride to *Llantrissent* through *Coychurch* and *Llanharen*, TO COITY, is rural and pleasing.

TO NEWTON, the Ogmore river may be pursued, and the highland of Newton Down reached; whence are the most extensive and delightful views: the rich vale of Glamorgan, flanked by the black mountains and other british alps: to the south, the coasts of Somerset and Devon, with the opening channel losing itself in the distant ocean.

To Coity, 2 miles, Barber.
— Dunraven-house, 5 miles, Malkin.
— Newton, 4 miles, Evans.

Mr. Barber,
The Rev. J. Evans, } commenced their excursions at this city.
Mr. Donovan,

BRISTOL is supposed to have been founded by the Saxons towards the close of the sixth century. At present it rivals in extent, wealth, and population, almost every other city in the kingdom. It's commerce extends to the remotest parts of the world, and it's home trade particularly connects with the inhabitants of South Wales. This city formerly stood in the county of Somerset; but by an extension of building, on the opposite side of the river, it occupies a part of Gloucestershire. By an act of the legislature it was made to constitute a separate county, and send two representatives. It had anciently a castle, built by Robert earl of Gloucester, natural son to Henry 1. which was demolished by Cromwell; and the ground is now occupied by streets. The corporation consists of a mayor; recorder; and 12 aldermen, of whom the recorder is one; two sheriffs; and 28 common council men. The recorder is generally a serjeant at law, and sits as judge in all criminal causes. Bristol is a bishop's see, being one of the six erected by Henry 8, out of the spoils of the monasteries. The Cathedral church was the church of the abbey of St. Austin in Bristol, founded by Robert Fitzharding, son to a king of Denmark, once a citizen here, and filled by him with canons regular, in 1148. To this Cathedral belongs a bishop, a dean, an archdeacon, a chancellor, six prebendaries, and other inferior officers and servants. Besides the cathedral, there are 18 parish churches; and dissenters of all denominations. Among the parish churches, that of St. Mary Redcliff, is accounted one of the finest in the kingdom. In this church, besides two monuments of the founder, William Cannings, who had been five times mayor, there is one of sir William Penn, father to the famous quaker. The old Bridge over the Avon consisted of 4 broad arches, with houses on both sides, like those formerly on London-bridge; but this has been taken down, and another erected in it's place. The streets are, many of them, narrow, but here are some beautiful squares, and the new parts of the town are elegant; they are built much in the same style as those at Bath. Like it also they are extended, range above range, till they have nearly reached the summit of the lofty hill, against which the Gloucester side of the city stands. Queen's-square is larger than any square in London, except Lincoln's-inn-fields, and has in the centre an equestrian statue of William 3. All the Gates of this city remain entire, and a part of the walls; the rest were raised in the reign of William 2. Of the Hospitals, the principal are, 1, Q. Elizabeth's; in which 100 boys are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and navigation; they are put out apprentices with premiums. 2, Colston's Hospital; in which 100 boys are maintained for 7 years, and taught and apprenticed. 3, Another, founded also by mr. Colston, in 1691; for 12 men and 12 women, with an allowance of 3s per week and 24 sacks of coals in the year. 4, Another founded partly by mr. Colston and partly by the merchants, in which 18 men, on account of the merchants, and 12 men and women, on account of mr. Colston, are maintained. 5, an Infirmary, which was opened in 1736, for the sick, lame, and distressed poor, is maintained by subscription, besides 5000*l* bequeathed to it by John Eldridge, esq., formerly comptroller of the customs at this port. There is also a Bridewell; several Almshouses, and Charity-schools; a Guildhall, for the sessions and assizes; the mayors and sheriff's Courts; a Council-house, where the mayor and aldermen meet daily, to administer justice; a handsome modern Exchange, with 3 entrances, about two thirds as large as that at London; and a Quay half a mile in length, the most commodious in England for shipping and landing goods. In College-green is a stately high cross, with the effigies of several kings round it. In Winch-street is a guard-house, with barracks for soldiers. The Trade of this city was computed, many years ago, to be much greater in proportion, especially to America and the West Indies, than that of London. Fifty sail, some of them ships of considerable burden, have arrived here nearly at one time from the West Indies. The largest ships are discharged at Hungroad, 4 miles below the city, and the goods are brought to the quay by lighters. For building, equipping, and repairing ships, there are docks, yards, rope-walks, &c. Bristol has some considerable woollen manufactories. The Glass-houses are numerous, for which Kingswood and Mendip furnish the coals. The city companies are 13; viz. merchant adventurers, merchant tailors, mercers, soap-boilers, tobacconists, butchers, barbers, tylers, helliers or sled-men, shoemakers, coopers, bakers, smiths. For supplying the city with water, there are 6 public conduits; hackney coaches may be hired; and stage coaches run in every direction. Here is a Theatre, to to which the London comedians resort during the recess. In winter, there is an assembly every Thursday. A great defect in the construction of sledges used in the city, from an opinion that carts and waggons would endanger the buildings, strikes the mind of every thinking observer. To say nothing of the friction of sledges, which is very great, so as to be a load of themselves, the horses do not pull with advantage. The hind horse either continually raises the fore part of the sledge, or the fore horses, by drawing, press him almost to the ground. The hardship of the hind horse is by this means intolerable, which might be entirely obviated by a different constructed vehicle.

Bristol Wells. A mile below the city, close by the river, is the hot well. To this there is a great resort in the summer, of invalids, as well as other company; for whose accommodation and entertainment there is a pump-room, ball-room, coffee-room: with taverns, elegant lodging-houses, upon a level with the well; and above, in the delightful village of *Clifton*, which is situated on the brow of a hill. The pervading neatness of this village, the elegance of it's buildings, and it's bold and airy situation, excites in every stranger the most lively interest. From this place there are downs, extending several miles, where the company ride out for exercise, which afford many fine views; as the Kingsroad, with the ships at anchor, the mouth of the Severn, and the mountains of Wales. A spring, which gushes out of a rock on the side of the Avon, supplies the cold bath.

St. Vincent's rocks are celebrated for producing a crystallized quartz, which is employed in forming trinkets of inferior value. These rocks produce the arabis stricta, the cistus helianthemum, the sedum dasyphyllum, s. rupestre, and other plants. On the high and opposite points of Leigh and Clifton Downs, in rocks which overhang the the Avon, are the vestiges of two camps.

About half way between Bristol and Bath, at a place called *Warmly*, is a grand manufactory, of pins and other brass utensils, which employs a great number of hands, including 200 children.

On quitting Bristol in a sloop for Swansea, the remarkable scenery of *St. Vincent's rocks* arrests the attention of the traveller. A bolder pass than is here presented can rarely be found. On one side, a huge rock rises in naked majesty, perpendicularly from the river, to the height of several hundred feet; the immense surface is tinted with the various hues of grey, red, and yellow, and diversified by a few patches of shrubs, moss, and creeping lichens. A range of rocks, equal in magnitude, but of less precipitous ascent, clothed with dark wild forest-trees and underwood, forms the opposite boundary of the river, attempering the menacing aspect of impendent cliffs, with the softer features of sylvan hills. The grandeur of the river's bank diminishes till near the Avon's junction with the Severn; when the commanding height of *Kingsweston-hill*, adorned with groves, lawns, and plantations of Lord Clifford's park, rises conspicuously eminent, and engages a parting interest. On entering the Severn, an expansive estuary appears, and so far a noble object; but deriving little importance from it's shores, which, except in the neighbourhood of *Aust*, are a mere undulation of corn-fields and pastures. The display of cultivation, tho' gratifying, is certainly inferior in picturesque merit to the grand features of cliffs and mountains which distinguish the shores of Pembrokeshire, and the western coast of Wales. The entrance of *Swansea Bay* is finely encircled with high varied hills; on the left are two insulated rocks called the *Mumbles*, at a short distance from the main land, where the whitened town of OSTERMOUTH appears issuing from the water, beneath a lofty dark hill. At the bottom of the bay, the superide extent of SWANSEA lines the shore, generally backed by an atmosphere of cloudy vapours, produced from various furnaces in it's neighbourhood. Of the numerous vessels which sail from Bristol to Swansea, not one is fitted for passengers.—J. T. Barber.

The road TO THE NEW PASSAGE lies from *Clifton* across *Durdam Down*. The landscapes on this route are diversified and rich. *Blaize Castle* occupies a conspicuous point to the left of the turnpike road. A few miles beyond occur the little villages of *Westbury* and *Henbury*, surrounded by highly cultivated sands.

Mr. Evans took a boat at Clifton and proceeded down the river; in which route he notices a small circular building called *Cooke's Folly*; *Sea Mills, Seat of Lord de Clifford, Crockerne Pill*, a small village inhabited by pilots and fishermen. At the harbour or small bay of *Kingsroad*, ships outward or homeward bound find safe anchorage, while waiting for wind to go up the channel or sufficient water to go up to Bristol. Each of these points of land are defended with forts, one of four brass 32 pounders, mounted upon double swivel carriages. A small bare rock is passed called *the Denny*. At the passage called *the Shoots*, the sea becomes rough, and the noise of impetuous waves contending with opposing obstacles, discover this to be occasioned by two reefs of rocks running almost across, leaving only a narrow channel for the vessels to pass. These rocks are bare at low, and covered at high, water. At half ebb or half flood, the best times for passing, the whole body of the æstuary rushes between them with a thundering noise and great impetuosity.—Rev. J. Evans.

To Swansea, by water, Barber.
— the New Passage, 12 miles; Donovan; Evans.

From Neath 1½ miles, Malkin; Barber.
—— Margam, 7 miles, Wyndham; Donovan; Evans; Skrine; Warner.

BRITTON FERRY, in Glamorganshire, rendered interesting chiefly by the domain of lord *Vernon*, whose extensive plantations spread over several bold hills westward of the Neath river, a stream which here emerges in a fine sweep between high woody banks, partly broken into naked cliffs, and at a short distance unites with the sea. "From a delightful shady walk impendent over the stream, we branched off," says Mr. Barber, "into an "alley green," which led us up a steep hill, covered with large trees and tangled underwood: the ascent was judiciously traced, where several bare crags projecting from the soil, formed an opposite contrast to the luxuriant verdure which prevailed around On gaining the summits, the charms of Britton-ferry disclosed themselves in "an ample theatre of Sylvan grace," of more than common beauty; beyond which the Bristol channel, bounded by the aerial tint of it's opposite coast, formed the distance. From this roaming prospect, however, the eye gladly returned to repose on the local beauties of the scene; the tufted knoll, the dark glade, and the majestic river. In returning, we passed the mansion, a very ordinary building, [Mr. Evans says, "The house is low, having two wings with attic windows in the roof, ornamented with a balustraded parapet,] but paused on the neat simplicity of the village church adjoining, and it's well-ordered cemetery, which, for picturesque and moral interest, are unrivalled. The custom of planting ever-greens over the graves of departed friends, and bedecking them with flowers at certain seasons of the year, is here attended to with peculiar care; and to this pleasing tribute of affection, characteristic of Wales, Shakespear refers with exquisite tenderness.

"With fairest flowers, while summer lasts,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
the flower that's like thy face, pale Primrose; nor
the azur'd Harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
the leaf of Eglantine, whom not to slander
out-sweeten'd not thy breath."

This part of Wales is so mild in it's climature, that myrtles, magnolias, and other tender exotics, grow luxuriantly in the open air.

On the road to MARGAM intervenes the delightful scenery about RAGLAN, and the dirty little town of *Aberavon*, on the banks of the Avon. Tho' it's copper and tin works add no charms to the verdant fertility of this part of the country, yet it is ornamented with *Tyncaia House* and several gentlemen's seats and pleasing knolls; but the "mighty hill of Margam" rises grandly, entirely shaded with oaks from the base to it's cloud-cap'd summit.

The carriage road to Bridgend is near the coast, but there is a grand ride over the mountains by *Llangonoyd*, near which village is an old cromlech.

"There is a pleasant walk across the sands at low water, to the ferry, over the Neath river. This route lies by a shorter way than the main road TO SWANSEA, and is preferred by some as avoiding the offensive works upon the road beyond Neath.

The road TO NEATH lies along *Cwm Nedd*, or the vale of Neath. The windings of a navigable river, through a vale embosomed on each side by low sweeping hills with some trees scattered in a verdant bottom render this track pleasing. Two miles further the vale greatly enlarges, and exhibits the town of Neath, with other interesting objects. *Gnoll* [see Swansea] stands on the brow of a finely wooded eminence, which commands an amazing prospect. There is a cascade at this place not unworthy of notice; but much inferior to one at Melin Court. [see Swansea.] On this route, mr. Warner passed through the small village of Raglan, a place of the most romantic beauty.

In the woods of Vernon Park, mr. Evans found salvia verbenica, orobus sylvaticus, melampyrum sylvaticum, sanicula europoea, hypericum pulchrum, hypericum androsæmum, astragalus uralensis, and on the shore, arenaria peploides, salsola kali, eryngium maritimum, chenopodium maritimum, and chelidonium glaucium. To the s. of the park, embosomed in a native grove, stands the small neat church of *Llansawel*. This is, without exception," says mr. Evans, the most desirable cemetery I ever beheld. Inclosed so as to prevent the rude tread of brutal or unhallowed feet, and undisturbed by the premature intrusion of the unfeeling sexton. Few costly ornaments bedeck this truly elegant depository of the dead; but plain stones, with neat inscriptions, mark the interment of departed worth; or bespeak the affection of surviving friends. Every grave is circumscribed with the most careful exactness, and Flora's gifts are taught to thrive within the neat incloseures."

To Margam, 7 miles, Malkin; Barber; Donavon; Evans; Skrine; Warner.
— Swansea, 5 miles, Wyndham.

From Caernarvon, 2 miles, Hutton.

BRYN GWYN, or Royal Court, in Anglesea, is a druidic remain, lying two miles from the Menai, and one E. of the road which leads from Abermenai ferry to Newborough. On this spot stood the court of justice for civil and religious purposes. Here too, was a principal place of worship. Their temple was a circle of upright stones, the diameter of which is 52 yards. The ignorant country people supposing money was hid under them, recently tore them up. It is rather surprising that Mr. Floyd, the proprietor, suffered it. Some of them are scattered; two stand about 20 yards E. of the circle, and are 4 yards asunder. One of them, which is 12 feet by 7, exclusive of what remains in the earth, stands upright and forms the gable end of the house which occupies this place. The other nearly the same size, is also erect, and forms a fence for the garden. About 400 yards west is an accessible rock, 5 yards high, by the river Breint, (chief or royal river) called the *Astronomer's Stone*. This royal river is only a brook, over which a person might skip.

About 400 yards north of Bryn Gwyn is *Tre'r Drwr Bach*, or Castle of the lesser druid. This is now a meadow of half an acre. The spot is surrounded with a bank 20 feet broad in the base, and 12 high, composed of stones, like those of the carnedd, and earth, promiscuously mixed. There are no traces of a foss, nor the remains of a building.

About the same distance, more northwards, down in a perfect swamp, is *Tre'r Drywu*, or Druid's town; but at present without one house, in which is an encampment called *Caer-leb*. Here stood the palace of the Arch Druid. The following description of this place is by Mr. Hutton. "It consists of 7 acres, with several entrenchments, one within another, all in a square form, in crossing which I first approached a foss, 4 feet wide, joining a mound of the same width. Then follows a plain of 17 yards, which brought me to a trench of 5 yds.

his my servant skipped over, but I, having lost the activity of youth, skipped in. Then followed a bank of the ame dimensions, and both in a bolder tyle. Immediately occurred another oss of 7 yards, and a bank of the same dimensions, both more elevated, which or a moment impeded our progress. There is generally some water in the ditches. The banks are four feet high. I now arrived at the centre, a plain flat of one acre, rather elevated, and perfectly dry. On this spot once stood the Arch Druid's palace which united the powers of St. James's and Lambeth. Not the least traces of any building remain. Here we contemplate, with a sigh, the spot of the grandest British church, now a silent bog, impassable, disregarded, and unprofitable. On the farther side of the fortification is only one bank, which is 8 yards over, and a ditch of ten, deep in proportion.

At 30 yards distance from the plot where the palace stood, is a broad circular bank, ten yards in diameter, which surrounds a hollow of not more than three. Here I found myself surrounded with water, which, in endeavouring to escape, I again jumped in, I visited this place Sep. 1, 1800, when all the trenches were dry. *Tan Ben y Cefn* is the ruins of a building, thirty yards long, and twenty broad, which lies upon a knob of earth about 20 yds. above the fortification which surrounds the Druid's palace, called by Rowland and tradition, "The remainder of the British houses." These stones are the only ruins on the whole premises, and lie in confusion. Having surveyed the Arch Druid's royal repository, I left the place, and rose the hill, giving many a look back at this venerable spot of antiquity, once, perhaps the first in Great Britain, and arrived at the pleasant village of *Bryn Siancyn*; whence I engaged a blacksmith, who spoke English, to conduct me to Llanidan."

To Llanidan, 1 mile, Hutton.

From Brecon, 15 miles, Barber; Skrine; Warner.
— Hay, 15 miles, Malkin.
— Llandrindod, 7 miles, Wyndham.
— Radnor, 14 miles, Skrine's 2d visit.

The unimproved town of **BUALLT** in Brecknockshire, situated on the Wye, consists chiefly of two parallel streets, built in rude terraces on the side of a steep declivity. This town was formerly of some consequence, but at present has the appearance of poverty and delapidation. The Castle of this place is nearly extinct; the site of the keep is all that is discernable of it's former existence, having been burnt down in 1690. Just above Buallt, the Irvon joins the Wye. It is a very romantic river, and in it's vale is situated *Llanwrtyd*, where is a much valued medicinal well. It was in the neighbourhood of Buallt, between the Wye and it's tributary stream the Irvon, that the cambrian warriors made their last stand for independence. The brave Llewelyn, after a transient victory, at the foot of Snowdon, led his troops to this position, where they were attacked and defeated by the english forces; while Llewelyn, unarmed, was employed in a conference with some chieftains, in a valley not far distant. He heard the event from the cries of his flying army. He made an effort to rejoin his men, but the spear of his enemy spared him the anguish of witnessing the ruin of his country's liberties. Edwards conduct respecting the treatment of the body of this prince, royal like himself, of a lineage more ancient and noble, who boldly fell in asserting the rights of his country and inheritance, has affixed a blot upon his memory, which neither his well regulated ambition, nor all the splendour of his victories, can gloss over, or efface from the page of history.—Barber.

While at Buallt, mr. Skrine made AN EXCURSION TO LLANDRINDOD WELLS, about 7 miles distant. He found the road difficult to trace, and arduous to travel. At length, in the midst of a wild common, they saw some scattered houses, near the springs, which appear to have gained a considerable share of just reputation. After his return, he pursued the valley of the Wey, which leads to the *Wells of Llanwrtyd*, which are said to possess similar qualities with those at Llandrindod, and alike difficult of access and destitute of accommodations. Hence he returned back TO LLANDOVERY by a different route, turning his course towards Caerdiganshire. On mr. Skrine's 2d. visit to Buallt, from Radnor, he took a farewell view of the charming vicinage of this place, from it's bridge and the mount of it's castle, and then proceeded down the delightful banks of the Wye, to the Hay, through a continued succession of noble scenery, in which some gentlemen's seats make a distinguished appearance.

The course of the Wye to Rhayader is a romantic stage, and preferable to every other route, when the traveller is confined to a single visit. From the handsome bridge of six arches at Buallt, *Llanelwedd House* forms a well dressed object. After a mile's walk near the banks of the river, it becomes confined, rapid, and majestic. From this place the road bends a little to the right, quitting the Wye for a dreary common, 2 or 3 miles in extent, terminating at *Ithon Bridge*. The rest of the journey to Rhayader becomes extremely picturesque, various, and interesting; it is continued near the Wye, in all it's twistings and deviations. Perhaps the most engaging scene in this stretch of country is about a mile from Rhayader, at the confluence of the Clarwen with the Wye.—Malkin. "We had not proceeded more than a mile, on the left, before the scenery of the Wye became too interesting to be passed with transient observation; we therefore threw ourselves upon it's eastern bank, under the shade of a friendly aspen tree, to contemplate it's beauties at leisure. At this spot the view is particularly striking."—Warner.

To Brecknock the road lies over a long, lonesome, and boggy mountain, whence the descent is into a pleasing valley, with a good turnpike-road.

— To Rhayader, 17 miles, Barber; Warner.
— Brecon, 15 miles, Wyndham.
— Llandovery, from Llanwrtyd Wells, Skrine.
— Hay, 15 miles, Skrine's 2d visit.
Back to Hay, 15 miles, Malkin.

* * *

From Dolgelleu, 6 miles, Aikin; Evans; Bingley.
—— Machynlleth, 20 miles, Warner.

CADER IDRIS. An Excursion to Cader Idris, from Dolgelleu, chiefly from mr. A. Aikin's Tour. The day being promising, we set off after breakfast to examine this mountain. A small lake, called *Llyn y gader*, lies about a mile and a half on the high-road to Towyn, which having arrived at, we quitted the road and began our ascent. In this lake is found the lobelia dortmanna, narthecium ossifragum, the elegant Nymphæa lutea, and aromatic Nymphæa alba. When we had surmounted the exterior ridge, we descended a little to a deep clear lake, which is kept constantly full by the numerous tributary torrents which fall down the surrounding rocks. Hence we climbed a second and still higher chain, up a steep but not difficult track, over numerous fragments of rock, detached from the higher parts: we now came to a second and more elevated lake, called *Llyn y Cae*, clear as glass, and overlooked by steep cliffs, in such a manner as to resemble the crater of a volcano, of which a most accurate representation may be seen in Wilson's excellent view of Cader Idris. Some travellers have mentioned the finding lava and other volcanic productions here; on a strict examination, however, we were unable to discover any thing of the kind, nor did the water of the lake appear to differ in any respect from the purest rock water, tho' it was tried repeatedly with the most delicate chemical tests. A clear, loud, and distinct echo, repeats every shout which is made near the lake. Here also grows the narthecium ossifragum, and on the surrounding rocks, rumex digynus, rhodiola rosea, thalictrum minus, t. alpinum, lycopodium selagonoides, and l. clavatum. The waters of this lake cover an extent of fifty acres, abounding with trout and other fish. We now began our last and most difficult ascent up the summit of Cader Idris itself. The loose columnar stones, lie about in all directions, assuming in many places so regular an appearance, that they might be mistaken for druidic remains; some of them stand erect, like Maen hirion, and one is dignified with the title *Llech Idris*. Nearer the summit, numerous masses of irregular figures present themselves. Having gained this ascent, a small plain forms the base, to two eminences or rocky heads, of nearly equal height, one lying towards the north, called *Tyrrau Mawr*; the other, to the south, called *Pen y Gader*. We made choice of the latter, which appeared the most elevated, and seated ourselves upon it's highest pinnacle, to rest, after a laborious ascent of three hours. We were now above all the eminences within a vast expanse, and as the clouds gradually cleared away, caught some grand views of the surrounding country. The huge rocks, which we before looked up to with astonishment, were now far below our feet, and many a small lake appeared in the vallies between them. To the N. Snowdon and it's dependencies shut up the scene; on the W. we saw the whole curve of the bay of Cardigan, bounded at a great distance by the Caernarvon mountains, and nearer, dashing it's white breakers against the rocky coast of Merioneth. The southern horizon was bounded by Plinlimmon, the bay of Swansea, the channel, peeping through the openings of the Brecon mountains; and, on the E. the eye glanced over the lake of Bala, the two Arennig mountains, the two Arrans, and the long chain of the Ferwyn mountains, to the Breddin hills on the confines of Shropshire. Dimly, in the distant horizon, was beheld the Wrekin, rising alone from the plain of Salop. Having satisfied our curiosity, and being thoroughly chilled by the keen air of these elevated regions, we began to descend down the side opposite to that which we had come up. The first stage led us to another beautiful mountain lake, the cold clear waters of which discharge their superabundance in a stream down the side of the mountain. All these lakes abound with trout, and in some is found the gwyniad, a fish peculiar to rocky alpine lakes. Following the course of the stream, we came upon the edge of the craggy cliffs which overlook Talyllyn lake; a long and difficult descent conducted us, at last, to the borders of *Talyllyn*, where we entered the Dolgelleu road. The mountain of Cader Idris, in height the second in Wales, rises on the sea-shore, close upon the northern side of the estuary of the small river Disynwy, about a mile from Towyn. It proceeds with almost a constant ascent, first northwards for about 3 miles; then, for 10 miles further, runs ENE., giving out from it's summit a branch nearly three miles long, in a south westerly direction, parallel to the main ridge. It is very steep and craggy on every side; but the southern descent, especially to the border of Tallyllyn lake, is the most precipitous, being nearly perpendicular. It's breadth bears but a small proportion to it's length; a line passing along it's base and intersecting the summit, would scarcely equal four miles and a half; and in the other parts it is a mere ridge, whose base hardly ever exceeds one mile in breadth. Cader Idris is the beginning of a chain of primitive mountains, extending in a NNE. direction and including the Arrans and the Arennigs. It is much loftier and more craggy than the slate and secondary mountains which surround it.

The PLANTS found toward the top of Cader, are aira cœspitosa, festuca ovina, f. duriuscula, poa alpina, &c. These plants are found here, as in all such situations, in their viviparous state. In other parts grow the saxifraga hypnoides, s. stellaris, sphagnum alpinum, rhodiola rosea, and vaccinium vitis idæa, in abundance; gnaphalium dioicum, pteris crispa, pinguicula vulgaris, sedum telephium, s. rupestre, lycopodium selago, campanula rotundifolia, c. var β, jungermannia alpina, j. julacea, jungermannia minium, lichen paschalis, l. fragilis, with other species, and the arbutus alpina. Descending to Dolgelle through Bwlch doch, at it's foot grows the polytrichum alpinum, and p. unigerum, and on loose stones down a rough and rubbly road, the lichen centrifugus.

The following Extracts are from mr. Bingley's excursion. "I stopped," says he, "at the Blue lion, a small public house, a little beyond the pool of the three grains, and enquiring what they could give me to dinner, found as Dr. Johnson did at Glenelg, in the Highlands of Scotland, that, "of the provisions, the negative catalogue was very copious." Here was no flesh-meat, except bad bacon; no eggs, no wine, no spirits. I, however, obliged by necessity, contented myself with what they could give me, bread and butter, and new ale. Edward Jones, the man who lives at this house, in the winter teaches a small school, and during the summer season performs the office of guide hence to the summit of Cader Idris. This house being situated by the road side, immediately beneath Cader Idris, is a very convenient place for travellers coming from Machynlleth to Dolgelleu, from which to ascend that mountain. They may, if it be not inconvenient, on account of carriages or horses, go over the summit of the mountain and down the other side to Dolgelleu in nearly as short a space of time as it would require to descend again to this place. At the time I came here, it rained most violently; so that bad as the house was, I determined to remain all night, in hopes that the morning might be clearer, and permit me to go up the mountain. The morn proving finer, I determined to venture, and take the chance of the weather. Being provided with such things as the house afforded, bread, cheese and ale, we set out on our expedition, at nine. Since there had been so much rain, the guide took me along the side of a rivulet which runs from one of the hollows above, down the side of the mountain, to see a small cataract, formed by it's falling down the face of a steep rock. The torrent, swelled by rains, foamed along it's channel, and came down in a white and thrice broken sheet. This altogether was very small, but extremely pretty.

A little above this I saw another cascade on the same stream, smaller and more contracted than the last. The water was a little broken towards the top, but it fell down an almost perpendicular rock about eight yards in height. This little cataract would have appeared trifling, had it not been ornamented by three large oaks, the branches of which, while they almost concealed the stream, added greatly to it's beauty.

I now crossed this mountain rivulet, and went along the side of it for a little way, entertained in many places by the little cascades formed in it's descent, among the abrupt rocks which lay in it's course. After a while I came to a hollow, containing the dismal waters of *Llyn y Cae*, (the inclosed pool) from the w. side of which rises an immense black and precipitous rock, called *Craig y Cae*, casting a gloomy shade on every thing below it. It's sullen and majestic front was only enlivened with patches of the moss saxifrage, and a few goats of pure white, which were skipping carelessly along it's dangerous steeps. From it's spiry points and deep precipices, it has assumed an appearance not much unlike the age-worn front of an ancient cathedral. The whole of the scene, from near the edge of the pool, is truly picturesque and grand. While I was gazing at the rock, a smart shower of rain came on, and after it was over I was entertained with a phenomenon, novel to me, but not uncommon among the mountains. The clouds were on a sudden whirled around the top, and apparently confined within the hollow; the motion was continued for some time, and then remaining still for a while, they were again sent round with considerable velocity. I can only account for this, by supposing them so dense, that resting below the upper edge, the wind in passing over, gave them this rotatory motion. The clouds now rose above the mountains, and the highest peak of Cader Idris was alone clouded. I ascended by *Bwlch y Cae* to the summit, which is called *Pen y Cader* (the head of the seat); this, like that of Snowdon, is conical, and covered for some distance with small loose stones. I continued here enveloped in mist for more than half an hour, when the mountain became perfectly cleared for about ten minutes. I had then a view, if not more extensive, yet if any thing, more varied, than that from Snowdon. On one side, I observed, that the mountain was broken into an abrupt and deep precipice, at the bottom of which lodged a small lake. Cader Idris has three high points, the most lofty called *Pen y Cader*; the next in height, *Mynydd Moel*; and the third, *Craig y Cae*. The ascent is much easier than up Snowdon; and I am confident, that from Edward Jones's house, I could walk to the summit in about two hours. Of the height of the mountain, mr. Pennant says, that "*Pen y Cader* is 950 yards higher than the green near Dolgelleu; *Aranvowddwy* 740 above Llyn Tegid; and the *Arranig* only 20 yards, short of the Arran; that the fall from the lake to Dolgelleu green is 180 yards; so that the real difference of height between Cader and the Arran is only 30 yards." In order to vary my walk as much as possible, I took a different way down, by going more eastward, and descending along that part of the mountain, called *Mynydd Moel*. The path in this direction was sufficiently sloping all the way to permit a person to ride quite up to the summit. A gentleman mounted on a little welsh poney, had done it but a few days before I was there. The road from Jones's cottage TO MACHYNLLETH, is very even and good; but lying in a narrow hollow, between wooded mountains, without much variety of character. The murmuring of the rivulet, which accompanied me several miles, and here and there a picturesque cottage seated in the woods, were my only amusements, till I came within two miles of Machynlleth, when I entered the fine vale in which the town of Machynlleth stands, but it does not appear sooner than at the distance of a mile; for being seated in a vale, and hidden by intervening mountains, it only becomes visible on a sudden turn in the road just before an approach to the river."

Mr. Warner describes his prospect from the summit of Cader Idris, as follows." "The afternoon was gloriously fine, and the atmosphere perfectly clear, so that the vast unbounded prospect lay beneath, unobscured by cloud, vapour, or any other interruption, to the astonished and delighted eye; which threw it's glance over a varied scene, including a circumference of at least 500 miles. To the NE. was Ireland, like a distant mist upon the ocean; and a little to the right, Snowdon and the other mountains of Caernarvonshire. Further on, in the same direction, the Isle of Man, the neighbourhood of Chester, Wrexham, and Salop; the sharp head of the Wrekin, and the undulating summit of the Clee hills. To the S. I saw the country round Clifton, Pembrokeshire, St. David's, and Swansea; to the W. a vast prospect of the British channel, bounded by the horizon. Exclusive of these distant objects, the nearer views were wonderfully striking. Numberless mountains, of different forms, appearances, and elevation, rose in all directions; which, with the various harbours, lakes and rivers, towns, villages, and villas, scattered over the extensive prospect, combined to form a scene inexpressibly august, diversified, and impressive."—First Walk, p. 99.

The peak of Cader Idris consists of siliceous porphyry, quartz, and felspar, enclosed in a green paste, with siliceous schistose porphyry intersected with veins of quartz and argillaceous prophyry in a mass, and a dark grey paste. Besides several rocks contain the component parts of granite and porphyry, with a great proportion of white greasy looking quartz. In several specimens, the felspar being decomposed, has fallen out, and given the quartz a porous appearance.

Tho' several travellers have compared the height of Cader Idris to Snowdon, from a deception in it's appearance, accurate admeasurements prove that the apex of the former is not more than 2850 feet above the level of Dolgelleu-green, while the great peak of Snowdon is more than 3600 above the quay of Caernarvon.

Ascending Cader Idris from Dolgelleu, by way of Llyn Gwernan, *Llan-vihangel-y-Pennant*, a vale on the other side, and thence to Pen y Cader, mr. Pennant descended from the edge of the greater precipice, till he came near the *Cyfrwy*, another peak. The day was very unfavourable, which prevented him from making accurate observations. After recovering from his fatigue, he began another journey, in order to encircle the base of the mountain, of which the following is his account. "I took the same road as before, and continued my ride beneath *Tyrrau mawr*, one of the points of Cader Idris. Beyond, are the two pools called *Llynian Gregenan;* and not far distant, are some remains of circles of upright stones, with many carns; a vast stone, raised erect upon the top of a neighbouring rock; and several maeni hirion, or rude upright columns. At some distance beyond these, near the river Kregennan, I saw the remains of *Llys Bradwyn*, the court or palace of *Eduowain*, chief of one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, either in the reign of Gryffydd ap Cynan, or soon after. The relics are about 30 yards square; the entrance about 7 feet wide, with a large upright stone on each side, by way of door-case; the walls with large stones, uncemented by any mortar; in short, the structure of this palace shews the very low state of architecture in those times; it may be paralleled only by the artless fabric of a cattle-house. Ednyfed ap Aaron, a descendent of this great man, had the honour of entertaining Owen Glyndwr, in one of his sad reverses of fortune; and is said to have concealed him in a cave, in the parish of Llan Gelynin, called to this day Ogof Owain. Continue the ride, as before, between high mountains, in a narrow glen. Quit the narrow pass and go along a good road, formed upon the sides of the hills, with a fine slope from it to the sea. The road now passes between verdant and smooth hills, the great sheep walks of the country; rounded at their tops. From a place called Allt-Lwyd, have a very full view of the flat called *Towyn Meirionydd*, a mixture of meadow land and black turbery, watered by the Dysynwy, which falls into the sea a few miles lower. On one side is the village and church of Tywyn or TOWYN. [See a continuation of this journey under TOWYN.]

To Machynlleth, 20 miles, Bingley.
Back to Dolgelleu, Aikin; Evans.
To Towyn, Pennant.

To Dolgelleu, (from Machynlleth, over the mountains, 20 miles,) Warner.

From Caerphilly Castle, 8 miles, Barber.
—— Cowbridge and intervening places, Malkin.
—— Newport, 12 miles, Donovan; Evans; Skrine.
—— Llandaff, 3 miles, Donovan.
Back from Caerphilly Castle, Evans.
From Pont y pridd, 3 miles, Wyndham.

CAERDIFF, the capital of Glamorganshire, is a neat, well paved town. One of the principal streets extends in a southerly direction nearly from the castle to the new quay. Adjoining the latter, a commodious range of buildings has been very recently erected, which contribute to ornament the place. The influx of strangers during the summer months is very considerable. Mr. Donovan says that no people knew better how to profit by the liberality or credulity of strangers than the Caerdiff innkeepers, that their extortion can only be paralleled by their incivility, and that at the Angel-inn, during the races, a guinea was demanded with rigid effrontery for a bed for a single night, in an adjacent house.—Excursions, vol. 1. p. 286. The Rev. J. Evans says, "The inns are good and the inhabitants civil." The *sewen*, a delicious kind of salmon is abundant in the Taffe river, from May till September. This fish is found also in the Severn and in many of the creeks of North Wales.

The high tower of the Church, crowned with four transparent gothic pinnacles, is of peculiar beauty, and forms a conspicuous feature in the distant views. The body of the church, however, does not correspond; it's date is older, it's architecture norman. The other parish church (for Caerdiff is divided into two parishes) was undermined by the washing of the river Taffe, in the year 1607, and fell. There is a mouldering ruin of a house of Gray Friars; [see NEWPORT,] and without the west gate once stood a monastery of Black Friars. The town was anciently defended by a wall: the vestiges of four gates yet exist; also the ditch and a watch tower. A good harbour gives some importance to the trade of this place. A handsome stone bridge was substituted for one of wood, in 1794, by Parry. The Castle presents a considerable portion of modern patchwork, added by the late Marquis of Bute: In it's repair the elegant antique style of the structure has been sacrificed, for fashionable square windows, in the lower apartments, and some gothic lines in the shape of those above. "The part of the castle which is kept in repair" says mr. Barber, "is a single range of building; and an elegant machicolated tower, overlooking the whole, and frowning defiance on the petty innovations beneath." This keep, exclusive of the flanking towers, is of an octangular form, appearing, from the great breadth of the facets, nearly circular, or very slightly angulated within the walls, and presenting a clear area of about 75 feet in diameter. The summit of the mount on which the keep stands, affords a charming view of the surrounding country. The castle contains some portraits of persons who have been it's lords and of their relations; a suite of whole length portraits, by old masters; two good pictures by Romney, painted in 1783; a portrait by Vandyke, another by Kneller; a sketch by Ibbetson; boys at cards, by Hans Holbein, 1568; a crayon drawing of John, earl of Windsor, and his brother lord James Stewart, when little children. In front, is a spacious lawn, from the shaven surface of which rises an artificial mound, supporting the mouldering ruin of the ancient keep. The castle was originally built by the conqueror Fitzhamon, in 1110. In a dungeon of the tower, at the entrance, Robert Duke of Normandy, is said to have been confined nearly 30 years, after being deprived of his sight and inheritance by his younger brother Henry 1. A high rampart surrounds the place, on the top of which is a walk.

From Caerdiff there is a very good canal which forms a connecting link between the great iron works of Merthyr Tydvil and Aberdare, distant about 25 miles from the English markets. In May 1804, a most extraordinary occurrence, took place in this neighbourhood. A young woman died in childbed at Cadoxstone, near Caerdiff, soon after delivery, and the infant, pining for that nourishment which nature designed for it, the mother of the deceased, upwards of 72 years of age, put the child to her own breast, from which it soon drew milk, and a copious supply speedily following, she continued to suckle the infant. The mother died at the age of 35.

On the way TO CAERPHILLY CASTLE, Mr. Malkin visited *Ceven Mable* and *Ruperrah*. The road, as far as the river Remny, is over a dingy moor; but by skirting the river up to Ceven Mable the scenery becomes interesting. The house is large, standing due N., on a considerable eminence. Ruperrah appears above it as a smaller mansion; but when you arrive at the former, it seems almost lost. The walk from Ceven Mable to Ruperrah through the meadows is singularly beautiful. The house was built by Inigo Jones. From Ruperrah across the park the prospects are uncommonly attractive.

On the road TO NEWPORT, is Rumney Bridge. The church of *Rumney* is a large gothic edifice, with an embattled tower. Nearly opposite to it, on the left of the road, crowning a steep bank of the river, is an old encampment, of an irregular figure, with a triangular outwork; and a little further occurs another of a polyhedrous form. Advancing, the elevated mansion and extensive woods of *Ruperrah*, an elegant seat of a branch of the Morgan family, appears beneath the brow of some hills, bordering the vale of Caerphilly; and on a small hill below stands *Ceven-Mable*, an ancient seat of the Kemy family. At the rural little village of *St. Mellons*, the old and new roads to Newport unite. The latter is lower and shorter, which is traced on a range of eminences skirting Wentloog level, an extensive fertile plain reclaimed from the sea, and extending from the Rumney to the Usk rivers, is relieved by the intersections of hedges, and a sprinkling of white cottages; among which the towers of St. Brides, Marshfield and Peterston churches, rise conspicuously. At *Castleton* there was once a castle, the site of it's citadel and chapel only remains, the former is enclosed in a garden, and the latter is converted into a barn. *Gwern-y-cleppa* park next occurs, which contains a ruin nearly hidden in a thicket, once the mansion of *Ivor-hael* (the generous), pride of bardic song, who flourished in the beginning of the 14th century. *Tredegar Park* is next entered, which is a very ancient seat of the Morgan family. The park is laid out in the obsolete style of groves and avenues; yet it's natural beauties are considerable. Forest trees of remarkable size and beauty, and the picturesque course of the rapid Ebwy, are striking features in the scenery. The mansion is a huge quadrangular building, with a high shelving roof, in which are two or three tiers of windows, resembling the weighing house at Amsterdam, built in the reign of Charles 2. The collection of pictures is numerous, but few of them are intrinsically valuable. The offices are extensive, among which are some remains of the ancient castellated mansion described by Leland as a "very fair place of stone."—J. T. Barber.

The following route along the coast TO BRIDGEND was taken by mr. Evans. Three miles from Caerdiff is the roman station of *Caeron*, called *Cary*. The land suddenly rises to the southward, and on an eminence stands the small church. Beneath this are various fortifications, consisting of valla and fossa, which from the porta documanus to the W., and the prætorium still visible at the E. end of the camp, are evidently roman; several smaller works appear also in the vicinity. This was the tibia amne of Richard's eleventh Iter, and the road hence to Bovium may be traced in this direction, passing the river Elay by a ford, still retaining the name of Rhyd Sarn, or the ford of a roman road. Obtaining the high land of *St. Lethian Town*, the views were exceedingly fine, and crossing it to the S. a delightful valley occurs, called Dyren; where grow sison verticillatum and empetrum nigrum, in abundance. [see Cowbridge.] The vale opens into a sandy æstuary, which expands to the right and left, and embraces the small island of *Barry*, which is about 1½ miles in circumferance. Rabbits constitute the principal produce of the farm, which lets for 50*l* per annum. It is celebrated as the burial place of St. Baruch, a disciple of Gisalch. A chapel dedicated to this saint was standing in the time of Leland; but there is now no building except a farm-house, fitted up with lodgings for those desirous of a retired situation for sea-bathing. Ascending the hill from Barry, ruins of it's castle is passed, consisting of a few walls, included in a barn; and an arched gateway. Hence mr. Evans descended into a "lovely cwm, through which flowed a crystal stream." Passing over some rising ground, he found himself in another, through which also a stream glided. One extremity of this vale is lost in the distant hills, and the other opens to the sea. These vales are truly sylvan and romantic. At *Penmarck*, on the verge of a deep ravine, stands the ruins of it's castle. Fitzhamon gave this with the manor to one of his knights, named Gilbert Humphreville. The church is a good structure. Half a mile to the w. stands the *Castle of Fonmore*, situated upon the brink of another ravine; through which runs a stream called Kenfon. It is the residence of Robert Jones, esq. This castle has been modernized, it's windows sashed, and it's rooms decorated. [see Cowbridge.] At a short distance, upon the coast, jets a foreland called *Break-sea-point*, often fatal to mariners. Indeed this coast is the terror of those who navigate the Bristol channel. Sunk rocks, and dangerous shoals lie in every direction. Numerous vessels are wrecked on this insidious shore, and the cruelties exercised by the inhabitants of this coast towards those children of misfortune, surpasses the ruthless storm or raging ocean. Humanity shudders at the account given by Mr. Evans of the rapine and cruelty of those human vultures called wreckers. He asserts that their aim is frequently to murder those on board, that there may be no survivers to give evidence against them. They strip even children and females, when dead, cut off their fingers and tear their ears, for the sake of their clothes and jewels! Is there no sheriff, or constable, in this christian coast? we exclaim; does justice sleep at Fonmore? The village of *Boverton* is considered by Camden, the Bovium of Antoninus. At a short distance is the remnant of a *roman road*, which appears again on Newton Down, in a line to Neath. This place is in the parish of Llan Ilted; or, as it is usually called Llantwit Major.

On his route TO LLANDAFF, mr. Skrine proceeded along the banks of the Taffe, towards the N., the mountains gradually closing on each side of the river, forming a majestic portal of rock and wood, on one promontory of which appeared the ruin of *Castle Coch*, originally built to defend the pass; beyond, the valley opens in romantic beauty.

To Newport, 12 miles, Barber.
— Caerphily Castle, 7 miles, Malkin.
— Llandaff, 3 miles, Barber; Donovan; Evans; Wyndham; Skrine.
Along the Coast to Dunraven, 26 ms., Evans.
— Cowbridge, 12 miles, Warner.
— Myrthyr Tydvil, 24 miles.

* * *

From Haverfordwest, 24 miles, Barber.
—— Newport, 11 miles, Barber; Evans; Wyndham.
—— Newcastle in Emlyn, 10 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
—— Aberaeron, 22 miles, Warner; Wyndham's 2d. tour.

CAERDIGAN (in Welch chronicles Aberteivi) is a neat respectable town, tho' many of the streets are narrow and steep; seated on the N. bank of the river Teivi, near it's junction with the sea. The river is navigable for ships of small burden up to the quay, which enables the inhabitants to carry on a brisk trade with Ireland. The principal inn is said to be the Black lion. This town, tho' small, is governed by a mayor, thirteen aldermen, and as many common council-men. The town-hall, finished in 1797, is a handsome building, pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the river. The ruins of it's Castle, appearing on a low cliff at the foot of the bridge, are very inconsiderable; little more than the fragments of two circular bastions, overgrown with ivy; yet it was once a large and important fortress. It's foundation is ascribed to Gilbert de Clare, about the year 1160, who also fortified the town; but it was soon after taken, and in part destroyed by Rhys ap Gryffith On the side of the river stands the Church, a large handsome structure; and, contiguous, the remains of a priory of Black monks, which was dedicated to St. Mary, and was subordinate to the abbey of Chertsey in Surry. This seat of the monks is at present occupied by an elegant villa, the possession of mr. Bowen. It was once the residence of "Orinda" or mrs. Catherine Phillips. Near Caerdigan, in the year 1136, the english army, commanded by Ranolph earl of Chester, was shamefully worsted, and the two barons Robert Fitz Roger and Pain Fitz John, with 3000 others, slain on the spot, besides a great number drowned by the fall of a bridge.

About a mile E. of Caerdigan, at *Llan Gaedmor*, is an ancient monument, consisting of a stone of a prodigious size, half a yard thick, and eight or nine yds. in circumference. It is placed inclining; for one side is upon the ground, and the other supported by a pillar of about three feet high. Near it is another of the same kind, but much less and lower. About six yards from it lies a large stone and another beyond that, abou the same distance. *Meinu Kyvrithl*, or the numerary stones, near *Newadd*, in the neighbourhood of Caerdigan, seem to be the remains of some barbarous monument. They are nineteen in number, and lie confusedly on the ground, deriving their names from the vulgar, who cannot easily count them. In this neighbourhood is *Lhech y gowres*, that is, the stone of a gigantic woman, which is exceedingly large, and placed upon four enormous pillars, or supporters, of the height of five or six feet. Besides these, there are two others, pitched on one end under the top stone, but much lower, insomuch that they bear no part of the weight. There are also three more, two of which are large, lying on the ground at each end, indisputably ancient british monuments.

An Excursion to *St. Dogmael's Priory*, at a mile and a half distance, may hence be made. This fragment of antiquity is very much dilapidated, and produces scarcely any picturesque appearance; the parts which remain entire are converted into barns, sheds, and habitations; the original extent of the church is discernible, which was of no inconsiderable dimensions, and of the early gothic style. In the cemetery adjoining the ruin and the village church, an aged yew produces a characteristic effect: and here the scene, finely interspersed with wood and situated above the Teivi, is undoubedly beautiful. The priory was founded for Benedictine monks by Martin de Turribus, a norman chieftain, who first conquered the surrounding territory called Kames or Kemish, and then deluged it with the blood of it's natives.

Mr. Warner mentions a walk on the banks of the river Teivi, from Caerdigan to *Castle Malkwn*, as containing unrivalled beauty and variety. From the works of Sir Benjamin Hammet, he proceeded by the assistance of a guide, through delightful scenery *to Kilgarran Castle*.

The road to Kilgarran, by land, is circuitous, and, if the tide permit, an aquatic excursion might be easily projected. The Teivi, above Caerdigan becomes environed by high hills, the approaching bases of which contract the bed of the river, changing it's character from a broad and majestic, to an impetuous eddying stream. The sides of these hills rise from the water in almost perpendicular steepness, yet clothed with trees from the river's brink to their ridgy summits. In the midst of this embowered glen, a tremendous naked rock, crowned with the truly picturesque remains of Kilgarran castle, stands preeminent, forming a striking contrast to the dark rich verdure which prevails in the other accompaniments of the river. The beauties of this spot drew the attention of our great english landscape painter, Wilson, and have been transferred into more than one of his compositions. The ruin consists principally of two circular towers, with part of a gateway, finely mantled with ivy.

When at Caerdigan, mr. Wyndham employed the custom-house boat, as a conveyance to the *tin-works* above Kilgarran. In his passage the charming Teivi presented, at every turn, new beauties. To Llanbeder a great sameness of ascent and descent prevails.

To Haverford-west, nearly in a direct line, and not through Kilgarran and St. Davids, occurs the village of *Bridell* at a few miles distance, where the cultivated enclosures contrast agreeably with the ragged prospect of three mountains in front. That on the right near the sea, is the mountain above Newport; the middle is *Percily*, and that at the eastern extremity is *Wrenyvaur*. A little beyond, four roads meet, this towards Caerdigan, the road on the right to Newport, that on the left to Newcastle in Emlyn, and the road over Percily mountain to Haverford-west. Just here is the neat and pleasing village of *Eglwyswrw*, where is a banker and bookseller. At *Pont Cunno*, the river Nevern relieves, for a moment, the dreariness of the scene. The last plot of cultivation extends to Hendre Gate, which is the entrance of the *Percily mountain*. Immediately beyond *Pont Llanbiran* crosses the river Biron, but the ascent does not become laborious till you arrive at *Tavarn y Vach* at some distance. It is not difficultly steep in any part, but tedious from it's length. This mountain is the centre of a long ridge running e. and w. The prospect from the top is very extensive. At the beginning of the descent on the other side, is the *New Inn*, about half way between Caerdigan and Haverford west. The highest peak of the mountain is *Cwm Kerrwn Hill*, to the e. of the New Inn. Continuing the descent, we come in sight of *Llanvernach mountain*. These high grounds to the left intercept entirely the view of Caermarthen, tho' situated very near; but Caermarthen bay is distinctly discerned; and Gower beyond. After reaching the bottom of the mountain, the road continues over a flat country as far as Scole's Cross, where it begins to be well cultivated. At *Kroghall*, just beyond, there is an appearance of an extensive population. *Fendegraft* was the ancient seat of the Stepneys. Dr. Johnson says that the poet George Stepney was descended from this stock. One of these Stepneys married Vandyck's daughter.—B. H. Malkin.

To Kilgarran, 3 miles. Barber; Malkin; Evans; Skrine; Warner.
— Aberaeron, 26 miles, Wyndham's 1st tour.
Up the Teivi to Kilgarran iron-works, 5 miles, thence to Llanpeder, 24 miles, Wyndham's 2d tour.

From Wrexham, 12 miles, Bingley.
—— Mold, 5 miles, Pennant.

CAERGWRLE (or Caer-gwr-lle), in Denbighshire, is situated on the banks of the Alun; once, a flourishing town, now diminished almost to nothing. It is supposed to have been a roman station, for an hypocaust or sweating-room, was discovered here in Camden's time, on some of the tiles of which were inscribed "Legio xx." The trace of a *roman road* points from the village towards Mold, and is visible, mr. Pennant says, in 2 or 3 places, especially in the fields on this side of *Plasteg*. At a little distance, on the summit of a high rock are the ruins of the Castle. The composition of this rock is curious, the grit being so exceedingly coarse as to have much the appearance of pebbles among mortar. In this parish are some extensive lime quarries, in which is frequently found a species of fossil called *ontrochi*; it's shape is somewhat cylindric, generally about an inch long, and made up of a number of round joints. Naturalists suppose they have been parts of some species of arborescent sea star.

On Rhyddyn demesne, adjoining the Alun, are two springs, strongly impregnated with salt. West of the castle, upon a lofty hill, is *Bryn Yorkyn*, the paternal seat of Ellis Yonge, esq; a descendent of Tutor Trevor. The form of the house is quadrangular, with a square wing at each corner, five stories high; erected in 1610. The village and church of *Hope* lie about a mile from the castle upon the w. side of the stream. The Church is dedicated to St. Gydſar; it contains some monuments of the Trevors.

To Mold, 5 miles, Bingley.
Back to Mold, Pennant.

From Newport, Mon. 3 miles, Coxe; Barber.
—— Penhow, 7 miles, Donovan.
—— Caerwent, 9 miles, Wyndham; Evans.
—— Pont y Pool, 8 miles, Skrine.

CAERLEON, in Monmouthshire, was the Isca Silurum of Antoninus, the station of the second legion, and the principal roman town in the country of the Silures, but now exceedingly diminished. The town is seated upon rising ground, in a deep bottom, surrounded by lofty verdant hills. The Usk, at this place, assumes considerable importance. The most decent building in the place is a charity-school, for maintaining 30 poor boys, and 20 girls, to the age of 14, founded by Charles Williams, esq., a native of the town. Caerleon seems to have been, according to Giraldus, in a declining state as far back as the 14th century, who remarks, that "Many remains of it's former magnificence are still visible. Splendid palaces, which once emulated with their gilded roofs the grandeur of Rome; for it was originally built by the Roman princess, and adorned with stately edifices. A gigantic tower; numerous baths; ruins of a temple and a theatre, the walls of which are partly standing. Here we still see, both within and without the walls, subterraneous buildings, aqueducts, vaulted caverns, and stoves so excellently contrived as to convey their heat through secret and imperceptible pores."—Pa. 107, ed. 1585. Mr. Barber says, that the vestiges of it's former magnificence, to be seen must be diligently sought after. Statues, altars, columns, freizes, sarcophagi, coins, and intaglios, have been discovered during several ages; but they are carried away by curious persons, or applied to domestic uses. The roman fortification forms an oblong square, with the corners a little rounded, and unfurnished with towers. Many fragments of the walls, accompanied by the foss, are apparent; deprived of the facing-stones, they appear in great masses of grout work; i. e. of stones, broken tiles, and bricks, promiscuously bedded in cement. The Castle stood between the walls and the river, of which some vestiges appear at the Hanbury-Arms, which is the only inn in the town. At a little distance, on the opposite side of the road, is a high artificial mound, about 300 yards in circumference, the site of the citadel described by Giraldus, as gigantic. The house of miss Morgan, was once a cistercian abbey, but has been new faced with stones collected from the ruins of Caerleon. This lady possesses several roman coins, and other curiosities. Wyndham says, that mr. Norman of Caerleon had in his possession, a roman ring, remaining in it's original setting of gold, which was found in the town. The Market-house of Caerleon, is supported by four massive tuscan pillars, in which appear several roman vestiges. Adjoining miss Morgan's premises, is the roman amphitheatre, commonly called *Arthur's round table*. It is an oval concavity, 74 yards by 64, and 6 deep; in which are ranges of stone seats, now covered with earth and verdure; evidently the vestige of an amphitheatre. "The flourishing condition of Caerleon," says mr. Donovan, "at some remote period of time is so well attested by the numerous memorials of it's humbled grandeur, at this day visible, that it would be absurd to dispute the fact; and scepticism the most unpardonable to distrust entirely the evidence of those, who, but a few centuries ago, saw much more of these remains, than are at present to be observed. Such was it's extent, according to tradition, that the city, with the suburbs on both sides of the river, covered a tract of country nine miles in circumference; extending from the present town as far as Christ-church and St. Julian's, in a s. and westerly direction." The wooden bridge over the Usk is remarkable for it's construction, which is similar to that erected by Cæsar over the Rhine. In this neighbourhood are several encampments, as that of the *Lodge*, occupying a hill in the park of Lantarnam, about a mile NW. of Caerleon; that of *Penros*, a short distance to the left of the road to Usk; that of *Mayndee*, near Christchurch; and that in the wood of *St. Julian's*, towards Newport. Near the latter spot, a chapel of high antiquity, is now used as a barn. St. Julian's is also remarkable for a gothic mansion, once the residence of the ingenious, valiant, and vain *lord Herbert*, of Cherbury.

On the road TO USK, Penros and it's encampment is passed on the left, after which an ascent produces from it's summit an interesting view of the surrounding district, round the base of which a valley winds, watered by the river Usk. On the opposite boundary are the woods of Kemeys and Bertholly; and in the contrary direction the eye ranges over the venerable groves of Llantarnam, and a wavy country to the distant mountains of Abergavenny. Within two miles of Usk the small village *Llangibby* is passed, near which is an ancient mansion of the Williams's family; the architecture is attributed to Inigo Jones. The grounds command delightful views, in which *Llangibby castle* rears it's mouldering battlements on the brow of a bold hill, entirely covered with trees. The accounts respecting the building of this castle are uncertain. Mr. Barber thinks it's pointed arches denote that it was built posterior to the first settlement of the Normans in these parts. It formerly belonged to the Clares, earls of Gloucester; but has been upwards of two centuries in the family of the present possessor. On approaching Usk, it's river is traced beneath a high hill, entirely shaded with wood. On the left, appears the gothic church of *Llanbaddock*, bedaubed with white. Beyond, the handsome bridge of Usk, with the antique town and ivy-mantled castle. Far distant, the varied line of the mountains near Abergavenny, the craggy summit of the Skyridd, and the abrupt cone of the Sugar-loaf, contrasting the lofty even swell of the Blorenge, presents a terminating boundary of the most picturesque description.

On the road TO PONT-Y-POOL, 1½ miles from Caerleon, *Llantarnam-house* and park occupy the site of a rich cistercian abbey. This mansion appears to have been erected about the reign of Elizabeth, chiefly out of the materials of the abbey, of which a large gothic gateway and the monks' cells, are it's only vestiges, now ignominiously converted into stabling.

On sallying out FOR NEWPORT, mr. Evans ascended the *Gam*, whence he says, nearly the whole county of Monmouth lay stretched like a map. Between the elevation of the Gam and *Penca-mawr*, in a most romantic bottom, flows the Usk, which rising near Tre-castle falls into the sea near Gold-cliff. Ascending the table land to the left, on the western side, the view is circumscribed by the Ponty pool Hills, terminating in the Blorenge, Skyryd vawr, Tom Balan, the Sugar Loaf, and Peny vale. To the NE. are the heights of the Devaudon and Chepstow Park, with the intermediate vales. To the E., the moor of Caldecot, the Severn, the Denny, King Road, Bristol Channel, the steep and flat Holmes, the shores of Somerset, and Devon, stretch to the S. On a part of this ridge, overlooking the elegant mansion of sir Robert Salisbury, stands the little village of *Christ-church*, [see Newport] whence the traveller passes down a steep hill, for two miles. The entrance into Newport on this side is over a stone bridge of five arches, completed in 1800, by David Edwards and his two sons, descendents of the architect of Pont y Pridd; it was built by contract for 10,165*l.* Mr. Warner visited Newchurch on his approach to Caerleon; and, on quitting the latter, passed by a foot road over the fields, which, he says, presents a variety of rich views.

To Usk, 7 miles, W. Coxe; Barber.
— Newport 3 miles, Donovan; Evans; Wyndham; Skrine; Warner.

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From Kidwelly, 10 miles, Barber.
—— Llanstephan, 7 miles, Malkin; Evans.
—— Swansea, 26 miles, Donovan.
—— Tenby, 22 miles, Warner.
—— Llandilo vawr, 15 miles, Wyndham.

CAERMARTHEN, one of the most wealthy and polite towns in Wales, rises above the noble river Towey, and commands a full view of one of the most beautiful vales in the kingdom. In it's interior there is less to commend. Most of the streets are very steep, and irregularly built; yet there are many good private houses, belonging to the neighbouring gentry, who resort hither in the winter months. A handsome Townhall of free stone, and collonades of the ionic order; and some other buildings, do credit to the public spirit of the town. One predominant deformity is whitened houses, with red brick chimneys. In the chancel of the Church, there is a monument, said, by tradition, to be that of Sir Rice ap Thomas, in chain or mail-armour, with two recumbent figures. The remains of the castle have nearly all been built up into a goal; and little of the walls which encompassed the town now appear. One wing of the old priory, including a handsome gateway, yet remains. Some of the apartments are inhabited by poor people. The priory church is extinct. The trade of the place is much facilitated by it's fine river, which conveys ships of 250 tons, up to the bridge. Caermarthen is the Kaervyrdhin of the Britons, the Maridunium of Ptolemy, and the Muridunium of Antoninus. The ancient Britons accounted it the capital of all Wales: here they held their parliaments, or assemblies of wise men, and here fixed their chancery and exchequer. When the Normans overran Wales, this town severely felt the miseries of war, being often besieged, and twice burnt by the welch princes; Gilbert, earl of Clare, however, at length fixed his power at Caermarthen beyond the reach of their attempts. This place gave birth to the famous *Merlin*, in the year 480; (hence called Caer Merddin) who appears to have been a man of extraordinary wisdom and learning, which, no doubt, occasioned him to be looked on as a magician in that dark age, and transmitted as such to posterity by monkish writers, who always regarded with a jealous eye all knowledge possessed out of their own pale. Not far from Caermarthen, is an eminence called *Merlin's hill*, near the brow of which is a rock called Merlin's chair, where superstition says, the famous prophet used to sit, when he uttered his prophecies. Here also was born *Lewis Bayly*, chaplain to James 1, afterwards bishop of Bangor, and author of the celebrated "Practice of Piety." A small estate in the vale of Towey was the last retreat of *Sir Richard Steele*, under limited circumstances, where he suffered a paralytic stroke, which greatly impaired his mental faculties. The farm he possessed, which kept him from want, is within a quarter of a mile of the town, and is called *Ty Gwyn*. The principal inn called the Ivy-bush has been removed. The house formerly bearing this insignia was the house of sir Richard Steele, who died here Sep. 1st. 1729. Close to the N. side of the town is the site of a *roman camp* of large dimensions; the ditches and embankments are perfectly distinguishable.

ON A COASTING EXCURSION, after crossing the ferry from Llanstephan
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castle, there is nothing remarkably interesting till the little trading town of Kidwelly is reached.

On the way to Llanstephan Castle, the high-road is left for a narrow imbowered lane, up a laborious ascent. On gaining the summit, a most enchanting view over the *vale of the Towey*, repays the toil. A stripe of the richest land, intersected by numerous hedge-rows and ornamental plantations, arise on each side of the river; above which a parallel range of high-wooded and cultivated hills form the boundary of the valley. The extensive town of Caermarthen; the lofty spire of the church; the ruined castle, and the long old bridge, with several barks lying near it; are conspicuous objects at a short distance in the picture; which is considerably enlivened by several gentlemen's seats, and their appendant decorations. The town of *Abergwilly*, on the banks of the river, with the bishop of *St David's* palace, an ordinary building, appear in the distance; and soon after a sudden turn of the lane, the ruin of Llanstephan castle.

On the road to Llandilo Vawr, the first object of notice is *Abergwilly Palace*, the only habitable residence of the seven which formerly belonged to the bishop of St. David's. *Llangunner hill* is a striking object from this spot. About *Allt y Gog*, the range of hills on the left rises to greater height, and mostly clothed with woods. On the left of *Cross Inn* is *Court Henry*, built by Henry ap Gwilym. At present it belongs to the family of Dyer, and here is *Grongar-hill*, the spot to which the poet has given so just a celebrity. Nearly opposite *Rhw'r Adar*, is *Golden Grove*, on the other side of the Towey, which does not answer by any means to it's name. *Dinevawr Castle* is a grand object from this place. *Newton Park* appears a highly finished place, and the views of the vale are extensive and picturesque. In pursuing the above route, mr. Skrine made a digression from Abergwilly across the Towey, to visit *Middleton-hall*, the seat of mr. Paxton, which far eclipses the proudest of the cambrian mansions in asiatic pomp and splendour. This house deserves admiration for it's external beauty, as well as for it's internal elegance, and decoration; yet our tourist thinks the style of architecture but ill comports with the imposing, though simple, majesty of the surrounding country. Resuming the course just described, along the vale of Towey, a prospect of unrivalled beauty and picturesque effect was soon unveiled. A vast ampitheatre of wild mountains formed the head of the vale.

On the road to Llandilo-vawr, formerly stood the venerable remains of *Green Castle*, built by Uchtred, prince of Merionethshire, in 1138; but the ruin is now reduced to a few unimportant walls. About half way, the ruins of *Gruslwyn castle* occupy a bold conic hill, in the vale of Towey. Both these fragments of antiquity are within view of the road.

To Swansea occurs, at the distance of 13 miles, the small village of *Lannon*. The character of the country through this district, is pleasing, but not grand, varied by swelling hills and extensive vallies. Within two miles of Swansea, however, the scenery increases in magnificence.—R. Warner.

A brisk posting business in summer, on the road to Narberth, supports a good inn at the obscure village of *St. Clear's*, at the distance of nine miles w. of Caermarthen. Mr. Donovan found a ramble of a mile or two upon the banks of the Corran, very delightful; and was much amused by seeing some poor people engaged in fishing out of that slimsly navigable bark called a coracle, or corwc in the language of the Southwallians. "The green bridge of Wales," says the same intelligent tourist, was the object of a solitary excursion of five miles, or more, to the sw. of St. Clear's. The only circumstance for which it is remarkable, arises from the waters of a small stream, which takes it's rise to the northward, quits it's course above ground at this place, and finds a passage through a subterraneous rocky avenue, whence it does not emerge till in one collected stream upon the sea-coast below the village of *Pendine*.

To Llanstephan castle, 7 miles, Barber.
— Kidwelly, 9 miles, Malkin.
— Llandilo Vawr, 15 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
— Llandilo Vawr, and back to Caermarthen, thence to Llaugharne, Donovan.
— Llaugharne, 12 miles, Evans.
— Swansea 26 miles, Warner.
— Llanstephan, 9 miles, Wyndham.

From Crickeath, 27 miles, Pennant.
—— Bangor, 10½ miles, Bingley; Hutton.
—— Festiniog, 26 miles, Bingley.
—— Llanberis, 8 miles, Aikin.
—— Nant Frangon, Hutton.
—— Beaumaris, 17 miles, Skrine; Hutton.
—— Beddgelart, 13 ms., Wyndham; Evans.
Back from an excursion into Snowdonia, Evans.
From Dolbadern Castle, 6 miles, Warner.
—— Amlweh, 31 miles, Warner's 2d Walk.

CAERNARVON, may, when it's concommitant advantages are appreciated, be pronounced the most beautiful town in North Wales. It carries on a considerable trade with Ireland, and the principal english sea-ports. It is situated on the eastern side of the Menai, the strait which divides Anglesea from the other parts of Wales, and is charmingly adapted to afford a retreat from the busy world. It's situation, between the most mountainous parts of Wales and Anglesea, renders it a convenient place whence visits may be made to both. It's name is properly Caer-yn-Ar-fon, which signifies a fortified town in the district opposite to Mona or Anglesea. The walls around the town are nearly entire, as well as the castle. They are defended by many round towers, in which are two principal entrances to the town. Over the eastern gateway is a spacious apartment used as the Town Hall and Assembly-room. The buildings are tolerably regular, but the streets are narrow. On the outside of the walls is a broad and pleasant terrace walk along the side of the Menai, extending from the quay to the N. end of the town walls, which, on fine evenings, is a fashionable promenade. The Court-house stands nearly opposite the castle gates, and is, within, a neat little place. The Custom-house, is an insignificant building, placed on the outside the walls, not far from the quay.

The Hotel was built by the earl of Uxbridge, on a very large scale. It is an elegant stone building, disposed on the outside of the town-walls, a little above the Menai, of which it commands a fine prospect. In point of accommodations and elegance, this inn appears to be the first in North Wales. For aquatic excursions a boat may be had here, the charge is one guinea a day. From the top of the rock, behind the hotel, there is an excellent bird's-eye view of the town. Hence, also, the castle, and town-walls, may be seen to the best advantage; when the atmosphere is clear the isle of Anglesea, with Holyhead and Parys mountains, appear like a map spread out beneath the eye. Sometimes the very remote mountains of Wicklow, may be perceived over the channel. On the eastern side, is the british alps, where Snowdon's "hoary head, conspicuous many a league, the mariner oft sees, exulting, and greets with many a cheer." Caernarvon is in the parish of Llan-beblic, and the parish church, apparently of roman origin is situated about half a mile from the town. Within it is a marble monument, on which are two recumbent figures of sir William Gryffryd, of Penrhyn, who died in 1587, and Margaret his wife. In this church the service is performed in the welsh language. The English service is performed in a chapel of ease, situated in the NW. corner of the town-walls; formerly intended for the use of the garrison. The Harbour at Caernarvon is small, but tolerably good, used chiefly by the vessels which trade for slates. These slates are brought from the mountains of Llanberis, a village ten miles distant. The entrance into Caernarvon castle is through a high grand gateway, over which is a figure of the royal founder grasping in his hand a dagger. In this gate there have been less than four portcullises. The castle is large and irregular, much shattered within. The towers are mostly octagonal, but 3 or 4 of them have each ten sides: the largest and most elegant in the building is the Eagle Tower. The figure of the eagle, from which it derived it's name, is yet on the top of it. This tower stands at one end of the oblong court of the castle, and has three handsome turrets issuing from it's top. In this tower, it is said, Edward the prince of Wales, afterwards Edward 2, was born. At the other end of the court, and opposite to this tower, is the Queen's-gate, said to be that through which the faithful Eleanor, queen of Edward 1, first entered the castle. The state apartments are large and have been much more commodious than any of the others. The windows have been wide and elegant; on the outside the building, they are square, but within they are all polygonal. There was formerly a gallery entirely round the castle, by which, during a siege, a communication could be had without danger. On one side, this yet remains undemolished. The castle occupies the whole w. end of the town and has been a fortress of great strength. It is bounded on one side by the straits of the Menai; on another by the estuary of the Seiont, exactly where it receives the tide from the former; on the third, and part of the fourth sides, by a creek of the Menai; and the remainder has the appearance of having the insulation completed by art. From a heap of rubbish, near the end of the court, an echo repeats several syllables very distinctly. This castle, viewed from whatever station presents a romantic singularity, which impresses a pleasing awe. It's ivy-clad walls appear in some parts decayed, while in others they retain their ancient form. When we reflect that this erection has stood the blasts of more than 500 winters, it is surprising that it retains an appearance so little impaired.

The town is governed by a mayor, one alderman, two bailiffs, a town-clerk, and two sergeants at mace. The representative for the place is elected by it's burgesses, and those of Conwy, Pwllheli, Nefyn, and Crickaeth.

About half a mile s. of Caernarvon are a few walls, the trifling remains of Segontium, the ancient roman city, mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, called *Caer Segont*. It is an oblong square, containing about 7 acres. On 3 sides, parts of the walls are standing, in one place, 12 or 14 feet high, and on the fourth, the marks of the trench are complete. A castle stood 50 yards distant, upon the river Seiont.

The roman road from Dinas Dinlle to Segontium, and from thence to Dinas Dinorddwig, is, in some places visible. Segontium received it's name from the river Seiont, which runs from the lower lake at Llanberis, passes under the walls, and discharges itself into the Menai, near the castle of Caernarvon. It has been of an oblong form, and formerly occupied about six acres of ground. It is now divided into two parts by the road which leads to Beddgelert. Not far hence is the ancient fort which belonged to it; this is also of an oblong figure, and contains about an acre of ground. The walls are at present about 11 feet high and 6 in thickness, and at each corner there has been a tower. The Romans formed their walls by first placing the stones one upon another, generally in two courses, the one regular, and the other in a zigzag form, and then poured boiling mortar upon them, which insinuated itself into the many openings and hollows of the work, and thereby, from it's strength bound the irregular pieces of stone into a firm and solid wall. The mortar used in these walls has acquired, from time, almost the hardness of stone. Along the walls are three parallel rows of circular holes, each nearly three inches in diameter, which pass through the whole thickness; and at the end are others similar. There has been much learned conjecture as to the design of these holes, some have supposed them to have been used for discharging arrows through, at the enemy, others that they have been left to admit air, in order to harden the liquid cement which was poured in. The Rev. W. Bingley conjectures that they were made for the purpose of placing in them poles to support the scaffolding used in constructing the walls.

"Upon any of the eminences in the neighbourhood of Caernarvon, we have a complete view of Anglesea, whence may be counted 31 mountains, ranged in front. "This natural barrier admits but of five narrow and dangerous passes, guarded by five castles; Diganwy, at the opening of the Conwy, which leads to Sychnant, at the foot of Pen Maen Mawr; Caer-rhun or Bwlch y Mau Fean, enters Aber; Dol y Felen, at Nant Frangon, opens at Llandegai; Dol Badern, at Nant Berris; and Cedum, at Nant tal y Llyn, between Moel Elian and Mynneth Vawr."—Hutton.

In Caernarvon lives a person who can play well on the ancient welsh instrument called the Crwth. In a salt marsh opposite Caernarvon castle, grows the plantago maritima, p. coronopus, triglochin maritimum, samolus valerandi, glaux maritima, euphorbia portlandica, &c. On the shore near Llan vaglan, geranium maritimum, chenopodium maritimum, and silene maritima.

The road from Caernarvon TO LLANBERIS is mostly rugged and unpleasant, lying, for half the way, over a flat and barren country. But having passed the first or lower lake, the vale of Llanberis presents some truly grand scenery. The bold and prominent rocks which ascend almost immediately from the edges of the lake, and tower into the sky, cast a pleasing gloom upon the landscape.

The more distant mountains of the vale, embosoming the moss-grown village, with the meadowy flat around it; are seen retiring in lines crossing each other behind, in the most picturesque manner, while the intermediate space between the village is filled up with a small lake, in which the mountains which bound it contrast their sombre hue, and render the scene most interesting.

Two miles on the road TO BEDDGELART is a house called *Glangwna*, which mr. Bingley thought one of the most charming retreats in the principality. It is so sequestered as scarcely to be seen from the road. At about four miles distance, occurs, in front, a view of *Nant Gwyrfai* (the vale of fresh water). A range of sloping rocks forms the middle distance. The towering rock of Mynydd Mawr, rises behind, on the right. Opposite, is the smooth and verdant mountain *Moel Eilir*, (the frosty hill). Mr. Bingley ascended this hill without much difficulty, and found the prospect from the top surpass his expectations. The rival mountains appeared quite near, and beyond them the whole remaining extent of the promontory of Llyn, as far as Aberdaron. Part of Cwellyn pool is seen just below, from the edge of which the immense Mynydd Mawr rears his rugged sides. Beyond, one of the Nantlle pools and Llyn Cwm Ffynnon. Southwards is a long range of mountain summits and hollows. At some distance the yellow sands of Traeth Mawr. The distant mountains of Merionethshire, close the scene. On the south-east is a dreary vale, containing a small pool. Beyond, Snowdon is easily distinguished. Part of the vale and lakes of Llanberis, with Dolbadern castle may be descried. Mr. Bingley descended to the road not far from the romantic little village of *Bettws* or *Bettws Garmon*, so called from it's church being dedicated to St. Germanus, who led the Britons to the famous "Alleluia" victory, obtained over the Saxons, at Maes Garmon, near Mold. About half a mile beyond, is a beautiful little cascade and bridge, at a place called *Nant Mill*. But the majestic mountain of *Mynydd Mawr*, and the lofty, *Moel Eilir* on the left, tower so much above it as to make it appear diminutive. Beyond the mill, Snowdon is seen on the left rearing his pointed summit. A pool called *Llyn Cwellyn*, of a mile and a half in extent, is on the right of the road. On it's farther edge, and just under Mynydd Mawr, is *Castell Cidwm*, i. e. Cidwm's Fort, a high and steep rock, on the summit of which it is said was once a fortification, as a guard to the entrance of Snowdon. Among the mountains on the right is a small pool called *Llyn y dwarchen*, *the lake of the sod*, on which is a floating island, 8 or 9 yards in length, having a small willow tree growing upon it. It sometimes remains near the side for a considerable time and then is wafted to other parts.

The nearest road TO CAPEL CURIG, from Caernarvon, is to proceed to the village of *Llanddiniolen*, through the vale of *Nant Frangon* and *Llyn Ogwen*. The usual route is through Bangor to Conwy, which is much more circuitous.

The road TO BANGOR is very delightful. The views, in every direction are diversified and picturesque. To the right, is Snowdonia and it's concomitants. On the left, the Anglesea shore, with it's numerous inclosures, and rich plantations, intermingled with the seats of *Plas Coch*, *Plas Newydd*, and *Plas Larnidan*; and the transparent Menai, opening with all the grandeur of an american river, till hid by the thick woods of Vaenol.

The road TO LLANLLYFNI skirts the coast, presenting an uninterrupted view of the sea, the mountains called the *Rivals* and the turrets of Caernarvon Castle fading away in the distance. The mountain *Kilgwin* shutting up the scene to the left.

Mr. Skrine made an excursion from Caernarvon, to explore the long neck of land, which forms the extreme point of it's county, and constitutes one horn of the great bay of Cardigan. In this steril and thinly inhabited track, independent of the distant views, he met with little to recompense the toil of the excursion. The principal places he visited, or which are to be found, were the poor towns of *Pwlwhelli* and CRICKIETH and the wretched village of PENMORVA. Returning to Caernarvon, his next object was to explore the wonders of SNOWDON; but storms, peculiar to this uncertain climate, greatly frustrated his design. Twice he attempted, in vain, to reach the lake Llanberis, and was obliged to content himself with the direct pass TO BEDDGELART; entering the great defile of the mountains, soon came in sight of the cataract *Ys-Gwyrfa*, and passed, in silent amazement, under the vast mountains of *Moel-Eilir*, *Castel Cedwyn*, and *Moel Mynydd Mawr*, the latter of which rose immediately from *Cwellwyn lake*, near the extremity of which the valley opened, and *y Wyddfa*, the lofty peak of Snowdon, towered, in the pride of superiority. A misty sky and a tempestuous day again prevented mr. Skrine from attempting to ascend the british alps.

In passing into the isle of Anglesea, mr. Aikin and his companions walked along the beautiful shores of the Menai, which winds in an easy manner through it's wooded banks, like a large river, for 4 miles, to *Moel-y-don Ferry*. Their entrance into Anglesea is thus described. "We passed into the island under the shady groves of *Plas-newydd*, *Plas Gwyn*, *Plas-Llanidan*, and *Plas-coch*, four large mansions, of which the former is the residence of lord Uxbridge. The county of Anglesea has a very different appearance from that of the opposite coast of Caernarvon. It is in general flat, with some hills rising here and there, but of inconsiderable height; the land is, for the most part, enclosed, and well covered with grass and corn; the soil is but shallow, and lime appears to be the general manure: indeed, it may be made an universal observation with regard to North Wales, that wherever lime is to be had, the produce both of corn and grass is very abundant. The parts adjacent to the Menai are finely wooded, but the trees commonly shrink from the sw., and many of them are entirely blighted from that quarter. The interior of the island is more naked, but raises much corn, and rears many cattle and sheep. After walking a few miles to the nw., we turned round to enjoy a splendid view of the grand chain of the Caernarvonshire mountains, which we had just quitted. They extend across the county from Penmaen-mawr, to Traeth-mawr, in one continued chain, whose outline is varied at irregular intervals by conic peaks, towering above the rest; those gradually rise to the summit of Snowdon, and again as gradually decline, till they terminate altogether in the northern horn of Cardigan bay. As we recede from this noble chain of mountains, the connecting branches are lost, and only the insulated peaks appear in the horizon. Anglesea is so much a thoroughfare from Ireland, and has so much business of it's own, that the roads are in general very good, and, what is unusual in Wales, the traveller often meets with direction-posts in the divisions of the road. The face of the island is but little interesting to the traveller, tho' it affords a rich harvest to the mineralogist. We passed through the villages of *Ceint* and *Llangefni*, and arrived in the evening at Llanerchymedd."

To Anglesea, there is a ferry-boat over the Menai, (the narrow water) every day, when the weather will permit. The boat always goes at high water, and when ready to set out, one of the men blows a horn in the town to collect the passengers. The landing-place is at *Tal y Foel Fre* (the end of the hill). In an excursion to Anglesea, mr. Bingley was prevented from going round the island by Newborough, Aberffraw, and Holyhead, by the sea having burst a bank near Aberffraw, and covered a thousand acres. He therefore botanised along the Anglesea coast, as far as Moel y-don ferry, and then took the road leading to Holyhead by Gwndy. "From this coast," says this intelligent traveller, "the town of Caernarvon, with the straits of Menai in front, and the high grand mountains in the back ground, were strikingly beautiful. The scenery altogether, if possible, exceeded in elegance and majesty what I had before so much admired between Bangor and Caernarvon. Snowdon was perfectly unclouded, and his red sides, brightened by the sun, were seen gradually sloping, till they ended in a point far above the tops of the adjoining mountains, each of which had it's beauty in the disposition of it's lights and shades, it's prominences and hollows."

From Caernarvon, mr. Pennant crossed the Menai to *Tal y Foel*, in Anglesea; and thence to *Newborough*, or more properly *Khos-vuir*, 3 miles from the shore, a place once the manor of one of the welsh princess. It now subsists by a manufacture of mats and ropes, made of sea-reed grass. At *Vrondeg* in this neighbourhood is an inscribed stone, mentioned by Rowlands. *Llanddwyn* parish extends below into the sea, and terminates in a narrow peninsula; almost entirely covered with sand hills. Upon the peninsula are the ruins of the church; and near it the remains of the probendal house.

From Newborough, mr. Pennant made an excursion to *Aberffraw*, 7 miles to the W. He crossed, at low water, the arm of the sea called *Malltraeth*; and rode by the church of *Llan-Gadwaladr*, said to have been founded by Cadwalader, last king of the Britons. A mile or two farther reached the site of the princely residence called Aberfraw, now reduced to a few poor houses, seated upon the river Fraw, near a small bay. From Newborough mr. Pennant also visited Llan Idan.

EXCURSIONS

made by the Rev. W. Bingley.

1. To the Village and Lakes of Llanberis, 10 miles. Carriages can proceed only to Cwm y clo; thence by a boat, to be previously bespoke. Dolbadern castle; cataract of Gaunant Mawr; on the upper lake a Copper-mine; opposite the village, Glyder Vawr and Glyder Bach; Summit of Snowdon, 4½ miles from Dolbadern castle. The excursion would be more complete from Llanberis through the astonishing pass of Cwm Glâs into the beautiful vale of Nant Hwynan, to Beddgelart, 30 miles distant; and back over Snowdon.

2. To the summit of Snowdon by Dolbadern Castle, distant 12 miles. There is a track somewhat nearer by Llyn Cwellyn in the road to Beddgelart.

3. From Caernarvon to Llanrwst, returning by the vale of Ffestiniog, Tanybwlch, and Beddgelart. By Llanberis or Nant Frangon, to Capel curig, where is a good inn; Dolwyddelan castle, 3 miles out of the road to Llanrwst; Rhaiadr y Wenol; Pent y Pair, near Bettws y Coed; Gwydir; Llanrwst bridge; Eagles Inn. Return by Bettws; falls of Penmachno; 8 miles from Llanrwst, to Penmachno; 8 to Ffestiniog: cataracts of the Cynfael; Tanybwlch; to Pont Aberglâslyn 8 miles; 3 miles further is Beddgelart; 4 to Llyn Cwellyn; 2 to Bettws Garmon; 5 to Caernarvon.

4. To the Pools called Llyniau Nantlle, and Slate Quarries near Llanllyfni. On horseback or on foot, 25 miles in the whole.

5. Upon the Water to the adjacent parts of Anglesea, and Priestholme island. A small decked cutter, to hold 10 or 12 persons may be had at the Hotel; charge, with two men, a guinea a day.

6. To Holyhead, the Copper-mines and Beaumaris, in the whole 90 miles. Cross the Menai at Moel y Don ferry, 5 miles; 3 miles further Plâs Newydd; 2 miles to Llandaniel; 3 to Llanvihangel; 3½ to Llangefni; 5¼ to Gwyndy 3½ miles to Bodedyrn; 1¼ to Llanygenedl; 3¼ Holyhead island; 3¼ to Holyhead. To Amlwch 20 miles; 2 miles to Llanelian; 20 miles to Beaumaris 6 from Amlwch port, to the extremity of Dulas bay; 6 to Red wharf bay; to Pentraeth; Plâs Gwynn. From Beaumaris to Baron hill ¼ mile; 1 mile to Friars; 3 to Penmon Priory; off this corner of Anglesea is Priestholme. Cross the Menai at Bangor ferry.

For Excursions to Snowdon, see Snowdon.

To Dolbadern Castle, on the Commencement of an Excursion into Snowdonia, 6 miles. Evans.
— Bangor, 9 miles, Evans.
— Llanllyfni, 9 miles, Warner's 2d. Walk.
To and from Dolbadern Castle, 12 miles.
— Newborough, 5 miles; thence to Llan Idan, 6 miles, Pennant.
— Beddgellart, 12 miles, Bingley.
— Moel y don Ferry, 4 miles, Aikin.
— Dinas Dinlle, 6 miles; Bangor 9 miles; Bryn Gwyn, in Anglesea, 2 miles; back to Bangor, Hutton.

* * *

From Pont y Pridd, 7 miles, Barber; Skrine.
—— Caerdiff, 7 miles, Malkin.
—— Myrthyr Tydvil, 17 miles, Evans.
—— Newport, Mon. 12 miles, Wyndham; Warner.

CAERPHILY CASTLE [or Caerphîli, the castle of haste] in Glamorganshire, occupies the centre of a small plain, and presents the idea of a ruined town rather than a castle. It is by far the largest ruin in Britain. The high outer rampart, with it's massive abutments and frequent towers, still in a great measure entire, conveys at once a clear impression of the great extent of the fortress. "In entering on an examination of the ruin," says mr. Barber, "we passed the barbican, now built up into habitations; and, proceeding between two dilapidated towers, entered the great area of the castle. A range of building, beneath the rampart on our right, once formed the barracks of the garrison. We then advanced to that pile of superior building, i. e. of citadel, hall, chapel, state, and other apartments, which is generally considered as the castle, in distinction from the encircling area and it's wall. Clambering over the fragments of another draw-bridge and it's (defending towers) we entered the first court, which appears to have comprised the citadel. Thence we passed through a large gateway, with several groves for portcullises, to the principal court of the castle. The area of this court is 70 yards by 40. On the s. side is that princely apartment, by some considered the hall, and by others the chapel. But whichever it may have been, vestiges of much original beauty appear in the elegant outline of it's four large windows; the grand proportions of the chimney-piece; and the light triplet pillars, with arches, which go round the room. The appearance of mortice-holes in the walls for the ends of beams, at the height of about the middle of the windows, led Camden to suppose that the ceiling was projected thence, and that an apartment above was lighted by the upper portion of the windows; but surely at a time when symmetry in building was so well cultivated, and where it appears to have been so successfully applied, such a ridiculous contrivance could not have taken place: more probably from those mortices a support was derived for a lofty arched roof, or a gallery. The external staircase-entrance to the hall spoken of by Camden, "the roof whereof is vaulted and supported by 20 arches," is now rendered nearly impassable by rubbish. Eastward of the hall, is a leaning tower. This bulky fragment of the ruin is between 70 and 80 feet in height, and of a prodigious thickness. It hangs nearly eleven feet out of the perpendicular, and is only held together by the strength of it's cement. It has stood in this position for many centuries. The cause must have arisen from a local failure in the foundation, or from the effects of a mine. Near this part of the ruin a place is shewn called the mint, with the remains of two furnaces for melting metal. From this chamber we ascended a spiral stair-case to the corridor, still in very good preservation; which, lighted by small windows, and passing round the principal court, formed a communication with the different apartments. The external view of the western entrance of the ruin, with it's ponderous circular towers venerably shaded with ivy, is remarkably striking; and, with the remains of it's drawbridge and defending outwork, may be considered as the most entire part of the ruin. An artificial mound some distance off, but within the works of the castle, was most likely used for exploratory purposes. From the great plan of this castle, and there being no direct evidence to the contrary, it's foundation has been attributed to the Romans; but it sufficiently appears, that no considerable part of the present fortress was built by them, as the predatory army of Rhys Tycan took and rased Caerphily castle in 1221. The best supported opinion is that of the Hon. Daines Barrington, who attributes the present erection to Edward I. Caerphily has lately increased from an obscure village to a well-built little town; and the respectable appearance of it's two inns may be in a great measure dated from the great increase of the visitants of the castle. Upon a mountain near Caerphily is a monument known by the name of *Y Maen hir*. It is a quadrangular stone pillar rather inclining, and about 8 feet high: close to the base is a mound, inclosing the space of 6 yards, and in the midst, a square area. On the pillar is an inscription in Welsh, which signifies, "Mayest thou awake;" from which it is inferred that it is a funeral monument."

Mr. Wyndham remarks that there is a striking transition in the language of Caerphily, when compared with that of Monmouth, at only two miles distance. The buildings, manners, dress, and language of the former are strictly welsh; but adds, that "the welsh language is sensibly declining in every place where the connection with England is easy; and possibly, within a century, a traveller may meet with as much difficulty, in his researches after the remains of the welsh language, along the coasts and marches of Wales, as mr. Barrington did in his tour through Cornwall, in pursuit of the cornish, where he found but one old woman, nearly 90 years of age, who could speak it, and but two other old women, who could understand her.

On the road TO CAERDIFF occurs *Thornhill*, an elevation uncommonly grand.

The wide plain of Caerdiff affords, for many miles, gratifying prospects of various cultivation, and several villages, the glaring whitened walls of which abruptly break through their [illegible] surrounding foliage. The russet hue of an extensive warren, varies the scenery. At the termination of this tract the expansive Severn is described, in which the two islands of the *steep* and *flat Holmes* are presented. Far distant, the bold hills of Somersetshire form the back ground. Descending from the higher grounds which command the scenery just mentioned, a good road leads to Caerdiff. The episcopal ruins of Llandaff may be seen at a small distance on the right.

Mr. Evans proceeded over a mountainous country to Caerdiff, till he entered upon a road leading through thick woods and steep declivities into the vale he had lately left. He compares the roughness and difficulty of passing this road formed by the land floods, to the appian way.

There is a good road TO PONT Y PRIDD, but in order to gain it, a large part of the way to Caerdiff must be passed. Mr. Wyndham therefore engaged a guide to conduct him over the mountain of *Eglwysyllian*. He found the prospects thence very extensive, but the descent to the bridge was disagreeable.

TO PONT Y POOL, the road lies over a wild and uninteresting track.

The road TO MERTHYR TYDVIL winds through *Ystrad Vale*, but mr. Malkin choose the road over *Eglwysyllian mountain*, which is a horse-path. *Eniergln* is handsomely and well laid out, with woods at the back and sides. The aspect to the SE. commands a striking view of the plain, hemmed in by mountains, with the august castle of Caerphily under the eye. Beyond a farm house upon the flat top of the mountain, you have Ystrad vale to the right, while the vale of Taffe appears on the left. This district is wild, intermingled with occasional cultivation and beauty. As the undulating line of brushwood in the valley, which overhangs the Remmy; the mansion of *Llanbradech*, the cottages of the *chapelry* of *Llanvabon* below the mountain on one side, *Ceven Hengoed* on the other, the well-wooded grounds about *Gellygare* in front; terminating by the *peaks of Monuchdeny* called the *Brecknockshire beacons*, forming part of the chain from Llandilo Vawr to Crickhowel. About 2 miles from Caerphily, in this direction, are several *tumuli*, in which have been found burnt bones. Descending the mountain, the road to the left lies in the vale near Gellygare, remarkable from the battle which was fought after Fitzhamon's conquest. Up a steep ascent, winding round upon a height, is seen a Quaker's burial place. Directly beyond, on the curiously constructed turnpike-road from Merthyr Tydvil to Caerdiff; is a bridge over the barged Taffe River, at it's junction with the Taffe. Mr. Malkin being informed that the direct road to Merther Tydvil was nearly a continued range of mountainous and unrelieved barrenness, he took a circuitous rout, and bent his steps near the feeder to the canal, towards *New-Bridge*. At the canal aqueduct, an iron-rail-way ends. Returning over the aqueduct into the *vale of Cunnon*, the right bank of that river leads to the village of *Aberdare*. This vale contains features of peculiar attraction; namely a majestic grove of oaks, a very picturesque hollow path overshaded with lofty trees. The road then runs beside the Cunno, the bed of which is shallow. Near this place is an alpine bridge. The valley then opens, the track taking a higher level on the mountain's side. But 2 miles short of the village is a confined, yet most engagingly romantic and beautiful view. It consists of three meadows, surrounded by groves of oaks and fir. "I did not visit," says mr. Malkin, "either the works of Aberdare or the *Hirwan Furnace*, whose columns of smoke, rising from it's station at the black and barren extremity of this Alpine vale, obscure and stifle those rural images, produced on the imagination by the sportive creations of nature: such arrangements are every where similar." The church of Aberdare is a mean and tasteless appendage. The road to Merthyr Tydvil lies across the mountain, which separates it from Aberdare, passing by the Hirwan furnace. From the summit, which is of rugged and toilsome ascent, the town of Merthyr Tydvil is stretched under the eye. The vale is of considerable width, with a sprinkling of successful cultivation; the mountains are bleak, barren, and devoid of wood; overspread with the habitations, of masters, agents, engineers and workmen, fixed in the teeth of abundant obstacles.

To Caerdiff, 8 miles, Barber; Warner.
— Merthyr Tydvil, 17 miles, Malkin.
Back to Caerdiff, Evans.
— Pont y Pridd, 7 miles, Wyndham.
— Pont y pool, 10 miles, Skrine.

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From Raglan, 13 miles, Barber.
—— Penhow Castle, 2 miles, Barber.
—— New Passage Inn, 2½ miles, Coxe; Warner's 2d. walk.
Back from Dinham, 1 mile, Coxe.
From Caldicot Castle, 2 miles, Donovan; Evans; Wyndham; Skrine; Warner.

CAERWENT, or Caergwent, the city ot Gwentland, formerly the Venta Silurum of the Romans, in Monmouthshire, occupies a gently inclining plane, in a low situation. A few small dwellings mark it's site. The fortifications form an oblong paralellogram, the dimensions of which are 505 yards, by 350, with the corners a little rounded; a figure frequent in roman military works, called terriata castra. On the sw. side are three pentagonal bastions; from which circumstance some authors have conjectured that the erection of the town took place under the lower empire, as flanking projections were not in use before that period; but mr. Barber thinks it is just to suppose that they were added after the general embattlement. The circuit of the rampart may still be traced, which is a mile in extent, in most places surrounded by a deep moat; the wall is formed of groutwork faced with squared lime-stone; but most of the facings have been removed. A fragment of the wall, nearly 20 feet in length, and 12 high has fallen unshattered near the southern angle. This spot once crowded with palaces and temples, presents only the church and parsonage, a farm house, a public house, and a few scattered cottages; but ancient foundations, projecting above the level, appear in many places, and elegant columns, tesselated pavements and coins, are continually met with in ploughing and digging. The sambucus ebulus, or dwarf elder, called in Welsh, dawle gwad gwyr marw, grows among the ruins in a field without the western wall.

The Bull is mentioned as a good inn.

A Tesselated or Mosaic Pavement, discovered in 17 , and was formerly much admired, is in an orchard behind a farm-house. It is 24 feet in length and 18 in breadth. The pieces of which the pavement is composed are nearly square, and about the size of a common die. These are of various colours, blue, white, yellow, and red; the first and second are of stone, and the yellow and red of terra cotta. Mr. Wyndham examined this pavement about the year 1768, and says, "the whole composition is so elegant and well executed, that I think it has not been surpassed by any mosaic pavement which has been discovered on this, or even the other side the Alps. In my opinion, it is equal to those beautiful pavements which are preserved in the palace of the king of Naples at Portici. I am strongly inclined to think that it is of the same age of Agricola." On the discovery of this pavement, a building was erected to shelter it from the weather, by order of the proprietor, mr. Lewis, of St. Pierre. Afterwards, the occupier wanting a roof to his brewhouse, took the liberty of removing that which covered the pavement. In consequence of which depredation, this curiosity became so broken up that a small portion only of the tesseræ, remains, and those are so overgrown with grass as scarcely to be distinguished. In the year 1777, mr. Wyndham again examined this pavement, and says, "The original level was perfectly preserved; it had a border edged with the greek scroll and fret, and scarcely a stone was missing." Mr. Lewis of St. Pierre is no more; what motive may actuate his successor has not been ascertained.

In the grounds belonging to the Rev. mr. Williams, has lately been discovered, under a superficial crust of earth, another tesselated pavement. At the distance of a few yards, the fragment of a noble capital, and shaft of a pillar, seem to indicate the remains of a roman temple or other majestic edifice. The portion of the pillar shaft, a massive fragment, ornamented with foliations, at present is one of the supporters of a wheat stack!

At Caerwent, mr. Barber projected AN EXCURSION, comprising the six castles mentioned by the author of "Secret Memoirs of Monmouthshire," as surrounding the *forest of Wentwood*, namely, Dinham, Penhow, Pencoed, Lanvasches, Llanvair, and Castrogy or Striguil. A bridle-road, extending to *Shire Newton*, conducts the traveller TO DINHAM.

The road TO CALDECOT CASTLE lies across a fruitful country, pleasingly varied with woods and pastures.

TO PENHOW CASTLE the traveller crosses the small rivulet of Nedern, on the western side of Caerwent, and the road conducts him through a tract of fertile country pleasingly diversified. Mr. Warner ascended to this castle from the sign of the Rock and Fountain, near the 8th mile stone from Newport, up the hill which rises immediately opposite to it. The view from this elevation he mentions as being exceedingly fine.

Quitting the Newport-road at Caerwent, mr. Skrine visited LLANVAIR CASTLE.

To Caerleon, 9 miles, Wyndham; Evans.
— Dinham, 1 mile, Cox; J. T. Barber returned from Penhow Castle, to Caerwent, 2 miles, thence to Caldecot Castle, 1½ miles.
— Llanvair, 1½ miles, Warner; Skrine.
— Caerleon, after returning from Dinham, along the course of the roman road, which was called Julia Strata, by way of Penhow Castle, Malkin.
— Penhow Castle, 2 miles, Donovan; Warner's 2d. Walk.

From Mold, 15 miles, Pennant; Warner.
—— Denbigh, 10 miles, Wyndham.

CAERWYS, or Caer gwys, a village of Flint, was formerly a place of great consequence; but it's magnificence is extinct. The great session for the county of Flint was held here, for many ages; but it's ancient popularity arose chiefly from it's being the Olympia of North Wales, the theatre where the British bards poured forth their extemporaneous effusions, or awakened their harps to melody, in trials of skill instituted by law and held at this place with great form and ceremony. This meeting called *Eisteddfod* was renewed on the 29 of May 1798, through the encouragement of mr. Owen Jones of London. The compositions produced were numerous and animated. The judges decided in favour of Robert ap Dafydd, of Nantglyn, in Denbighshire, known among the bards by the name of Robin Ddu o Nantglyn. The next to him in point of merit, was Thomas Edwards o'r Nant. Robert Foulks, of St. Asaph, was declared to be the pencedd dafod, or chief vocal performer: and Wm. Jones, of Gwythen to be the pencerdd dant, or the chief harper. Mr. Pennant says, that a number of copper coins have been found in a bottom below the town; and there still remains in the parish, a latin inscription, cut in rude letters, upon an unhewn upright stone, to this effect: "Hic jacit mulier bo . . . . obiit. Multitudes of *tumuli* are scattered over the neighbourhood. This plain, probably, has been a field of battle.

To St. Asaph, 7 miles, Warner.
— Holywell, 5 miles, Wyndham.
Mr. Pennant's first Excursion ended at this village.

From Caerwent, 1½ miles, Barber.
—— New Passage, 2 miles, Evans; Cox; Donovan; Skrine; Warner.
From Striguil Castle, (through Shirenewton, Mounton, Chepstow) 1½ miles, Wyndham.

CADLECOT CASTLE, in Monmouthshire, is situated in an undiversified swampy plain, ill calculated to set off it's importance. Viewed from an elevation in the approach, the towers and citadel appear sunk and undistinguished from the curtain wall of the fortification; but on a nearer inspection the ruin rises into importance; and the aspect of it's chief entrance, a large gothic gateway guarded by two massive projecting towers, is truly grand. The light gray masonry of this entrance is agreeably relieved by a profusion of ivy, overspreading nearly the whole of one tower, and throwing the broad shadow of it's pendant foliage upon part of the other. Within the portal the grooves of two portcullisses are apparent. There are holes also in the arch, probably intended for pouring down melted lead upon the besiegers. On entering the court, there appears some remains of the baronial hall, and the foundations of other buildings, within the area of the walls, are apparent. A small artificial mount at the NE. angle of the ruin sustains the citadel, a lofty round tower; to which last resort of the garrison a ready communication seems to have been conducted on the walls, from the different towers and other parts of the fortress; the whole of which is surrounded by a broad and deep moat.—J. T. Barber. The early history of this castle is uncertain: some have conjectured that part of it was built by Harold; and indeed a round tower on the SW. side of the castle, with a circularly arched entrance, bears a saxon character; but the general architecture of the building is gothic. It appears from mr. Cox's illustration, that Caldecot castle was the private property of the great Bohun family, possessing the earldom of Hereford, who were hereditary constables of England. *Caldecot church* is an extensive and highly ornamented gothic structure, at present strangely disproportioned to the scanty flock which it has to fold. The windows contain some remains of painted glass.

To CAERWENT the traveller passes the pretty village of *Crick*, situated near the junction of four roads which lead to *Porthskewydd*, *Shire Newton*, *St. Pierre*, and CAERWENT. The last of these roads is said to be the *Via Julia* of the Romans, and many hewn stones and traces of solid masonry of the foundation of the causeway may yet be perceived.

On the road TO THE NEW-PASSAGE is passed the Nevern-brook, and soon after the small hamlet of *Porthskewydd* formerly washed by the sea, which has since receded upwards of a mile.

To the New Passage, 2 miles, Barber.
Back to the New Passage, Cox.
To Caerwent, 2 miles, Donovan; Evans; Wyndham; Skrine; Warner.

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From Llanvair, Mont. 8½ miles, Evans.
—— Mallwydd, 11 miles, Skrine.

CANN-OFFICE, or the Inn of Cann, takes it's name from a religious house, probably a seat of jurisdiction, in the early times of the Britions, and some druidic remains in the vicinity favour this etymology. The accommodation here is said to be very indifferent.

The road TO MALLWYD, consists of deep pitches and abrupt risings; and there is one considerable declivity called the *Bwlch of Edwyn*. Passing this abrupt and difficult descent, the road for several miles lies over a flat morass, abounding with the carnation, the eriophorum polystachion, the melica cœrulea, and the four andromeda poli folia. The great extent of *Rushy-moor*, and *Heathy-bog*, excite the idea of dreariness. These wilds of Merioneth furnish the traveller with human nature almost in it's rudest state.—Evans.

To Mallwyd, 11 miles, Evans.
—— Llanvair, Mont., 8½ miles, Skrine.

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From Nant Frangon, Bingley.
—— Caernarvon, 30 miles, Hutton.
—— Llanrwst, 7 miles, Aikin; Pennant.

CAPEL CURIG, consists of a few cottages and a chapel, situated between Llanrwst and Caernarvon, where lord Penrhyn has built a small but comfortable inn, from a design by mr. Wyatt. The vale of Capel Curig is bounded by Snowdon and his surrounding mountains, affording a most picturesque landscape. Here is that variety of wood and water of which many of the welsh vales are defective. "Every curious and contemplative observer of the sublimities of nature will certainly be happy in knowing that the very centre of *Eryri* has been rendered accessible even to carriages, by a continuation of the road through the romantic vale of *Nant Frangon* to *Capel Curig*. From this spot the recesses of Snowdonia may be traversed at leisure, and with the satisfaction of having within reach the noon-day repast, and the evening retirement." —From a note to "Beaumaris-bay," a poem.

From Capel Curig, Snowdon and all his sons, with the contiguous mountains, burst at once full in view, making this the finest approach to our boasted Alps. The boundaries of this vale are on one side, the base of the crooked mountain, *Muel siabod*; on the other, *Glyder bach*. The middle is varied by two small lakes; at some distance beyond, near *Pont y gwryd*, mr. Pennant, ascended the *Glyder*, noted by the editor of Camden, for the singular disposition of the rocks. The ascent proved steep and laborious, covered with loose fragments of rocks. The area, was occupied with groups of columnar stones, of vast size, from 10 to 30 feet long, lying in all directions. Many of the stones had shells bedded in them; and mr. Pennant says, he found several pieces of lava. He thinks, therefore, that this mountain has been a wreck of nature, flung up by some mighty internal convulsion; for had they been the settled strata, they would have retained the regular appearance. One side of this mountain is formed into a gap, with sharp rocks, pointing upwards, one above the other, to a great height. In the midst of a vale, far below, rises the singular mountain *Trevaen*, assuming on this side a pyramidal form, naked, and very rugged. Passed over a plain, nearly a mile broad, called *Y Waen Oer*, the chilly mountainous flat. Observed from the edge, in a tremendous hollow *Llyn y Boch Llwyd*, or the lake of the grey coat; and in the bottom of the valley, near the foot of the Trevaen, *Llyn ogwen*. From Waen oer, made a hazardous descent to Cwm boch-llwyd, and thence to *Llyn ogwen*. The way from that place into the valley, or rather chasm of Nant Frangon, is called the *Ben-glog*. On one side, in a deep hollow, formed under fallen rocks, was once the hiding place of *Rhys Goch o'r Eryri*, Rhys the Red, of Snowdon; a a mountain bard, patronized by Robert ap Meredydd, a partizan of Glyndwr, an outlawed chieftain, of whose fortunes he partook. The Trevaen, from this bottom, makes a singular appearance, resembling a human face, reclined backward. Begin another hard ascent to *Cwm Idwal*, infamous for the murder of a young prince of that name. Near this place is a quarry, noted for excellent hones. A new and greater toil is to be undergone in ascending from Cwm Idwal, to the heights just described. The way lies beneath that vast precipice *Castel y Geifr*, the castle of the goats. A stream of stones, each of a large size, points towards the cwm, which require much activity and bodily strength to clamber over. Observe, on the right, a stupendous split rock, called *Twll-du*, and the Devil's kitchen; a horrible gap, in the centre of a great black precipice, extending in length about 150 yards; in depth, about 100; and only six wide; perpendicularly open to the surface of the mountain. The waters of *Llyn y cwm*, impetuously rush through it's bottom. Reach the *Glyder vawr*, and pass by the edge of *Klogwyn du ymhen y Glyder*, as dreadful a precipice as any in Snowdonia, hanging over the waters of *Llyn idwal*. This neighbourhood is of great note among botanists for rare plants. The prospect from *Glyder vawr* is very grand. Snowdon is seen to great advantage; the deep vale of Llanberis, and it's lakes, Nant Frangon, &c. &c. The plain which forms the top is strangely covered with loose stones, like the beach of the sea; in many places one crossing the other, in all directions, and entirely naked; others lie in groups, almost erect, sharp pointed, and in sheaves. The elements seem to have warred against this mountian; rains have washed, lightnings torn, the very soil deserted it, and the winds make it the constant object of their fury. The shepherds style it Caernedd y gwynt, the eminence of tempests. This mountain is connected with the lesser Glyder by the Waen oer: the traveller, therefore, has choice of ways to these mountains. The most preferable, for ease, is the following road into the vale of LLANBERIS. Pass by a rugged brow called *Rhiw y Glyder*, noted for it's variety of plants. Thence descend by *Olen fawr*, soon after, visit the small lake called *Llyn y Cwm*, noted for Giraldus's tale of the fish it yielded, being monocular, wanting the left eye. To make amends for the pool being without fish, the botanist will find in it the lobelia dortmanna, subularia aquatica, isoetis lacustris; and not far distant juncus trifidus, hieracium alpinum, rubus saxatilis, solidago cambrica. In this descent, leave on the right *Glider vawr*, and *Glider vach*, part of the boundaries of *Nant Beris*, and arrive in that vale by *Caunant yr Esgair* or the dingle of the enemy.

After leaving Capel Curig for DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE proceeding about 2 miles, the traveller should take the road to the right.

Having advanced from Capel Curig TO LLANBERIS, four miles, the road divides, the left is the road to Beddgelert, the right leads through an astonishingly romantic pass called *Bwlch y Gwyddyl*, to the vale of Lanberis. [see Llanberis.] The rocks on both sides soar to a vast height. On the right the mountains are in many places covered with upright columnar rocks, the figure of which is regularly pentagonal, with one of the sides much smaller than the rest. A lane between hedge-rows introduces Llanberis.

On the way TO CERNIOGE, mr. Hutton passed *Bettws y Coed* (the station in the wood), the road running beside the Llugwy for five miles, and is enclosed by a range of mountains on each hand. A walk to the right, up these banks, produces some wonders. The rocks and the river seem to contend which should most delight the traveller. About midway is the famous *Rhaiadr y Wenol*, a hill of rocks in the bed of the river, over which the water precipitates with the utmost violence. Leaving the wonderful objects of nature at *Pont Rhydlanvair*, mr. Hutton was obliged to travel the next five miles through an old british-road, full of turnings, which brought him into the great road to *Pentre Voelas*; thence he passed through Cernioge.

To Dolwyddelan Castle, 6 miles, Bingley.

— Llanberis, 8 miles, Pennant; Aikin.

— Cernioge by way of Rhaiadr y Wenol, 17 miles, Hutton.

From Monorbeer Castle, 9 miles, Barber.
—— Narberth, 8 miles, Donovan.
—— Llangharne, by way of St. Clare, 19 miles, Wyndham.

CAREW is a miserable village of Pembrokeshire, with poor accommodation for travellers. It's Castle is situated on a gentle swell above an arm of Milford-haven in a rich beautiful country. The extensive remains shew it to have been rather a splendid palace, than a mere fortress; and it appears the work of different ages, very distinct one from the other. The castle is entered by a flight of steps, covered by a handsome porch, on the front of which are the arms of Philip of Spain, who married queen Mary. The north front, a portion looking over the river, is scarcely castellated, but exhibits the mode of building practised about the time of Henry 8. From the level of this front, the grand square windows project in large bows; internally, this part is highly ornamented; and a chimney-piece with corinthian columns appears among the latest decorations of the structure. The great hall, 84 feet long by 26, built in the ornamented gothic style, tho' much delapidated, is still a noble relic of antique grandeur. Other parts of the building are of a more remote date, and most of the walls, evidently built for the sake of strength and defence, are remarkably thick, and of solid masonry: a peculiarity which does not often occur, as the welch castles are chiefly constructed of grout-work. The subterraneous dungeons are remarkably extensive, and assimilate with the grandeur of the general design. This castle, according to Camden and Grose, was anciently a residence of the welsh princes, and given by one of them (Rhys ap Theodore), with extensive lands, as a marriage portion with his daughter, to Gerald de Cario, an Anglo-Norman chieftain, and ancestor of the last proprietor of the castle; who, according to the tradition of the neighbourhood, died about the year 1633; since which time the castle has been deserted. This castle is memorable for the celebration of a tilt and tournament, solemnly held here by sir Rice, being the only regular exhibition of this kind on record in the principality.

On the road TO PEMBROKE, is a gothic cross on the road side, about 12 or 14 feet high, and apparently formed of one single stone: it is carved all over with knots, and scrolls. Pursuing this road, from the summit of a hill, there is a grand view of Carew castle: indeed it is from the s. and sw. alone that it's important dimensions fully appear: hence may also be seen the elevated mansion of *Laurenny*, seated on a lofty bank of an arm of Milford-haven, beautifully accompanied with wood and lawn. This place is considered one of the first seats in Pembrokeshire; and it is said to have received much improvement from the taste and liberality of Mr. Barlow, the present proprietor. An elevated ridge, which commands extensive views, conducts the traveller to Pembroke; but the best prospects of the town are from the higher lands, over which the road descends, after passing from the ferry across the haven of of Milford, whence Wilson's charming picture is taken.

To Pembroke, 5 miles, Barber; Donovan; Wyndham.

From Amlwch miles, Aikin.

CEMMAES, is a small village, which stands on a little creek, opening into a most beautiful bay, about a mile across, on the northern side of the isle of Anglesea: it's entrance into the main sea is guarded on each side by a craggy promontory, the one of gray, the other of snow-white marble, smooth as the surface of a mirror; and, when illuminated by the sun, it's sparkling transparency baffles description. In the interior recess of the bay, a bank of black shale finely contrasts with a lofty irregular projecting arch of white marble, pierced by the constant dashing of the waves.

Back to Amlwch, Aikin.

From Corwen, 10 miles, Hutton.
—— Cernioge, 3 miles, Hutton; Warner.
—— Llanrwst, 14 miles, Evans.

CERIG Y DRUIDIAN, (the abode of the Druids,) is a pleasant village, in Denbighshire, famed in Camden's time for some remains of druidic worship. These sacred reliques have long since been removed, to form a wall round a farm yard; they consisted chiefly of cromlechs and kist vaens, or stone chests. Upon the first hill, s. of this village, and distant one mile, is *Pen Gweryn*, the small remains of a castle once belonging to the celebrated Caractacus. As the traveller approaches the top of the hill, which is of easy ascent, he finds a trench of 36 feet wide. Some of the soil having been thrown upon the outside, constitutes a mound 3 feet high, but the greater part having been cast on the inner side, forms a rampart about 15 feet from the bottom of the trench. This rampart encircles the highest part of the hill, rather of an oval form, is every where visible, in some places nearly perfect, and encloses 6 or 7 acres. Ascending 60 or 70 feet more, he meets with the foundation of the wall, of thickness about 6 feet, which includes the area, running parallel with the trench below, and enclosing 4 or 5 acres. The prospects from this hill are extensive, but barren. We are told that when Caractacus was routed by the Romans, (whether at Caer Caradoc, Gair Ditches, or the Wrekin, is uncertain,) he retreated to this castle for safety, but was, with his whole family, betrayed to the enemy, by queen *Cartismunda*, and sent prisoner to Rome, where he delivered that celebrated speech referred to by all our historians.

On the road TO CORWYN, at the distance of four miles and a half occurs *Pont y Glyn*, or *Pont Llyn Dyffws*, a bridge of one arch, about 50 feet in the span, bestriding a deep and dismal chasm, through which the hoarse sounding Glyn, rushes into a deepened bed, and roars over the disjointed rocks beneath. The stupendous fissure, full 200 feet deep, is overhung by large forest trees, the branches of which throw a darkend shade over the awful gulph. The road from Bala to Ruthin here crosses that to Corwen, from Cerig y Druidian and Llanrwst. On his approach to Corwen, the tourist passes over the Dee, upon an old stone bridge of six arches. The road TO CORWEN lies through a pleasing, quiet vale, bounded to the right by the Berwyn mountains. A vast rocky precipice, being an abrupt termination of the lofty Ferwyn, rears itself above the town to the west.

To Cernioge, 3 miles, Hutton.
— Pont y Glyn, 4½ miles, Hutton.
— Corwyn, 10 miles, Evans; Warner.

* * *

From Cerig y Druidion, 8 miles, Hutton.
— Capel Curig, 17 miles, Hutton.
— Llanrwst, 11 miles, Warner.

CERNIOGE, in Denbighshire, is a hamlet of 3 or 4 houses, in an elevated situation, on the road to Llanrwst, remarkable for nothing except a good inn. Five miles on the road to Llanrwst is *Gallt y Gwg*, a terrace of more than two miles long. On the left appears the beautiful deep vale of Llanrwst, with Conwy in the termination.

To Llanrwst, 11 miles, Hutton.
— Cerig y Druidion, 3 miles, Hutton; Warner.

* * *

From the New Passage, 6 miles, Barber.
— Tintern Abbey, 6 miles, Coxe; Skrine; Warner.
— Striguil Castle, Evans.
— Monmouth, 16 miles, Wyndham.

CHEPSTOW, Monmouthshire, is an irregularly-built trading place, where the houses appear respectable and the inhabitants opulent. It was once fortified, and the walls strengthend with round towers, stretching from the bank of the river below the bridge, to the works of the castle. The scenery in the vicinity of Chepstow bridge discloses an assemblage of objects highly interesting, imposing, and beautiful. Below the bridge, and on the opposite side of the deep and rapid Wye, a series of cliffs appear issuing from the water, the rocky surface of which, warmly tinted with various hues of red and yellow, is pleasingly diversified with the vivid green of the ivy, and the summits are fringed with impending oaks. Up the river, the princely ruin of Chepstow castle, stretching along a grand perpendicular cliff, proudly emerges from the stream; beyond, the steep hills of Piercefield rear their varied plantations, to the clouds. "As we advanced," says mr. Barber, "towards the massive battlements and lofty turrets of Chepstow's ancient castle, the grand entrance, which is a norman arch flanked by circular towers, represented the repulsive gloom of feudal reserve and violence; even the knocker was emblematic of hostility; for we thundered at the portal for admisson with a cannon ball, suspended by a chain. The warder of the castle did not wind his horn, in reply, nor, raising himself on the ramparts, did he demand our quality and business;

but a smiling damsel, conjuring up all her rosy dimples, caused the gate to revolve on it's creaking hinges, and welcomed us into the castle. On entering the court the remains of the baronial hall, numerous apartments, and kitchen, surround the area. A number of rooms in this court are kept in repair, and form a commodious residence, which is tenanted by mr. Williams, under a lease from the duke of Beaufort. From this we passed to the second court, now laid out as a kitchen garden. The third court contained the chapel, a fine remnant of antiquity, possessing a greater degree of decoration than any other part of the castle: a range of niches appear within the walls of this structure, at some distance from the floor, which is said to have been filled with statues; and the mortices of beams seem to indicate, that a gallery was constructed round the room. The style of the windows and enrichments is gothic; but the original part of the building is norman. Beyond the chapel, we ascended a flight of steps to the battlements, shadowed by wide branching trees of various descriptions, issuing from the moat beneath. Opposite to us, beyond the moat, appeared the low embowered ruins of the fourth and last court, separated from the principal mass of building by a drawbridge. Returning, we were conducted to a subterraneous chamber with an engroined roof, excavated in the rock, beneath the ruins, and opening to the overhanging brow of the cliff. Here, and from several points in our perambulation of the ruins, we timidly looked down on the rapid Wye, rolling it's swelling tide at an immense depth perpendicularly beneath us; and at other times the green waving hills of Piercefield rose in all their peculiar grandeur to our view, darkening the river with their widely projected shadows. Before we left this baronial fortress, we did not fail to explore a large round tower, in the first court, which was the ancient citadel; but is more noticed for having been the prison of Henry Martin, one of king Charles's judges, who died here, a prisoner. We entered a gothic doorway, and pursuing a spiral staircase, visited each apartment in the tower; all of which proved spacious and commodious. The building of Chepstow (or Estrighoel) castle, although carried by some antiquaries to the area of Julius Cæsar, appears to have taken place in the 11th century, when William Fitzosborn, earl of Hereford, built it to defend the ample possessions granted him in this quarter by William the Conqueror, his relation. His son and successor, Roger de Britolio, taking up arms against his sovereign, was deprived of his vast inheritance; and Chepstow castle became soon after transferred to the noble family of Clare. This fortress is remarkable in history for the gallant defence which it made, with a slender garrison, against a considerable force headed by Oliver Cromwell; but after a long seige it was taken by an assault, in which nearly all it's defenders were sacrificed. The Church of Chepstow, situated at the extremity of the town, below the bridge, exhibits a curious specimen of norman architecture, in the massive arches resting on piers within, and the richly ornamented mouldings of the western entrance. The tower was erected during the last century. This church formed the nave of a much larger structure which belonged to a priory of Benedictine monks, founded by the builder of the castle. Some remains of the Priory walls may be traced near the church, and of several other religious buildings, in different parts of the town. In the church are several monuments, the principal of which are in the se. corner, to the memory of the earl and countess of Worcester, whose effigies, at full length, are in good preservation. In the chancel is the tombstone of Henry Martin.

Chepstow contains no manufactories; but supplies Herefordshire and this part of Monmouthshire with imports by the Wye, and exports the native productions of timber, grain, iron, coal, millstones, oak bark, and cyder. In times of peace it carries on a considerable trade; but of latter days, alas! such times are rare. Chepstow Bridge is a singular structure: it was formerly entirely built with timber; but the piers of the Monmouthshire half, are now constructed of stone. The flooring of this bridge is formed of thick planks, which are kept firm in their places by tenons, or rather wedges of wood. It is frequently said that the flooring is loose, and rises with the torrents, which is not the case. The tide is also reckoned to rise higher here than in any other part of the world, even to the height of 70 feet; but 56 feet has been found the highest point to which it has risen during the last century. The cause of this extraordinary swell proceeds from the rocks of Beachly and Aust, which, protruding far into the Severn, near the mouth of the Wye, obstruct the flow of the tide, and impel it with increased rapidity into the latter river. There are several remains of religious houses in the vicinity. The Priory of St. Kynemark occupied a pleasant eminence to the w. of the town; and the walls are still visible, enclosing the garden and yard of a farm house, called St. Kynemark's farm. The foundations of a chapel dedicated to St. Laurence may likewise be traced in the vicinity. In passing to this spot along the Shire Newton road, and through the fields, the traveller will enjoy a singular and beautiful view of Chepstow and the environs. The town contained, besides, several chapels, the remains of which still exist. In the garden of a house in Bridgestreet is a well which at high tide becomes perfectly dry, but returns soon after the ebb. The well frequently contains 14 feet of water. In the beginning of 1806, the inhabitants of Chepstow were gratified with the commencement of the building of a large corn-market, assembly-room, &c. The principal inns are the Beaufort-arms, the George, and the White-hart.

About 1½ miles on the road to MONMOUTH, a capital lodge, with iron gates and palisadoes, announces the entrance to PIERCEFIELD.

To and from Piercefield, 3 miles; thence to the New Passage, 5 miles, Skrine.

— Newport, 16 miles.

— Piercefield, 8 miles, Barber; Coxe.

Mr. Evans proceeded hence to Beachly Ferry, 3 miles, where he quitted the Principality of Wales.

Mr. Warner ended his first Walk through Wales at this Place.

To Tintern, by water, 9 miles, Wyndham.

Mr. Wyndham passed from this place to Beachly Ferry, 3 miles, where he terminated his excursions.

* * *

Commencement of Mr. Bingley's Tour.

From Flint, 18 miles, Warner.

— Hawarden, 6 miles, Wyndham; Pennant.

— Gresford, 8 miles, Skrine.

CHESTER, situated on rising ground above the river Dee, has the appearance, from the crossing of the four principal streets at right angles, to have been indebted to the Romans for it's foundation; especially as there have, at different times, been discovered various remains of roman antiquity, as altars, statues, coins, and a *hypocaust* or furnace for heating a *sudatorium* or sweating-room, which is still to be seen at the Feathers'-inn. In several reigns subsequent to the norman conquest, Chester was made a place of rendezvous for troops in all expeditions against Wales. This city has been often admired by strangers, on account of it's principal streets having been excavated to the depth of about 8 feet out of the earth. On a level with them are low shops and warehouses; while above, and on a level with the kitchens and court-yards, are galleries, or rows, as they are called, running along the fronts of the houses, and affording a covered walk for foot passengers. Over these are the higher stories of the houses. The houses appear as if the first stories of the fronts were laid open, pillars only being left to support the upper part of the superstructures. Four of the large streets are generally of a good breadth, but on the whole this city is rather venerable and singular than elegant. The Cathedral is a large, irregular, and heavy pile of building; now ragged from decay. The chief part of the present building was erected in the reigns of Henry, 6, 7, 8. The choir is very neat and the gothic tabernacle-work over the stalls is carved in a light and elegant manner. The Bishop's Throne stands on a stone base, richly ornamented with gothic carving. Around it's upper parts is a range of small images intended to represent the kings and saints of the Mercian Kingdom. The altar-piece is of very fine tapestry, executed after one of the cartoons of Raphael, and represents the history of Elymas the sorcerer. "This curious edifice, with it's stone roof, supported by sharp intersecting arches, springing from handsome pilasters, adorned with palm capitals, and converging in the centre, is said to have been built by the first earl of Chester, Hugh Lupus. But, according to Sir Peter Leicester, by Arundel, earl of Chester, nephew to Hugh, who after it's erection, removed the body of Hugh to this spot. In either case, it is a curious specimen of the early introduction of what is absurdly sytled gothic archtecture, into England!—Annual Reg. iii, 336. The Bishop's palace is a neat plain structure, forming one side of the abbey-court. Besides St. John's, (within which are some curious specimens of the massy strength of saxon columns and arches) there are no churches in this place which contain any thing extraordinary. The Castle stands above the river, at the sw. end of the city; tho' much delapidated, it has still the appearance of a fortress. It consists of an upper and lower ward, the entrance to each protected by gates and round towers, and formerly also by a ditch and drawbridges. Within are the county jail and courts of justice. The latter have been taken down, and a new Jail, Shire-hall, &c. erected, on an improved and extensive plan. There are two excellent institutions here, suggested and established by Dr. Haygarth; i. e. a Blue-Coat Hospital for training 145 boys; and sunday and working Schools; both institutions are supported by voluntary subscription. The other public buildings in Chester, are, the House of Industry, standing near the river, on the w. side of the town. The Infirmary, The North-gate Jail. The Bridewell. The Walls round this city are almost the only entire specimen of ancient fortification now existing in Great Britain. Their circuit is nearly two miles. They are kept in repair by the inhabitants for the purposes of a promenade, commanding a great variety and extent of prospect. Thence may be seen the welsh mountains, the hills of Broxton, the insulated rock of Beeston, crowned with it's castle, while the rich intervening flat, and the perpetually changing objects on the river, compose, in different parts, scenes extremely pleasing. Above the Bridge-gate is a lofty octagonal tower, begun in 1600, for the purpose of containing an apparatus for raising water out of the Dee, to a cistern in the top, whence it was conveyed in pipes to almost all parts of the city. Probably this contrivance did not answer, for in 1622 a new grant was made for erecting a water-work at Spittle Boughton; but this also fell to decay. 1692, new works were engaged in by John Hopkins and John Hadley, opposite the abbey-court. No manufacture of consequence is carried on besides gloves. There are an iron foundery, snuff-mills, patent-shot manufactory, and ship-builders' yards. Vessels from 100 to 500 tons are built annually; yet it's maritime business is of no great extent. It consists chiefly of the coasting and Irish trades. The water is of depth sufficient to allow vessels of 350 tons burden to come up to the quays at spring tides. A channel opens from the sea near Northop, about ten miles above Chester. The government of the city is vested in a corporation, consisting of a mayor, recorder, two sheriffs, and 24 aldermen. The law courts of this city are the courts of Crown-mote and Portmote, and the sessions are held in the Exchange, which is a large handsome pile of building, supported on columns. Here the elections of mayors are held, and here they give their entertainments, and the citizens their dancing assemblies. Near the Exchange is the Engine-House, a neat fabric, with fluted columns, and a rich corinthian cornice. The fire-engines are kept in order at the expense of the corporation. The city returns two members to parliament. A fine meadow called *Rood eye,* is used as a common and for the race ground.

On the road to HAWARDEN, the most pleasant route for a pedestrian, is to emerge through Crane-street, at the end of which, leaving the race-ground on the left, pursue the road along the embankment of the river, to the Sluice-house, 2 miles, and passing over the lower ferry, take a footpath over the meadows; Hawarden-castle appears the rest of the way, conspicuously placed upon the side of richly wooded rising ground.

On his way TO HOLT, mr. Pennant repassed *Handbridge,* and at the may-pole took the left-hand road, which is a continuation of the roman way from the river. It passes through Eaton-park and crosses the Dee at Oldford. The village of *Eccleston* is prettily seated near the Dee. There is a most extensive prospect from a bench upon Eccleston hill. A little farther is *Eaton,* or the hamlet on the Water. The seat of the ancient family of the Grosvenors lies in this township. Cross the Dee at Eaton boat, leaving on the right *Oldford-bridge,* a neat structure. After passing a flat country, reach *Farn* or *Farndon,* a small town upon the Dee. The Church was burnt by the parliament army in 1645, during the seige of Holt-castle; and rebuilt after the cessation of the war." In one window is some very beautifully painted glass.

The road from Chester to Wrexham is remarkably good. From *Marford-hill* is a very extensive view of the vale royal of Cheshire, with the city, castle of *Beeston*, and the welsh mountains.

To Hawarden, 7½ miles, Bingley; Warner.
— Gresford, 8 miles, Wyndham.
— Mold, 14 miles, Skrine.
— Holt, 10 miles, Pennant.
— Wrexham, 12 miles.

From Oswestry 5½ miles, Bingley; Skrine; Pennant.
— Llangollen, 7 miles, Evans.
— Ruabon, 6 miles, Wyndham.

CHIRK is a village situated upon the brow of a hill, on the se. selvage of Denbighshire. At the distance of half a mile the Ellesmere canal is carried over the river and vale of Ceiriog, by an aqueduct 200 yards in length, and about the middle 65 feet in height. In the church are several marble monuments, belonging to the Middletons of Chirk Castle, but none of them are well executed; the best is a bust of sir Thomas Middleton; and another of his lady, a Napier, of Luton. Upon a small mural monument, is an elegant epitaph by dr. Pearson bishop of Chester, on dr. Walter Balcanqual, a scotch divine of distinguished character.

The Hand is mentioned as the best inn.

Chirk Castle is distant about a mile and half from the village, in the course of Offa's dike, upon the summit of a lofty hill. Like that of Powys, near Welshpool, this structure recalls a mixture of the castle and mansion. It is a quadrangular building, having two courts, and a magnificent gateway strengthened at the corners with four round bastions, ending in small turrets. The entrance is between two round towers, by a high narrow arch, not exactly in centre of the front; and a pair of gates of exquisite beauty. Within is a court-yard 165 feet long, by 100, having on the si side a handsome colonade. The descent to the dungeon is by 42 steps, which is very deep. The principal apartments are a saloon, drawing room, and gallery; in the last is a large collection of paintings, mostly family portraits. In an adjoining room is a picture of Pistyll Rhayadr, represented as falling into the sea. It appears that the artist who was employed to take this view was a foreigner, to whom it was hinted when he had nearly finished his piece that the addition of a few sheep would add to it's effect. The artist replied, "You want some *sheeps* in it! O! O! ver vell! I vill put you some sheeps in it!" He then introduced the sea, and, ridiculously enough several sheeps (ships). The present castle was built by Roger Mortimer, son of Roger, Baron of Wigmore, on the site of one of very ancient date, called Castell Crogen, near which, in 1165, was fought a dreadful battle between the english forces, under Henry 2, and the welsh army, under Owen Gwynedd, in which Henry was routed with great loss. It was possessed by various usurpers till it rested in the possession of Elizabeth, who gave it to her favourite Dudley, earl of Leicester; on his death it became the property of lord St. John, of Bletso, whose son sold it in 1595 to sir Thomas Middleton, knight, one of the ancestors of the present residents and proprietors.

The Park is very extensive, reaching to the foot of the Berwyn mountains; and covered in places with lofty forest trees. The pleasure-grounds are well laid out, and the different plantations disposed with great taste. But the view from the elevation near the house is incomparable. Seventeen counties, as a natural map, spread their varied beauties before the eye of the spectator. Towards England, the plain and town of Shrewsbury, it's towers and spires, the Clee-hills, extending towards the Malvern hills in Worcestershire; the solitary Wrekin; the high land bounding the Vale Royal of Chester: towards Wales, Llangollen Vale, Castel Dinas Bran, the boisterous Dee; the range of mountains dividing the counties of Merioneth and Montgomery, the Clwyddian hills, and the Snowdon chain.

About 2 miles from Chirk, on the road to RUABON, is a pleasing view down a woody vale, in the bottom of which runs the river Dee; but a little farther at *New Bridge*, this is exceeded by another view more interesting. "Out of the road," says Mr. Bingley, (who visited this neighbourhood in September 1798) "about 100 yards above the bridge, such a scene was presented to me, that had I possessed the pencil of a Claude, I could have painted one of the most exquisite landscapes the eye ever beheld. The river here darted along it's rugged bed, and it's rocky banks clad with wood, where every varied tint that autumn could afford added to their effect, cast a darkening shade upon the stream. With the green oak, all the different hues of the ash, the elm, and the hasel, were intermingled. Above the bridge arose a few cottages, surrounded with foliage. The evening was calm, and the smoke, tinged by the setting sun, descended upon the vale, while the distant mountains were brightened by his beams into a fine purple. I contemplated these beauties till the declining sun had sunk beneath the horizon, and twilight had begun to steal over the landscape, blending into one, every different shade of reflection."

On the way TO LLANGOLLEN, mr. Pennant ascended the front of *Cefn Ucha*. The distant view from this lofty hill is boundless. One side impends over a most beautiful valley, watered by the Dee, diversified with groves and bounded towards the end by barren and naked rocks, tier above tier.

"Leaving the noble mansion of Chirk, the seat of genuine hospitality and real elegance," says mr. Evans, "we crossed the river Ceriog, a tributary to the Dee, and at present the boundary between England and this part of Wales; and turned our backs upon a country which had furnished us with new scenes at every step; where Nature has been lavish with whatever tends to please and elevate the mind; where Flora sports in sweet variety, and spreads her matchless charms over alpine heights, as well as lowly vales, in rich profusion. A country which was eminently distinguished as the birth-place and residence of the children of freedom; who, from their independent spirit and martial prowess, for centuries chastised rapacity and injustice, and made oppression and tyranny tremble upon the throne. A country were a plain, honest, hospitable people, uncorrupted by wealth, and not enervated by luxury, still keep the noiseless tenour of their way; were calm content and bliss delight to dwell."—Tour page 346.

To Ruabon, 4½ miles, Bingley; Skrine.

Mr. Evans terminates his Detail of a Tour in North Wales, with this place.

To Oswestry, 7 miles, Warner.

— Llangollen, 7 miles, Wyndham; Pennant.

* * *

From Bishop's Castle, 5 miles, Wyndham.

—— Montgomery, 12 miles, Warner.

CLUN, in Shropshire, is a village inheriting little worth notice, except it's ruined castle, originally built by Fitzalan (descended from the Norman of that name, who founded the Arundel family.) Clun Castle was the strong fortress whence the lords marchers rushed into the adjoining territories of the welsh princes, pillaged and laid waste the unsuspecting country, and to which they afterwards retreated with their prisoners and spoil.

In advancing TOWARDS WIGMORE, mr. Warner had pointed out to him a road, which was said to be so plain and direct, as not to be mistaken; yet he had not proceeded more than three miles before he was utterly at a loss to know how to proceed, from the intricacies of a hilly country, covered with cross-roads and paths intersecting each other. Fortunately, a solitary horseman going to Presteign, relieved him at this juncture, but he afterwards fell into similar difficulties and might long have wandered about the open downs of the hills or floundered thro' the dirty lanes of the vales, had he not met with an honest hind, who consented to be his conductor. Under this convoy he reached the ancient village of *Brampton Brian*. The singular little church at this place is attached to the keep of a ruined castle. This fragment is the only remain of a fortress built in the early norman times, by Bryan de Brampton, the head of an ancient and powerful family of that name, from whom the village received it's appellation. The fief of Brampton continued to be held in an uninterrupted succession till the reign of Edward 2, by the lords of this family when it passed into that of Harleys, ancestors of the present lord Oxford, who has a mansion in the village.

To Wigmore, 12 miles, Warner.

— Knighton, 7 miles, Wyndham.

* * *

From Dinas Dinlle, 6 miles, Hutton.

CLYNOG is a beautiful village, guarded by mountains on three sides, and the sea on the fourth; shaded by trees, and situated on an excellent turnpike road, midway to Pwllheli from Caernarvon. It contains also two inns, where civility and comfort may be purchased at reasonable prices. The Church is large, yet plain and neat. It was here that the abbot St. Beuno resided, a man of riches, power, charity, and pride. He erected the church and a grand mausoleum, now called *st. Beuno's chapel*, about 6 yards from the church. Besides the great entrance to this chapel, it communicates with the church through a dark vaulted passage. The saint was deposited in the centre of this unpaved capacious room, where are the shattered remains of his tomb. One hundred yards from the church, adjoining the turnpike road, is *st. Beuno's well*, 8 feet square, enclosed by a wall 8 feet high. The place is now exposed to ruin and the vilest filth. The spring has been suffered to grow up, so that it now contains little water. After st. Beuno's death this well was much famed for healing the sick, and particularly for curing the rickets in children. The process of cure was dipping the patient in the well at evening, and letting him remain all night upon the saint's tomb. A smattering of this devotional respect continued till about the year 1793, when lord Newborough ordered the tomb to be opened. The workmen penetrated about the depth of a yard, but finding no saint, they desisted. The fragments of the tomb lie a confused heap upon the floor. In the chancel of the church is st. Beuno's chest, a solid block of wood, scoped into a hollow of four feet long, and fifteen inches high, with a lid, and guarded by three locks. In the lid is an aperture to receive charitable donations, and it is opened once a year in favour of the poor. St Beuno lived in the 7th century. The church and chapel have been rebuilt since his time, and the passage or vault is the only remaining part erected by the saint. He was brother to st. Winefred, the genius of the miracle-working well in Flintshire, who lies interred in Clynog church. Her effigy, in stone, yet remains, multilated like an egyptian mummy.

To Llanllyfni, 8 miles, Hutton.

* * *

From Bridgend, 2 miles, Barber.

COITY is a village of Glamorganshire, remarkable only for a dismantled castle, pleasingly interspersed with trees and underwood. It's foundation is generally attributed to Paganus de Turbeville, one of Fitzhammon's knights.

On the road TO LLANTRISSANT, near the seven miles stone, at a curve in the road, the wide undulating *vale of Cowbridge* exhibits an extensive tract of beautiful fertility. On one of the high hills circumscribing the vale, that which sustains *Penline Castle* appears pre-eminent. Rich pastures and meadows, intersected by tufted inclosures, embowered hamlets, and detached specks of whitened buildings, form a glance of considerable interest.

To Llantrissant, 8 miles, Barber.

* * *

From Llanddulas, 9 miles, Bingley.

—— Penmaen-mawr, 6 miles, Pennant, Aikin; Evans; Warner.

—— Llanrwst, 12 miles, Skrine; Hutton.

—— Rhyddlan to Conwy-ferry, by way of Abergeley, 16 miles, Skrine.

—— Bangor, 11½ miles, Hutton.

—— Abergeley, 11 miles, Warner's 2d walk.

—— Beaumaris, to Bangor-ferry, thence over Penmaen mawr, 14 miles, Wyndham.

Back from Llandudno, Evans.

CONWY, situated on the northern corner of Caernarvonshire, is a large and beautiful town. The river Conwy runs on the e. side of the town, is about half a mile over, and crossed by ferry-boats. The river rises out of Llyn Conwy, at the southern extremity of the county, in the mountains of Penmachno; the name Kynwy signifies the great river. Many shameful impositions are practised here on strangers. The charges of the ferrymen ought to be a penny for every foot passenger, 2*d* for a man and horse, and 2*s* 6*d* each wheel, for carriages. Instead of which they have been known to charge half-a-guinea for a gig, and afterwards importune for liquor. They are, moreover, so much their own masters that they will only take over the boat when they think proper. The ferry is regulated by mr. Hughes of Marl, a place about three quarters of a mile from the ferry-house, who informed mr. Bingley that the fares were as before mentioned, with what travellers pleased to give besides; and that the men were paid 7*s* a week, but were entitled to what they could get in addition. Accidents have occasionally happened at this ferry. On Christmas day, 1806, owing to a heavy swell in the river, the boat conveying the Irish-mail, with eight passengers, the coachman, guard, and a youth, about the age of 15, in all 15 in number, including the boatmen, were upset, and only two persons saved. This river was formerly noted for being a pearl fishery. The british and irish pearls are found in a shell-fish, called, by Linnæus, mya margaritefera, the pearl muscle, peculiar to stony and rapid rivers. Few towns are so beautiful or picturesque as Conwy. It's shape is nearly triangular, surrounded by handsome lofty walls, between 12 and 15 feet thick and one mile and a half in circumference; defended by 24 round towers, and had 4 gates. The base of the triangle runs along the river, at the farthest angle of which, upon the verge of a perpendicular slate-rock stands it's magnificent Castle. It is conjectured by some, that the present Conwy was the Conovium of the Romans, others say that *Caer Hun*, five miles higher up the river, on the same side, was the site of Conovium. It's architecture and position are truly grand. From each end of the town walls, fronting the river, a curtain, terminated by a round tower, ran to some distance into the water, with a design to impede the approach of an enemy. The heap of rubbish, nearly opposite to the end of the castle, is the remains of one of these towers, the other has been entirely destroyed. The castle was defended also by eight large round towers flanking the sides, and the ends, from each of which issued a slender turret, rising much above, constructed for commanding an extensive prospect over the adjacent country. Of these turrets four only remain. The walls are embattled, and from 12 to 15 feet in thickness, and nearly entire, except one of the middle towers on the s. side, the lower part of which has fallen down the rock. This was occasioned by some of the inhabitants taking away stones from the foundation for their own use. The upper part of the tower is entire, suspended at a vast height above, and projecting nearly thirty feet over the walls below, exhibiting in the breach vast strength of walling. The principal entrance into the castle is at the n.w. end, formerly over a deep trench, and draw-bridge. The hall is at present the most remarkable apartment. It's dimensions are 130 feet long, 30 broad, and about 20 high. It was lighted by nine windows, six of which were towards the river, and three towards the court. The roof was supported by 8 gothic arches. This castle was erected in 1283, by Edward 1, who at the same time, built the walls of the town, and repaired several of the other castles in Wales, in order to guard against the insurrections of Llewelyn, which for some years before had been frequent. After the restoration, a grant was made of this fortress by the king, to Edward earl of Conwy, who, in 1665, ordered all the iron, timber, and lead to be taken down and transported to Ireland, under the pretence that it was to be used in his majesty's service. Several of the principal gentlemen of the country opposed the design, but their remonstrances were over ruled, and this noble pile was reduced nearly to it's present condition. It is now held by O. Holland, esq. from the crown at an annual rent of 6*s* 8*d* and a dish of fish, to lord Hertford, as often as he passes through the town. Mr. Holland, with a becoming spirit and judicious taste, has planted and laid out in walks, a little hill near the mouth of the Conwy, commanding an extensive and delightful prospect up and down the river, the sea, Anglesea, &c. whence an excellent view of the town and castle may be obtained. To this spot the proprietor has given the classic name Arcadia. Edward 1, made Conwy a free borough. It is at present governed by one alderman, a recorder, coroner, water-bailiff, and two serjeants at mace, chosen annually. The river Conwy is at the castle nearly a mile across, at high water, and in the middle of the channel, opposite the castle, is a small island covered with thick underwood. A little higher up it makes a fine bend round a large projecting point, shaded by a venerable wood. Mr. Aikin says that the castle is seen to the greatest advantage from this place. The Church is a mean looking building. It contains however a few modern monuments belonging to the family of the Wynnes, formerly of this place. There are yet some remains of the Cistercian Abbey, founded in 1185, by Llewelyn ap Jorweth, prince of Wales. In 1240, his remains were interred here, and the grateful brotherhood inclosed them in that most invulnerable of all envelopes, a monk's cowl. It was then made to beleeve by the monks and friers, that that strange weed was a sure defence betwixt their souls and hell, howsoever they died."—Powell. In castle-street is a very old house, having a singular window, with several coats of arms of the Stanley family, called the College; inhabited, at present, by a few poor families. It may have been a school, endowed out of the abbey lands. Near the market place is a very large antique building callled Plas mawr, the great mansion, erected in 1585, by Robert Wynne, esq. of Gwydir. Over the gateway are inscribed the Greek words, *Ανεχου, απεχου*, bear, forbear. "The letters J. H. S. X. P. S. in front of the building, lead me," says mr. Evans, "to conjecture that it was a house erected for charitable purposes. The initials may be read, Jesus hominum salvator Christiani populi salus." The apartments are ornamented in a rude style, with uncouth figures in stucco. The supporters of the arms of Dudley, earl of Leicester, adorn the walls and ceilings.

The poor are more numerous and more wretched here than in any part of North Wales. Their principal employment is gathering the different species of fuci, commonly called sea wreck, thrown up by the tide, or growing upon the breakers. This wreck they place in a kind of square fire-places, made on the sand, and burn to a state of liquid; which dries into a cake; when cool it appears like cinders, and is called barilla, or impure fossil alkali; in this state it is sold to the manufacturers of soap and glass. It is a very curious fact, that the ashes of all plants, growing at a distance from salt water, afford the vegetable alkali or potash; while such as grow near the sea, or on the borders of salt lakes, afford the fossil alkali or soda; if, however, these same plants be cultivated in the interior of the country they produce potash only. See Jacquim. Chym.—Rev. J. Evans's Tour.

Conwy being a great thoroughfare to and from Ireland, the place supports, three or four good inns; as the Harp-inn, Bulls-head, &c. but when the road thro' the Ogwyn mountains be completed, a saving of 10 miles may be made from Llanrwst to Bangor, which will somewhat affect these advantages.

From Conwy, mr. Bingley made AN EXCURSION *round the Creiddin*, a commot or hundred of Caernarvonshire, situated upon the side of the river opposite to Conwy, and forming a considerable promontory into the irish sea. After crossing the river, and proceeding along the shore for 1½ miles, the first object of attraction is *Diganwy*, or *Dinas Conwy*, the fort on the Conwy, called by the common people Y Fardre. It is an ancient castle situated on the summit of two small hills near the shore, founded about the time of the norman conquest. At a short distance is a circular watch-tower, said to have been built sometime in the latter part of the 17th century. Near the foot of these rocks is *Teganwy* or *Deganwy*, a house belonging to mrs. Williams. Mr. Bingley next crossed the flat, and under the sw. side of *Llandudno rock* passed the shell of a large mansion, which some centuries ago was a palace belonging to the bishops of Bangor; thence along steep and slippery sides of the elevated down of Llandudno, for about two miles, to the end of the promontory. Here the rocks were, for the most part, perpendicular, of amazing height. About a mile from the NE. side of the promontory is LLANDUDNO Church and a copper mine at *Eglwys Rhos*, the chapel in Rhôs, celebrated as the refuge of *Maelgwyn Gwynedd*, who superstitiously fled hither to avoid the yellow fever, which raged over great part of Europe, where he died.

Not far distant is *Gloddaeth* the well-known seat of sir Thomas Mostyn, bart. built by his ancestor sir Roger Mostyn, in the reign of queen Elizabeth. The walks of Gloddeath may justly vie with any thing similar in the three kingdoms: those on the declivity are directed by the flexure of the hill, those on the plain are straight, diverging from a centre, in which is placed a statue of Minerva. The house is famed for it's library of ancient manuscripts, chiefly welsh. At the distance of a mile is *Bodscallen* a seat of sir Thomas Mostyn. It is a place of great antiquity, the situation is commanding and finely shaded by venerable woods.

Mr. Bingley made ANOTHER EXCURSION *to Caer Rhun*. Having passed the village of *Cyffin*, he found the vale of Conwy to afford many very interesting prospects. *Caer Rhun* the Fort of Rhûn, lies at the distance of five miles on the Llanrwst road. It is a charming little vilage on the western bank of the river, surrounded with wood. In the summer of 1801, the late rev. H. D. Griffith, had many apartments cleared, where was discovered several broken vases, dishes, &c.

From the road, near the bridge called *Pont Porthlwyd*, about 8 miles from Conwy, high up the mountain on the left, is a waterfall of very considerable height, called in the neighbourhood *Rhaiadr Mawr*, the great waterfall. Mr. Bingley ascended along a winding path, which conducted him to the bed of the river, a station where he saw it to the best advantage. The water runs from a pool among the mountains above, called *Llyn Eigiau*. He thought this waterfall the most grand and picturesque of any he had seen in North Wales. [see p. 1.]

On the road TO BANGOR, a truly mountainous and romantic country is presented, the hills of Flintshire and Denbighshire bearing no comparison in respect to picturesque beauty, with the rocky scenes of Caernarvonshire. Instead of being gentle in ascent, and covered with turf to their summits, they wear a savage and majestic face; are precipitous, rugged, and gloomy. *Sychnant*, the dry hollow, commences two miles from Conwy. The road descends along a steep betwixt the rocks. On one side is this deep and narrow vale; from the bottom arises *Penmaen bach*.

On the shore, near the beach, grow the chenopodium maritimum, geranium maritimum, and at a small distance the lathyrus silvestris, and l. napellus. The *peninsula of Gogarth* furnishes a delicious treat to the botanist. In the vicinity of *Gloddaeth*, mr. Evans found cistus marifolius, rubia tinctorum, thalictrum minus, arenaria verna, scrophularia vernalis, polypodium cambricum, veronia montana, v. spicato, scilla verna, potentilla verna, silene nutans, lysimachia thirsiflora, and geranium sanguineum. Near the Ormeshead, salicornia herbacea, cistus helianthimum, origanum vulgare, anthyllis vulnerario, and chlora perfoliata. On the sands, eryngium maritimum, crithmum maritimum, arundo arenaria, scilla verna, elymus arenarius, chelidonium corniculatum, and rosa spinosisima. On the shore is the beautiful pulmonaria maritima. Besides 12 which are included in the foregoing list, mr. Bingley found the following uncommon plants, in the course of his excursion round the *Creiddin*; viz. cotyledon umbilicus, salvia verbenaca, anethum fœniculum, orabance minor, sedum telephium, s. anglicum, spiræa filipendula, convolvulus soldanella, silene maritima, arenaria peploides, glaux maritima, chelidonium glaucium, geranium maritimum, cochlearia officinalis, brassica oleracea, b. monensis, crithmum maritimum, cratægus aria, ligustrum vulgare, cichorium intybus, juniperus communis, rubus saxatilis, plantago maritima, p. coronopus, geranium columbinum, borago officinalis.

The turnpike road TO LLANRWST lies on the right bank of the river Conwy, which winds through a luxuriant vale, bounded on one side by moderately rising hills, and on the other by the eastern termination of the Snowdon chain; a lofty barrier, sometimes clothed with wood, and sometimes exhibiting horrid precipices, with now and then a gaping chasm, whence dash impetuous waters. The scenery at *Porth Lwyd*, distant 7 miles, becomes highly interesting. The irregularities of the mountains continually changing their faces, from barren crag and fissured rock, to verdant down and wooded hill; while the opposite ones, rising in gentle slopes from the meads, furnish a constant variety to the admiring eye. The bridges of *Pont Porthlwyd* and *Pont Dolgarog*, are neat stone structures over their respective streams, issuing from Llyn Geirionydd and Llyn Cwlid. These rushing over the barrier, form two immense falls; the former nearly surrounded by woods, and it's perpendicular descent upwards of 180 feet. The lake of *Geirionydd* is famed as having had the residence of *Taliesin*, the prince of british poets, upon it's banks. Near the village of *Trefriw*, the river makes a sudden bend; the tide seldom reaches farther, and the depth of water only admits of vessels of burden to this place. From it's vicinity to the woods, a number of small vessels are built, and sent down to Conwy at the equinoctial tides. Small boats and numerous coracles are seen both above and below Llanrwst bridge, occupied chiefly in fishing. Mr. Skrine describes the scenery upon the banks of Conwy from the Ferry-house TO LLANRWST, as the most beautiful ever displayed.

To Llanrwst, 12 miles, Wyndham; Warner.
— Abergely, 11 miles, Wyndham; Pennant,
— Penmaen mawr, 5 miles, Bingley.
— Llandudno, 6 miles, Aikin.
— Aber, 9 miles, Skrine; Hutton.
— St. Asaph, 19 miles, Hutton.
— Llandudno, after visiting various parts of Gogarth, back to Conwy, thence to Llanrwst.—Evans.
— Bangor, 15 miles, Warner's 2d walk.

From Llangollen, 10 miles, Bingley; Wyndham; Hutton.
—— Denbigh, 2 miles, Aikin.
—— Cerig y Druidian, 10 miles, Evans; Warner.
—— Bala, 12 miles, Skrine.
—— Ruthin, 13 miles, Pennant.

CORWEN, (the white choir) Merionethshire, is a small neat market town, situated under a rock at the foot of the Berwyn mountains, on the southern bank of the Dee. The Church contains an ancient monument to the memory of Jorwerth Sulien, one of the vicars. In the church-yard is a very old stone pillar, which has been much ornamented. Near the church-yard is an alms-house, founded in 1709, by William Eyton, esquire, of Plâs Warren, Shropshire, for *six* clergymen's widows of Merionethshire. It is now occupied by only one. Upon the other side the river, opposite the town, is a british post, called *Caer Drewyn;* a circle of loose stones upon the summit of a steep hill, about a mile and a half in circumference, with the remains of circular habitations within. Owen Gwynedd is supposed by Lyttelton, to have occupied this post while Henry 2, was encamped on the opposite side of the vale. It was afterwards a retreat of the celebrated Owen Glyndwr. The whole circle is visible, at the distance of two miles from the town on the Llanrwst road. There is a good inn here, adorned with the gigantic features of Owen Glyndwr, the renowned and formidable opponent of Henry 2. Glyndwr is said to have attended divine service at Corwen church, where a door-way is shewn, now made up, through which he entered to his pew in the chancel. Upon the *Berwyn mountain*, behind the church is a place called Glyndwr's seat, whence, superstition says, he threw a dagger which fell on a stone and left an impression of it's entire length, half an inch deep, which stone forms a part of the door-way just mentioned. From Glyndwr's seat among the rocks, is a most charming prospect. The rich and delightful vale of Corwen expands to view, with the Dee in the centre. Here Glyndwr might view nearly 40 square miles of his own land. The rocks about Corwen abound with the lichen proposcidens, and rubus chamæmorus, called mwyar Berwyn, or the Berwyn mulberry; anglicè Dewberries.

While mr. Hutton was at Corwen he paid a visit to *Rug*, the seat of colonel Salisbury, successor to Glyndwr, as lord of Corwen, distant 3 miles. Here he "saw a dagger, knife, and fork, all in one sheath, but each had a distinct compartment, richly ornamented with silver, which Glyndwr usually carried. The knife and fork are rather slender. The dagger is about 17 inches long, 12 of which constitute the blade, which tapers to a point. At the end of the handle is his arms, consisting of a lion rampant and three flowers de lis, curiously engraven. The principal part of the handle is inlaid with black and yellow wood, banded with silver; and the shield at the top of the blade, a solid piece of the same metal, curiously wrought, but not much larger in circumference than a crown piece. The knife and fork must necessarily be sheathed first, which the shield covers, consequently, the dagger must be drawn first."

Mr. Skrine quitted the great road on his way to Vale Crucis Abbey, to make a digression to *Llandisilio*, the charming seat of mr. Jones, on the opposite side of the valley. The abbey is situated in a narrow recess, overshaded by a vast luxuriance of wood. No situation can be more delightful for monastic seclusion. [See Crucis Abbey.]

The distance from Corwen TO BALA, along the usual road, is eleven miles, but there is another which passes along the banks of the Dee, a mile or two longer, through the *Vale of Edierneon*. At the time that mr. Bingley travelled this way he found the road so bad as to be almost impassable, but whenever he could reach an eminence he found much to admire. At the village of *Cynwyd*, (the source of mischief) turning on the left about half a mile up a dell, appears *Rhaiadr Cynwyd* (the waterfall of Cynwyd). Around this cataract is much picturesque beauty, the water of the river Trystion, rushing in a furious torrent from the rocks above, dashes with a tremendous roar to the rugged bottom along which it rages. Passing the little church of *Llangar*, a little farther on the left, in a field called *Caer Bont*, is a small circular entrenchment, consisting of a foss and rampart, with two entrances. Upon a hill above this place, called *Y Foel*, is a circular coronet of rude pebbly stones; with an entrance to the east. Within was a circular cell. At the distance of 100 yds. are the reliques of a great carnedd, surrounded by large stones. At about a mile from Llandrillo, mr. Pennant crossed the Dee, at *Pont Gilan*, a bridge of 2 arches, over a deep and black water. "Beyond this spot," says our author, "the valley acquires new beauties, especially on the right. It here contracts; the road running at the foot of a brow, of a stupendous height, covered with venerable oaks. The scenery of this spot requires the pencil of a Salvator Rosa."

Passing *Llandrillo*, (the church of st. Trillo) at the distance of about 3 miles, mr. Bingley crossed the Dee to *Llanderfel*, another small village. The church was once remarkable as containing a vast wooden image of *Derfel Gadarn*, it's patron saint. The Welsh had a prophecy that this image should set a whole forest on fire. On the condemnation of dr. Forest for treason, in 1538, it was sent for and placed under him as fuel, when he was burned in Smithfield. Whether this proceeding was intended to fulfil the prophecy or destroy this object of the people's idolatry is uncertain. At some distance from Llanderfel-bridge, the valley almost closes; and at *Kalettur* it finishes with a nobly wooded eminence, above which soars the vast mass of the *Arrenig* mountains. Mr. Pennant advises the traveller, who does not choose to pursue his route, to follow the course of the Dee from Bangor, thro' the delightful tract which it waters, to Llangollen; thro' *Glyndwrnwy* to Corwen, and thence, thro' the matchless vale of *Edeirnion* to this spot.

On the left lies *Rhiwaedog*, or the bloody brow, famed for a battle between *Llywarch Hen* and the Saxons, in which he lost *Cynddelw*, the last of his 24 sons. Not far distant is a spot called *Pabell Llywarch Hen*, or the tent of the monarch; probably the house where he spent the latter part of his days. Others, say that having lost his patrimonial possessions, by opposing the encroachments of the Saxons and Irish, he retired to a hut at *Aber Cuog* (now *Dolguog*, near Machynlleth) to sooth with his harp the remembrance of misfortune. The house and estate of Rhiwaedog is now possessed by a descendant of the Llwyds, who very anciently were the inheritors. At *Pale* occurs the residence of the rev. John Lloyd. Near this gentleman's house is a druidic temple, in a very perfect state. It is situated in a wood surrounded by fine oaks. Formerly a woman took up her abode under this altar, who thence, made predatory visits to her neighbours in the night, to procure food for her daily sustenance. She lived there many years undisturbed. In a field adjoining the wood, is a stone chest, placed about a foot and a half below the surface of the ground. The side stones are about two yards in length, and the heads nearly one.

Mr. Bingley regained the highroad at two miles distance from Bala, when he visited LLAN FAWR (the great village). This is the supposed place of interment of *Llywarch Hen*, the cambrian prince, and most celebrated british bard and warriot, who flourished in the seventh century; and after a life of vicissitudes and misfortunes, died about the year 670, at the great age of 150 years. *Pabell Llywarch Hen*, lies not far distant from this place.

When mr. Bingley visited Corwen, he made a six miles' excursion TO PONT Y GLYN [which see], on the road to Llanrwst. The scenery of this walk has many beauties, especially from one place where the vale of Edeirneon is bounded by the lofty Jerwyn mountains.

The road from Corwen to Llangollen is generally a terrace, elevated above the Dee, presenting at every turn scenes of richness and romantic beauty.

Within three miles of Corwen in the road TO LLANGOLLEN, is *Sycharth*, (pronounced Sychyer) the name of a moat, once the residence of the celebrated Owen Glyndwr. [see Llangollen.]

Entering the *vale of Llangollen* or Glyndwrdwy, and rambling for some miles upon the banks of the famed Dee, the lofty Berwyn stretches it's high table land to the right, while the left is formed by gentle slopes and verdant meadows. Proceeding, the mountains put on a bolder aspect; and the valley with it's river, assume a more varied shape. The road sometimes leads to the acclivity of a mountain, and again drops into the lengthened vale; while the opposite side of the river consists of moderately wooded hills, clothed in all the luxuriance of forest foliage, and interspersed with villas and cottages. Descending into a rich bottom surrounded by woods, where a crystal stream issues from a fissured rock into a natural basen below; hence the boundary to the left opens in the small but beautiful *vale of Egwest*, through which a rapid stream from the mountains of Yale, flows into the Dee. The variety of the scenery increases in the approach to Llangollen.

To Bala, 12 miles, Bingley; Wyndham; Pennant.
— Llangollen, 10 miles, Alkin; Evans; Warner.
— Cerig y Druidian, 10 miles, Hutton.
— Vale Crucis Abbey, 9 miles, Skrine.
— Ruthin, 13 miles.

* * *

From Llanhithian Castle, 1 mile, Barber.
Commencement of mr. Malkin's Tour,
From Llandaff, 10 miles, Donovan; Wyndham; Skrine.
—— Caerdiff, 12 miles, Warner.

COWBRIDGE is a neat little corporate town in Glamorganshire, divided into two by a small river, which, at a short distance falls into the sea. In the year 1091, it was encompassed with a stone wall by Robert de St. Quintin. One of the gates remains in good condition, and is a bold gothic piece of building. The Free-school was endowed by sir Lhewelin, or Leolinus Jenkins, who was secretary of state in the reign of Charles 2. The Church is so singularly shaped that it appears at a distance like the embattled turret of an old fortress. Along the hills which recede to the sw. beyond the town, the great military road, carried through the county of Glamorgan may be readily traced, stretching in a broad straight line.

An Excursion from Cowbridge, made by mr. Malkin. At a short distance to the ne. of Cowbridge, is *Arburthen*, a village, which claims attention on no other account than that of presenting a rural and retired spot, highly ornamented by some remarkably neat white cottages, with small gardens. On the road to Welsh St. Donatts, in a very narrow lane, there is tree, for size and luxuriance, well worth the attention of those who are curious in such particulars.

Ystradowen, at the distance of 2 miles, is remarkable on account of the battle fought between Conan ap Sitsylht, and the Saxons; and still more for the meeting of the welsh bards, under the immemorial patronage of the Hensol family, at whose expense they were annually entertained, with every indication of native hospitality, on the 28th of May. The last assembly took place in 1720, in consequence of the death of Richard Jenkins, the last of the family. The house where the bards were entertained is still standing. On the road to Llantrissent is *Ashhall*, the residence of Richard Aubrey, esq. Mr. Malkin thought this one of the most desirable places in the country on a small and unaffected scale. "Viewed from a distance," says he, "it holds out no inducement for the traveller to deviate from his path; but when arrived there, he is surprised to find that, from an eminence, gentle and apparently inconsiderable, he commands the whole of the rich and fertile flat, between the spot he stands on and the British-channel, the view of which, on a bright day, with the Somersetshire and Devonshire hills beyond, is singularly beautiful; while the situation itself is skirted by a woody shelter, and emboldened by the range of hills bounding the prospect on the n. Leaving Ashall on the left, and keeping the boundaries of Hensol on the right, you enter on a road which carries you from the track of english conversation and polished inhabitants. But nature, growing wilder, as more retired, amply recompenses the picturesque traveller for the loss. The landscape becomes bolder and more woody; the hills are nearer, their magnitude more imposing; and the situation of *Llantrissent* which fills, with it's white buildings, the lofty pass between two craggy peaks, imparts no common interest to his progress towards the mountains. On gaining the church-yard you have a magnificent view, in which *Penlline Castle* forms a striking feature. The town of Llantrissent is very limited and irregular. The church is a large norman edifice. Of the Castle, little remains besides the fragment of a circular tower; but that little is worth visiting, for the sake of the situation and view. The parish of Llantrissent gave birth to sir Lhewelin or Leolius Jenkins. On passing the cleft on which the town stands, the change in the face of nature is very striking, and the contrast of character between a mountain valley and that which you have just left, rarely impresses itself more strongly. From this eminence *Castella*, a seat belonging to the family of Trahaern, is seen to much advantage. At the bottom of the long descent, the road on the right leads to Yr Evel Issa, and across the Taffe to Caerphily Castle; but the road to Pont y pridd, or the New Bridge, conducts you straight forwards up a hill, higher than that just descended. For 3 miles the road is very dreary, irregular, and almost impassable in a carriage. The change, on reaching the brow of a very steep hill, a mile in length, is instantaneous and delightful. The confluence of the Taffe and Rantha Vawr, the amphitheatre of hills, the stupendous bridge, the luxuriance of hanging woods, projecting masses of rock, all are rushed upon at once. The effect of the bridge is much more sensibly felt, if it be first seen from this eminence, than if your approach were from the Caerdiff road; and the vale of Taffe is seen to more advantage, by taking the turnpike road from Pont y pridd, than by coming up from either of those places. [see Pont y pridd.] The road from Pont y pridd to the *Bridgwater's Arms*, a respectable inn, passes along the river side, with which a curious canal keeps pace. This canal is a remarkable instance of art triumphing over natural obstacles. The course of the river continues dark, rocky, interrupted, and romantic. The hills, which close in the narrow vale, are lofty and precipitate, but clothed with an almost exhaustless magnificence of wood. Looking towards Caerdiff the hills crowd more obtrusively on the bed of Taffe, and the road passes gradually higher up the sides to the unspeakable gratification of the traveller. At *Porto-Bello*, where the road turns to the left for Caerphily Castle, the mountain along the side of which you journey, is romantically topped by a very picturesque castle in ruins. This is a most characteristic spot. The castle was a dependency on Caerdiff, and a sort of outpost. The tin-works at *Melin-Gruffyth*, four miles N. of Caerdiff, are perhaps the largest in the kingdom. Near this place, the road towards Llandaff crosses the canal, while the Caerdiff road lies straight forwards. There are few occurrences more gratifying to the mind, than the contrast of scenery higher up the vale, compared with that at Llandaff-bridge. The river from a rapid, noisy, shallow torrent, becomes gentle and glassy, like a lake. There is a turnpike-road from Llantrissent to Llandaff, running parallel with that just described and passing through *The vale of Elwy*. The character of the country here is altogether different; it affords, perhaps, the most advantageous specimen of richness and cultivation to be met with in Glamorganshire. At a short distance from *Llantrissent* on the right, are the ruins of an ancient monastery, dedicated to *St. Cawrdav*; which tho' of no great extent, is more distinct and complete than almost any thing of the kind remaining. On the left of the road about *Pentyrch*, are very extensive collieries, which abound, likewise, in iron-stone. One of these mines has been on fire many years. The country from Pentyrch to Llandaff is fine, without any very marked object, except an inscription at *Chapel Llanilterh* in the corner of the tower without, said to be to the memory of Arthur's wife. [see Llandaff.] Near Llandaff is the rural village of *St. Fagan's* which contains a castle of a somewhat modern construction. The descent by the castle wall is pleasing, and the bridge affords a fine view of the Elwy. A short distance brings the traveller into the high road between Caerdiff and Cowbridge, at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which he comes upon *St. Lythan's common*, affording one of the richest and most extensive, but not most picturesque views of this county, over the vale of St. Fagan's or Elwy, bounded by the northern mountains. At the edge of the common, on the right, as you proceed towards Cowbridge, is *Coedrrwglan*, a handsome brick house, prominently situated, the property of Lhewelin Traharn, esq. The village of *St. Nicholas* has nothing remarkable about it; but a road to the left leads to some ancient monuments, supposed to be druidic, near *Duffrin-house*, in a vale, with a village called Duffrin, about 6 miles SW. of Caerdiff. The monument at Duffrin is formed of five large stones. The supporting stone to the N. is 16 feet long. The length of the horizontal stone is 24 feet, and 17 broad in it's widest part. There are several other cromlechs within short distances, with carns or heaps of stones round them. On regaining the turnpike the first object of attention is *Cotteril*, on the side of the road from Caerdiff to Cowbridge, opposite the 5th mile stone. By the gate which enters into the park, grows a very magnificent wych elm, one of the largest in the kingdom. The whole premiles of Cotteril, the residence of mr. Lascelles, are very beautiful; the park abounds with picturesque inequalities, and the view from the house towards the hills is uncommonly fine. In a field just opposite is a very large stone, 10 or 12 feet high and 6 or more in width.

St. George's and *Peterston super Elwy*, have each of them their castles. In the church of the former place are some gothic monuments. The village of *Bonvilston*, contains nothing remarkable except a well wooded view of the flat, and some ornamented cottages.

Llantrythid Park abounds in romantic and picturesque spots. The house is said to have been built in the time of Henry 6. The windows are uncommonly large. One is 12 feet square, another 12 feet by 9, &c. In the church yard is a yew-tree, in perfect health, girth 18 feet 6 inches. From Llantrythid-park you enter upon a down which opens a fine prospect. The town of Cowbridge in the bottom, the hill and *church of Llanblethian*, with it's castle beyond and the boldly situated *castle of Penlline*, form a scene of much grandeur. On the left is *St. Hilary*. This situation almost vies with Coedrrwglan in point of boldness.

Between Cowbridge and Caerdiff, mr. Malkin visited the following places. *St. Mary's-church*, the road to which is through the prettiest, most woody, and picturesque part of Glamorganshire. The village contains nothing remarkable, but there is in an adjoining field, a Castle which chalenges the admiration both of the antiquary and architect. In mr. Malkin's work may be found a long and interesting history of this castle, with many ingenious conjectures respecting the beauty of it's architecture. He asserts that the porch and frontispiece of the chapel, with the exception of one infringement, are as chaste and exact, notwithstanding their comparatively small scale, as the most splendid of Inigo's designs, tho' executed before his time by a native of Glamorganshire. *Llancarvan*, celebrated as the birth-place of Caradoc the historian, who wrote the history of Cambria, from the abdication of Cadwallader to his own time. Of this work there were several copies preserved in the abbeys of Conwy and Ystradffiur. A translation, with improvements, has been done by David Powell.

Flemingstone, where are some remains of a castle, adjoining the church-yard. In this village lives mr. *Edward Williams*, author of two volumes of highly meritorious poems; a man who is capable of doing the world more service, than the world seems either willing to receive or return. His claims to distinction are founded on his knowledge as an antiquarian, profound and sagacious in every thing curious relating to the customs, manners, and history, of his native principality.

The village of *St. Athans*, having a castle built in the year 1091, standing on the edge of an extensive flat. A luxuriant wild fig-tree grows out of the cement of the chapel walls. Perhaps the Turkey fig-tree might be propagated with more success grafted upon this wilding, which probably originated in the cultivated fig, planted in the gardens of norman lords. From this spot is a good view of *Fonmore castle*, which is the most extensive and august of the welch inhabited castles. The kitchen is said to be the largest in the kingdom. Here is an excellent portrait of Oliver Cromwell. The two *isles of Barry and Scilly*, on the sea shore, derive their names from a saint, and a conqueror. The *Flat-holm* and *Steep* are seen from all this neighbourhood. *Michaelston le Pit*, an elegant villa, in a delightful retirement, belonging to mr. Rous. *Llandough*, distant two miles, standing on rising ground on the western side of Elwy river. Hence are fine views of Caerdiff, of Llandaff, and down the river to Penarth harbour. In this parish stands *Coggan*, a fine old gothic mansion, in the style of the 15th century, the property of the Marquis of Bute.

Wenvoe, the seat of Robert Jenner, esq., in the castle form; the grounds are well-wooded, agreeable, and diversified; the village is neat and pretty. Between Wenvoe and the Caerdiff road, lies *Caera*, where there is an entire roman camp occupying a hill of 10 or 12 acres, ablong, and nearly rectangular in figure. The parish church is situated within the works. The Porta Decumana is to be seen on the w., and at the e. end the General's tent. From this camp the traveller comes upon the turnpike-road, at the distance of about 400 yards, opposite to St. Fagans, and crosses Elwy-bridge, at no great distance. The flat is enlivened as he proceeds by *Pennarth*, it's harbour, and shipping; till White horse-bridge, over a small arm of the Taffe introduces him to the beautiful meadows leading up to Llandaff.

Mr. Warner from Cowbridge proceeded to *St. Quintin castle*, at the distance of a mile; thence to the sequestered village of LLANBETHIAN or St. Quintin's, and through a pleasing country to *Llantwit-major*, distant from Cowbridge 6 miles. [see St. Donat's.] Pursuing his route to the shore, he visited *Boverton Farm*, a spot which Camden endeavours to make the site of an ancient station. Mr. Warner's leading objects, in a visit to the coast, were to examine a natural cavern in the rock called *Rennel's Cave*, which when the tide is out may be entered to the extent of 60 yds.; and to examine the curious stratification of the cliff.

To Bridgend, 8 miles, Bingley.
An Excursion by B. H. Malkin, esq. hence to Caerdiff.
To Newton, after visiting Penline, Coity, Llanblythian, Llantwit-major, St. Donat's, Dunraven, Bridport, Llanblythian Castle,—Donovan.
— St. Donatt's, 6 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Warner.

* * *

From Penmorva, 3 miles, Pennant; Bingley.

CRICKAETH, is a little borough town, contributory to Caernarvon, situated on the N. end of Caerdigan-bay. Except the few remains of it's small Castle, it affords nothing which can claim the attention of the traveller: this is situated on rising ground, at the end of a long neck of land, jutting into the sea. The entrance into it is between two rounders, which are square within and appear to have been the only circular towers it had, the others are all square. There once were two courts, but neither of them large. Edward 1, is said to have founded this castle. From the eminence on which it stands, is an elegant view across the bay, towards Harlech, where is seen it's fine old castle, backed by the high and distant mountains of Merionethshire.

On his route to Caernarvon, mr. Pennant first crossed a little stream upon a bridge of three arches, at *Llan Ystyndwy*, a church and village, in a pretty wooded bottom. A little farther inland is *Plas Hen*, a seat of the Vaughan family. Cross the little river Arch at Aber-arch, near the church. At the distance of a mile reach *Pwllheli*, a magazine which supplies a large district with necessaries. It has a harbour for vessels of about 60 tons. The entrance is by a high rock called the *Gimlet*. Hence five miles inland to *Carn Madryn*, a lofty, rocky, insulated hill; noted for having been a strong hold of the sons of *Owen Gwynedd, Roderick* and *Malgwn*, to whom this part of the country belonged. The bottom, sides, and top are filled with cells, oblong, oval, or circular; once thatched, or covered from the inclemency of the weather. The summit was surrounded with a wall, still visible in many places. From the summit is an extensive view of the country, with the bay of Caernarvon on one side, that of Caerdigan on the other. *Sarn Badrig* is seen extending from Merionethshire it's dangerous length; more distant is seen South Wales, and Ireland; in front, the whole tract of Snowdonia. At the foot of this hill is *Madryn*, formerly the seat of the Bodvels, now of —— Parry, esq. From Pwllheli continued near the shore to *Llan Badrog*, along the sides of a noble bay, to *Tudwal's road*, sheltered by two islands of that name. In the promontory *Penrhyn du*, one of the points of this bay, attempts have been made to obtain lead, without effect. A little beyond is another bay, called *Hell's-mouth*, dreaded by mariners, being the Scylla to the Charybdis of *Sarn Badrig*, the extremity of which lies nearly opposite. In a short time, reached *Aberdaron*, a poor village, at the very end of Caernarvonshire, seated upon a sandy bay. The mouth of the bay is guarded by two little islands, called *Ynys Gwylan*. The small rivulet Daron empties itself here. In the church are two ailes, supported by four very handsome pillars. From this port, mr. Pennant took boat for BARDSEY ISLAND which lies about 3 leagues to the W. After doubling a headland, the island appeared full in view; passed under the lofty mountain which forms one side, and doubling the farther end, put into a little sandy creek, bounded by low rocks. Returned through the rapid current called the Race of Bardsey, between the island and the great promontory of *Braech y Pwll*, the canganum promontorium of Ptolemy: part of it is called *Maen Melyn*; the rest is a vast precipice, black and tremendous. After landing at Aberdaron, visited it's summit, and found the ruins of a small church, called *Capel Vair*, the chapel of our lady. Not far hence passed by the ruins of *Capel Anhelog*, the chapel without endowment. Passing a fertile bottom, ascended a lofty mountain, impending over the sea, called *Uwch mynydd*, on which are several circular hollows. Descended and passed by a large, and ancient house called *Bethelem*. Nor far hence, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, rises a high rock, called *Maen y mellt*, or the stone of lightning. Rode by *Cefn-amwlch*, and soon after to *Brynodol*, seats of the Griffiths. Hence visited the neighbouring shore, which is low and rocky, opening into frequent little creeks. Among these are *Porth Towyn*, *Porth Colman*, *Porth Gwylan*, and *Porth Usgadan*. Near the last, about the year 1750, a rock, which towered a great height out of the sea, was missed, after a horrible night of thunder and lightning. In the fields about Porth Gwylan grows samphire in abundance, on which cattle feed. The very extensive hundred of *Llyn* or Lleyn, is generally flat, but interspersed with most characteristic hills or rocks; none of which is so conspicuous as *Carn Madryn* and *Carn Boduon*. The houses of the common people are mean, and the district is in an unimproved state. The land is excellent for grazing, being watered by a thousand little rills. It is nearly destitute of trees, and neglected for the sake of the herring fishery.

Brynodol, situated on the side of a hill, commands a vast view of a flat woodless track, the sea, and a noble mass of mountains. The *Rifl hills*, Boduon, and the vast Carn madryn rise in the fore ground; and beyond these soars all Snowdonia, to the most remote mountains in the county of Merioneth, or rather Meireonydd. Hence descended into an extensive flat; reached *Porth yn Llyn*, a fine bay, guarded on the w. by a narrow head-land, jutting far into the sea; on part of it are the remains of strong entrenchments.

Separated from this bay by a small headland, is that of *Nefyn*; and near it a small town of the same name. Ascend a considerable way up the side of the high hill, and after a space of level ground, visited *Nant y Gwrtheyrn*, or Vortigern's valley, an immense hollow, to which Vortigern is said to have fled from the rage of his subjects. Imagination cannot frame a more secluded retreat. Just above the sea is a high and verdant mount; the sides marked with 8 prominent ribs, from top to bottom. Till the beginning of the 17th century, a tumulus was here, called *Bedd Gwrtheyrn*. The inhabitants of the parish dug into the carn, and found a stone coffin, containing the bones of a tall man. Emerged into a bwlch, between two summits of the Eifl mountains; a range, with sugar-loaf points, making a most distinguished figure from various and distant parts of the country. They separate Llyn from the hundred of Arfon, and jut into the sea near Nant y Gwrtheyrn. Across this hollow, from one summit of the Eifl to the other, extends an immense rampart of stones, or perhaps the ruins of a wall. Upon the Eifl is a perfect and magnificent british post, called *Tre'r Caeri*, or the town of the fortresses. The accessible side is defended by 3 walls. The facings of the two upper walls are very entire. The whole is almost filled with cells. Descended from this mount and ascended *Moelgarnguwch*, a hill of a conic form, upon the summit of which is a prodigious heap of stones, once a large tower, called by the country people *Arffedoged y Gowres*, or the apron-full of stones flung down by the giantess. Mr. Pennant saw from the Eifl several other lesser eminences fortified in a similar manner. He mentions also *Carn Mudryn*. the hill of Boduan, above Nefyn, covered with similar cells; *Moel ben Twrch*, between Tre'r Caeri and Penmorva; *Castell Gwgan*, remarkable for a small circular intrenchment; *Pen y Gaer*, on the other side of the pass which leads from Arfon to Llyn; all which make it probable that this country was the retreat of multitudes of Britons, to escape the first fury of the Saxons. Descended to the village and church of *Llan-Aethaiearn*. Near it is a fine well, once reputed for it's sanctity. Continued descending: on the right are the high conic hills of *Gern goch* and *Gern ddu*, the extremity of the long chain which extends obliquely from Snowdon, beginning at Talmignedd. Reach *Clynnog*, seated in a small grove near the shore, upon a plain, near the foot of the hills. The church is the most magnificent structure of it's kind in N. Wales, built in form of a cross; the length from E. to W. is about 138 feet, from N. to S. 70. Adjoining to the church is the chapel of *st. Beuno.* The passage to it is a narrow vault covered with great flat stones. In the midst is the tomb of the saint. Votaries to this saint are dipped in a neighbouring well, and then laid upon the tomb, where they remain all night. Mr. Pennant says, that he saw upon the tomb a feather-bed, upon which a poor paralytic from Merionethshire had lain all night.

Those who are curious in druidic antiquities, may see an uncommon cromlech on the farm of *Bachwen,* about half a mile from this place. The distance from Clynnog to Caernarvon is ten miles, upon a continual plain, the road excellent. Cross the Llyfni, a rapid stream flowing out of Llyn Nanlle. Upon the isthmus of Llyfni, opposite the house of Lleiar, there is said to be a strong *camp* called Carreg y Dinas. About 3 miles, turn to the left, to visit DINAS DINLLE, a vast mount of gravel and sand, upon the verge of a great marsh, on the shore. A large area comprehends the summit, surrounded by an amazing agger, apparently formed by the earth scooped out of the summit. Within are remains of foundations of buildings, of an oblong form, constructed with earth and round stones, and in one part is a tumulus. On the outside of the agger, in one part is a very deep ditch, with another high rampart. There is a regular entrance at one end; on the other, the ground slopes to the sea, and is quite open. Continue upon a turnpike-road; cross the Gwyrfai, at Pont Newydd, which flows from Llyn Cwellyn; and soon after cross the Seiont, and reach Caernarvon.

To Beddgelart, 3 miles, Bingley.
— Caernarvon, 27 miles, Pennant.

From Brecon, 14 miles, Malkin; Wyndham.
—— Abergavenny, 6 miles, Warner.
—— Llanthony Abbey, 8 miles, Skrine.

CRICKHOWEL, (from Crûg Howel, the rock of Howel) situated at the south-eastern extremity of Brecknockshire, is a decayed village, hanging on the side of a fine hill. There is in it an ancient palace of the Herberts. The wall is perfect towards the street, and the great entrance, with the porter's lodge, furnishes some idea of it's ancient magnificence. The parish Church contains some fine old monuments. Crickhowel is chiefly noticed for the beauty of it's situation, and the picturesque remains of it's castle, and embattled gateway. The opposite village of Llangattock is adorned with several handsome seats, inhabited by respectable families. Among these the mansion of —— Hotchis, esq. claims particular notice; lately possessed by Admiral Gell.

"The road to HAY lies through *Gwern vale.* There is also a village called *Llan Dair,* of no peculiar interest, near the foot of that ascending pile of gloomy grandeur and bardic celebrity called *Cadair Arthur.* At the distance of two miles, a narrow horse-path leads to the village and ruins of *Tretower,* both of which are highly picturesque. The road next winds along the side of a hill, overlooking the valley before mentioned. The church and village of St. *Michael Cwm Du* are at the head of it, with Bwlch and Hatteril overtopping them. This parish commands much fertility of soil, beauty of situation, and habitable comforts of rural retirement. The latter is indeed a most favoured village. "The traveller will find the crossing of the *Hatterel* laborious, but a sudden turn on the summit displays a most grand panaromic view. *Llynsavaddon* or *Langor's-pool,* immediately underneath, produces a singular effect. The other principal landmarks are the ridge of *black mountains,* south of Brecknock, closing up the south-west corner of the view; the villages of *Tretdusian* and *Talgarth* in the bottom; the undulating line of the Wye beyond, with *Brunllys Castle* on the Lunwy; while the champaign part of Radnorshire stretches due north as far as the eye will reach. On the summit of the next hill is *Dinas Castle,* now nearly level with the ground. There are some traces here of a subterraneous passage. "On descending from these haunts of mountain sheep, and ancient seats of unsociable and distrustful barons, the traveller (says Mr. Malkin; for here the compiler must avail himself of his author's own expressive and animated sentences) arrives suddenly at a spot, the most incongruous and unexpected that can be conceived in these simple regions. He finds himself translated at once to the Paragon, Prospect Place, Paradise Row, Mount Pleasant, or some such supreme court of finery, foppery, and folly, as occurs within a circle of five miles round London: a space which comprehends most of the architectural absurdities, and most of the horticultural deformities, to which a vitiated imagination has ever given birth. Yet does *Trevecca* seem, by combination, to have outdone them all. Here a gothic arch! there a corinthian capital! Towers, battlements, and bastions! peacocks cut in box, and lions hacked in holly! And who is it that has thus deluged his native country with bad taste? Is it a nabob, an innkeeper, or a dancing-master, who, having contrived to raise a fortune by one of those trades, which often prosper where better fail, prudently determines to record the event, and raise a triumphal monument on the site of his honest father's humble cottage? Nay, verily: it was a preacher of the gospel, professedly of the strictest persuasion and most mortified habits, namely John Harris, born on the spot on the 23d of January, 1714." He was the friend of Whitfield, and the first who introduced methodism into the principality. He died in 1773, leaving all his estates, to a common stock, for maintaining a neighbourhood which he had collected during his life. In 1803 there were 60 members in this extraordinary family. There is service in the house three times a day all the year round. *Bruallys Castle* is a little way to the left of the high road, on the bank of the river Lunwy. The village of *Talgarth* is pleasantly situated and rather neat.

On the road TO BRECON, mr. Warner notices that about five miles from the town, in the hedge, on the left hand, is a stone pillar, mentioned by Camden as having upon it the following inscription; "N——filius Victorini." Time has, however, obliterated all the letters except "Victor." In proceeding from Crickhowel to Brecon, mr. Skrine visited, by the way, the village and picturesque ruin of *Tretower*, and soon after began to ascend the mountain of *Bwlch*, which separates the two great vales of the Usk. As soon as he had emerged from the hollow of the pass, a new scene opened. On the right lay, extended, a dreary valley in front of the vale of Brecon; the Usk still flowing through romantic, tho' less cultivated, scenery. An excellent road is traced along the banks of this river to Brecon. The rapid Honddy, descends in a torrent from the hills, and unites with the Usk, just before the latter passes under the stately arches of the bridge at Brecon. On the south rises the hill of *Canthriff*, clothed from it's summit to it's base, with wood; while in another quarter, *Van*, the monarch of breconian mountains, exalts it's two majestic summits, with pre-eminent dignity.

To Hay, 18 miles, Malkin.
— Brecon, 14 miles, Warner; Skrine.
— Abergavenny, 6 miles, Wyndham.

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From Ruthin, 10½ miles, Bingley.
—— Llangollen, 3 miles, Pennant; Evans; Warner.
—— Corwen, 10 miles, Skrine.

"CRUCIS ABBEY, and VALE CRUCIS. This vale has been pronounced by several travellers to be one of the most beautifully secluded situations in the kingdom. It is surrounded by towering mountains and abrupt rocks, covered at their bottoms with wood and verdure. Here are the venerable remains of *Llan Egwest*, or *Valle Crucis Abbey*. From the road at a little distance, the fine gothic w. end, embowered in trees, and backed by the mountain, on the summit of which stands the remnants of Castell Dinas Bran, produces a scene finely picturesque. This abbey is indebted for it's name to the cross or pillar, which is in a meadow adjoining, next to the second mile-stone from Llangollen, called the Pillar of Eliseg. It appears to have been erected in memory of Eliseg, father of Brochmail, prince of Powys, by Concenn or Congen, his great grandson, the same who was defeated in 607 at the battle of Chester. It was once 12 feet long, but being thrown down, and broken, it's upper part only is left, which is 7 feet in length. The owner of the land caused this part to be placed on it's pedestal, in 1779. The beginning of the inscription, as copied by mr. Edward Llwyd, ran thus, "Concenn filius Cateli, Cateli filius Brochmail, Brochmail filius Eliseg, Eliseg filius Cnoillaine, Concenn itaque pronepos Eliseg edificavit hunc lapidem proavo suo Eliseg." The inscription is now illegible. This abbey was a house of Cistertians, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and founded by Madoc ap Gryffydd Maelor, lord of Dinas Bran, or Bromfield, about the year 1200. Three rows of groined arches, on single round pillars, support the dormitory, now a loft approached by steps from without. Part of the chimney in one of the bed-chambers is a relic of a sepulchral monument. The ruins of the Church and part of the abbey still remain. The church was built cruciform, in several styles of architecture; and furnishes a specimen of the ornamental gothic of the 13th century. The length of the abbey church is 180 feet, the nave 31, the side isles 13. A few of the arches are pure gothic, but those which support the tower, and several of the doors are mixed and ornamental. The east end is in the most ancient style, where the windows consist of long narrow slips, sharply pointed at top. The west end has a large window with three lancets; and under an arched door-way. Above is a small marigold window, of an elegant fret-work, with this inscription, "A. D. ADAM. D M s. fecit hoc opus. Pace beata quiescat. Amen." and under, the mutilated date, M. D. ,,,.... The pilasters which support the internal arches end in capitals of elegant foliage; and the mouldings of the arches are highly ornamental. In the north transept is a chapel, with two arches, and near it a double bénétier, or vessel for holy water. Adjoining the church is the abbey; to which the apartments of the abbot were contiguous. The front of the abbey was uncommonly grand. A large window, highly ornamented with stone tracery, which reached from the roof to the ground, is still visible, with three long lancets; and over them two others, with remarkable pilasters dropping from them. Within are the marks where stood a small narrow stair-case. The cloister is vaulted, and supported by rows of low pillars; now divided into apartments, which are appropriated for cattle; a farmer occupying part of it as a dwelling-house. The area of the church is overgrown with tall ash trees.

Returning from this place to Llangollen, Castle *Dinas Bran* may be most conveniently visited. [See Llangollen.]

Tracing the wooded banks of the Dee from Vale Crucis, mr. Skrine advanced towards the fine gothic bridge TO LLANGOLLEN, beautifully situated above the southern bank of the river, and almost surrounded by the impending ridge of the Berwyn mountains.

From the pillar of Eliseg there are two ways; one to Ruthin, along an excellent turnpike-road; the other is adapted only for the horseman or pedestrian, but far preferable, on account of the romantic views. Mr. Pennant returned by Valle Crucis, and after winding along a steep, midway to the old castle, descended, and after crossing the rill of the Bran, arrived in the valley of Glisseg; which is long and narrow, bounded on the right by astonishing precipices, divided into numberless parallel strata of white limestone, with some vast yew-trees; and on the left, by smooth and verdant hills, bordered by pretty woods. One of the principal of the *Glisseg rocks* is named *Craig Arthur*; one at the end of the vale called *Craig y Forwyn*, is bold, precipitous, and terminating in a vast natural column. Mr. Pennant says, "This valley is chiefly inhabited (happily) by an independent race of warm and wealthy yeomanry, undevoured, as yet, by the great men of the country." In order to get into the high road, he pursued a path up a steep ascent to the left; and about mid-way visited a house, once the residence of Edward Davies, a low partizan on the side of Cromwell. After continuing an ascent for a short space further, he reached the pass called *Bwlch y Rhiw Kelen*, and fell again into the great road. From the height above this place is a very extensive view of the hundred of *Yale*; after some descent, crossed the Alyn. Here a rill arises to water the vales of Mold, Hope, &c. Leave, a little to the left, a place called *Havod yr Abad*, the site of a country seat, belonging the abbot of Vale Crucis. Close to the road side lies *Tommen y Rhodwydd*, once a fortress known by the name *Castle of Yale*, built by Owen Gwynedd, about the year 1148. It consists of a vast artificial mount, with another still loftier, near one end, the keep of the place. These are surrounded with a great foss and rampart; and have only a single entrance. At present there is not a relic of the superstructure, which was probably formed of wood, as was customary with several ancient nations. Hence mr. Pennant crossed the country for about two miles to the village of *Llandegla*, noted for it's fairs of black cattle. About 200 yards from the church, in a quillet called *Gwern Degla*, rises a small spring, under the tutelage of st. Tecla, virgin and martyr; to which great ceremonials and superstition attach. Hence he visited the house of *Bodidris*, a large and ancient place, belonging the family of

Vaughan of Corsygedon. Bodidris takes it's name from Idris, son of Llewelyn Aurdorchog, the ancient lord of Yale. It stands in two counties, Flintshire and Denbighshire. *Llanarmon* is a village, the church of which is dedicated to st. Germanus, bishop of Auxerre; who, with st. Lupus, contributed to gain the Victoria Alleluiatica over the Picts and Saxons, near Mold. Sepulchral tumuli are very frequent in this parish. "I was present," says mr. Pennant, "at the opening of one, composed of loose stones and earth, covered with a layer of soil about two feet thick, and over that a coat of verdant turf. In the course of our search, were discovered, towards the middle of the tumulus, several urns made of sun-burnt clay, of a reddish colour on the outside, black within, being stained with the ashes they contained. Each was placed with the mouth downwards, upon a flat stone; above each was another, to preserve them from being broken by the weight above. Mixed with the loose stones, were numerous fragments of bones; such as parts of the thigh bones, the arm-bones, and even a scull. These had escaped the effects of the fire of the funeral pile, and were deposited about the urns; which contained the residuum of the corpse, which had been reduced to pure ashes." The country now grows contracted, by the approximation of the hills. On one side, in the township of Tre'r Yrys, are rocky ledges of limestone, rich in lead-ore. On the left are the Clwydian hills, which divide this country from the vale of Clwyd. There is a pass through these hills, lying between the summits called ***Moel Eithinen***, and ***Moel Fenlli***, called ***Bwlch Agricla***, or the pass of Agricola, probably the road of that chieftain to Mona. ***Moel Fenlli***, on Benlli's hill has upon it a strong british post, guarded by dikes and fosses. In 1770, when mr. Pennant passed Llanverres, the church was rebuilding, chiefly by the bounty of mrs. Catherine Jones of Clommendy. It is evident the Romans have been resident in these parts, from the number of coins found in this neighbourhood, particularly denarii. Crossed the turnpike-road between Mold and Ruthin; which after a long ascent, passes ***Bwlch Pen y Barras***, a spot extremely worthy of the traveller's attention, on account of the beautiful view over the vale of Clwyd. Mr. Pennant's route led him hence eastward along the great road, into the county of Flint. Within 2 miles of Mold, he examined long the charming vale which opens with exquisite beauty from *Vron*, the seat of the ingenious Richard Williams, esq. Cambria here lays aside her majestic air, and condescends to assume a gentler form. This was anciently called *Ystrad-Alun*, or the dale of the *Alun*, a comat in the cantref y Rhiw; inhabited by a hardy race, at perpetual feud with the men of Cheshire on one side, and the men of Yale upon the other. A delicious composition is here presented of fine rich land bounded by gentle risings, watered by the Alun, and varied with a pretty town and fine church in the middle; with numerous seats, groves, and well cultivated farms. Among the former appears conspicuous, *Leeswood*, the creation of sir George Wynne, rising palace-like, along a fine slope upon the south side of the vale, surrounded by woods and lawns; a sad mausoleum of fugacious wealth. The distant view, includes the estuaries of the Dee, Weever, and Mersey; the hills of Cheshire, and the more remote range of those of Shropshire, Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Westmoreland and Cumberland. Hence to the town of MOLD is a pleasant ride.

To Llangollen, 3 miles, Bingley; Skrine.
Back to Llangollen, Wyndham; Evans; Warner.
To Mold, 20 miles, Pennant.

From St. Asaph, 6 miles, Pennant; Bingley; Hutton.
—— Holywell, 16 miles, Aikin.
—— Ruthin, 8 miles, Warner.
—— Llanrwst, 18 miles, Wyndham.
—— Bassingwerk Abbey, 15 miles, Skrine.

DENBIGH, or Denbeh; (it's ancient british name was Castel Kledvryn yn Rhôs, the craggy hill in Rhôs) the county town of Denbighshire, is situated on a rocky declivity, the summit of which is crowned by the fine ruins of it's Castle, nearly in the centre of the vale of Clwyd. The streets are, except one, very irregular, and the houses ill built. The entrance into the castle is through a large gothic arch, which was formerly flanked by two octagonal towers, now in ruins. In a niche over the gate is a figure of it's founder Henry de Lacy, earl of Lincoln, who lived in the time of Edward I. The castle is strong, and has been built in the common manner, by two walls, between which was poured a mixture of hot mortar and rough stones of various sizes; when this became cool it formed a very hard mass. The castle, and inclosed part of the town, took up a very considerable space, and were defended by strong walls and towers. There are two gates to the outmost precinct: that called the Burgesses tower, is large and square, built with small ashler stones; the other was called the exchequer gate, in which the lord's court was kept. Some few houses, with most beautiful views, are inhabited in this part. Here stands the chapel, called St. Hillary's, formerly belonging to the garrison now the place of worship for the town. Not far from it are the remains of an unfinished church, 175 feet long, and 71 broad, designed to have been supported by two rows of pillars. This noble fragment was begun in 1579, by Robert Dudley, earl of Leicester, one of the favourites of queen Elizabeth, who incurring the dislike of the people, was induced to leave the church in an imperfect state. From this summit is an extensive view. The vale is luxuriantly expanded, while the sterility of the mountainous boundary, on each side, produce a striking contrast, and finely relieve the picture between. The castle of Denbigh is seen with the greatest advantage from the road to Ruthin. Elevated on the summit of a rock it has a grand appearance, and the scenery is open and varied; indeed the views all the way to Ruthin are interesting. This rich vale is bounded at a distance by the Clwydian hills. The Priory of Carmelites, or White Friars, stood at the bottom of the town. It was founded by John Salusbury of Lleweni, who died, as appeared from a mutilated brass, found in the conventual church, March 7, 1289.

The Bull and the Crown are the principal inns.

The parish Church is at *Whitchurch*, about a mile distant on the road to Ruthin, in which is a stone monument to the memory of Humphrey Lloyd, the antiquary, in the attitude of prayer; and in the porch is a small brass of sir Richard Middleton, governor of Denbigh Castle in 1576. Several of this gentleman's sons were men of distinguished characters, particularly the third, named William, a sea-captain and an eminent poet; his education was at Oxford. It is said that he with capt. Thomas Price, of Plâsyollin, and a capt. Koet, were the first who smoked tobacco publicly in London, and that people flocked from all parts to see them. Pipes were not then invented, so they used the twisted leaves or segars. The invention of pipes is usually attributed to sir Walter Raleigh; but he was too much a courtier to smoke in public, especially in the reign of James, who wrote a book against the practice under the title of "The counter-blast to Tobacco." Thomas the 4th son was lord mayor of London and founder of the family of Chirk castle. His sixth son, Hugh, projected and brought to perfection the great design of supplying the city with water, in 1613; but he sacrificed his fortune in this undertaking, and the ingratitude of the citizens allowed him to submit to become a hireling surveyor.

The road TO HOLYWELL, through Caerwys, lies across the vale of Clwyd. At the distance of 3 miles to the right, is a grand brick building which mr. Warner says is a bleachery, belonging to lord Kercol. The beautiful cottage of mrs. Lloyd is near this place. At *Pen y bawn*, an elevation about a mile on this side of Holywell, a picture of prodigious extent and variety greets the beholder. Arran, Cader Idris and Snowdon, are easily distingushed among the thousand hills of Merioneth and Caernarvonshire. Holywell appears to the east; beyond it the rivers Dee and Mersey, backed by the Lancashire coast. To the south east is seen a part of Chester.

From Denbigh, on his way TO RUTHIN, mr. Pennant passed to *Gwaenynog*, a house two miles distant, fronted by majestic oaks. The finely wooded dingles belonging to the demesne, were judiciously cut into walks by the owner John Mydelton, esq. He then visited *Henllan*, the parish church of these parts; remarkable for the schism between church and steeple; the first having retreated into the bottom, the last maintained it's station upon the top of the hill. The church was covered with shingles, a species of roof almost obsolete. Not far distant, on the banks of the brook Meirchion, are the remains of a seat of *Mereddydd ap Meirchion*, or Merach y Meirch, lord of Isdulas. The chapel is now standing, used as a farm-house. Hence, after a ride of a few miles, reached *Dyffryn Alled*, a narrow vale, bounded by high hills, and ornamented by a modern magnificient seat, built by *mrs. Meyric.*

At the head of the valley stand the village and church of Llansannan,

On his way to *Gwytherin*, celebrated for receiving the remains of st. Winefrede after her 2d death, mr. Pennant descended a very steep wooded dell, in the township of *Penared*, to visit the gloomy cataract of *Llyn yr ogo*, where the Alled tumbles into a horrible black cavern, overshaded by oaks. Somewhat higher is another, exposed to full day, falling from a vast height, and dividing the naked glen. *Llyn Alled*, the small lake from which the river flows, lies at a short distance, amid black and heathy mountains. The little village and church of Gwytherin stand upon a bank, at the head of a small vale, near the rise of the Elwy. In the church is shewn the box in which the reliques of st. Winefrede were kept before their removal to Shrewsbury. Here is also an ancient grave-stone, with a flowery cross and chalice. On the N. side stand 4 rude upright stones. On Pennant's return to Gwaenynog, he followed the course of the Elwy, by *Havodynos*, the seat of Howel Lloyd, esq. by the church and village of *Llangerniew;* by *Garthewin*, the seat of Robert Wynn, esq., commanding a most lovely view of a fertile little valley, bounded by hills, and covered by hanging woods. Thence by *Llanvair Dôthaearn*, a village and church, at a short distance above the conflux of the Elwy and Alled. In this parish was one of the residences of *Hedd Molwynog*, descended from Roderic the great, king of all Wales. A large moat called *Yr Hên Llys,* marks the place. From Gwaenynog he passed beneath Denbigh Castle, visited *Llanrhaider*, a village in the middle of the vale, the Church of which is still remarkable for an east window of very entire painted glass, expressing the root of Jesse. Here is a vast monument of Maurice Jones, of Llanrhaider, esq. In the church-yard is a tomb of a gentleman who choose to build his fame on a long genealogy. From an eminence to the NW., called *Cader Gwladus*, or Gwladus's chair, is a beautiful view of the vale between Denbigh and Ruthin. At the foot of this rising is *Fynnon Ddyfnog*, a fine spring, inclosed in an angular wall, decorated with small human figures. Contiguous are some comfortable Alms-houses for 8 widows, founded by mrs. Jones, Llanrhaider, in 1729. Each of them has her garden, and 2s. per week. On the road TO RUTHIN, upon an estate of sir William Bagot, are some uncommonly fine chesnut trees; a species introduced into this country by the Romans. Ruthin is entered under Porth y Dwr, it's only remaining gate.

To Ruthin, 8 miles, Pennant; Wyndham; Aikin; Hutton.
— Holywell, 16 miles, Warner.
— Caerwys, 10 miles, Wyndham's 2d. tour.
— St. Asaph, 6 miles, Skrine.
Back to St. Asaph, Bingley.

From Caernarvon, 9 miles, Hutton.

DINAS DINLLE, lies south of Caernarvon, close to the sea, and is supposed to have been a roman fort. It consists of an extensive flat upon the shore; about 70 acres of which is covered with a hill which gently rises from the east and south, to the height of 20 yards, and terminates in a precipice on the west, where is the sea, and on the north a swamp. This is the work of nature. The work of art is no more than a large agger or trench, round the highest part of the hill. The area at the top is about 12 acres, exclusive of the surrounding mounds. The soil thrown out of the trench on each side forms the two mounds; the internal is much the largest. The trench is about 6 yards deep, but was originally deeper. Towards the north of the area is a small circular rise, 20 yards in diameter, upon which probably stood a watch-tower. There is no mound next the sea; the place was secure without one; it could only be assailed on the east and south. Half the prospect, from this eminence is sea, including the south of Anglesea, which from this point, has not an agreeable aspect; but the east view, over cultivated meadows, bounded by the rivals, Gwern Goch, the Cader, Mynedd Vawr, Moel Elian, &c., is charming.

On the left of the road TO CYNOG about half a mile beyond the village of Llandwrog are the grounds of *Glynllivon*, the seat of lord Newborough. Approaching the *Rival* or *Eifl* mountains, they assume a grand aspect.

To Clynog, 6 miles, Hutton.

From Mallwyd, 1½ miles, Hutton; Warner.
—— Bala, 22 miles, Pennant; Evans.
—— Machynlleth, 12 miles, Skrine.
Back from Mallwyd, Pennant.

DINAS MOWDDWY, is pleasantly situated at the junction of three vales, formed by ranges of lofty mountains, on the shelf of a rock beneath *Craig y Dinas*, on the banks of the Kerris, where it empties itself into the Dovy. Neither mr. Aikin, nor mr. Bingley, appear to have visited this place, yet it did not escape the diligent curiosity of mr. Pennant, the Rev. J. Evans, mr. Skrine, and mr. Hutton; the last of whom describes his visit as follows. "Having understood that this place held a considerable eminence in the comparison of welch towns, and the property of the ancient family of Mitton; that it was one of the five lordships in Wales which were independent manors, and exempted from tribute to the prince; that it held a government within itself, consisting of a mayor and alderman, with all the magnificent insignia and ornamental trappings of a corporation, I wished to visit this favoured place, but my way did not lie through it. Being detained, however, at Mallwyd by the rain, and Dinas Mowddwy distant only a mile and a half, I watched the opportunity of a fair gleam, left the company I had accidentally met at the inn, to their wine and their conversation, and stole a visit to this important place. Enquiring my way at a cottage, there appeared about half a dozen young people, who, observing a dress different from their own, and hearing an english voice, treated me with a horse laugh. A senior reprimanded them. The situation of Dinas Mowddwy is romantic, singular, and beautiful, upon a small flat made by nature and improved by art, on the declivity of a mountain prodigiously elevated, and nearly perpendicular, on the left descending to the town; and on the right continuing the same steep down to the river Dovy, which washes it's foot. The road winds round the hill in the shape of a bow, and the houses take the same curve. It appears to the observer, a town suspended upon the side of a mountain. Curiosity led me to count the houses, which were 45. One of these, by far the best, is worth at a fair rent, perhaps 50 shillings per annum. This, I concluded, must be the parsonage, for who would deny the best to the priest? but finding there was no church, I understood this mansion was dignified with "The Hall." In most of the houses I perceived that the inhabitants could not injure themselves by falling down stairs. Altho' in England I appeared like other men, yet at Dinas Mowddwy I stood single. The people eyed me as a phenomenon, with countenances mixed with fear and enquiry. Perhaps they took me for an inspector of taxes; they could not take me for a window-peeper, for there were scarcely any to peep at, and the few I saw were in that shattered state which proved there was no glazier in the place. Many houses were totally without glass. Ambition here seems wholly excluded. The dress of the inhabitants changes not: It is made for use, not show. That of the softer sex, I was told, is a flannel shift. I did not see the smallest degree of smartness in the apparel, even of the young females. When a man chooses a wife here it must be more for the kernel than the shell. I have reason to think their style of living is as plain as their dress, for a swelling in front, from luxury, is rarely seen. One of the curiosities I saw, was a goat feeding, much at ease, upon the ridge of a house. Perhaps the people within, did not fare much better than the goat without. Returning, well pleased with my visit, I remarked to my landlord at Mallwyd, a civil intelligent man, that I could not conceive the whole property of the united inhabitants of this celebrated town exceeded 600*l.* "I can tell you, to a trifle," said he, "for I know every one of them well." After a short pause he replied, "It does not exceed 240*l*!" If care be the concomitant of wealth, these people must be happy; and their circumscribed style of existence seems to declare it. I saw neither a beggar nor a person in rags."

The Rev. J. Evans says, "That this was once a place of more consequence than it's present state indicates, cannot be denied; indeed the annals of Wales [vid. Warrington] notice it, as having been the seat of a chieftain; and it's vicinity the scene of feats of valour and barbarity. But that it was ever a place endowed with all the privileges of a powerful corporation, bearing the ensigns of majesty, and exhibiting the pomp and paraphernalia of a proud commercial city, is an idea almost too extravagant to find admission in the regions of imagination." Mr. Evans appears very much piqued at mr. Hutton's witicisms on the parsonage, the alderman, and mayor; yet he immediately adds, "Mr. Pennant says, it is governed by a mayor, alderman, recorder, and several Burgesses; that the mayor tries criminals; and the recorder, in the absence of the lord, matters of property not exceeding 40s. That they still preserve the insignia of power; the mace, standard measure, stocks, whipping-post, and the vag-vawr or great fetter. But he does not say when, or by whom this charter was granted; nor how long it's inhabitants have been thus enfranchised." At Dinas Mowddwy nature assumes her rudest dress, and rocks appear piled upon rocks, while the southern base of Cader Idris seems to deny a further passage. Gaining, however, one of the subordinate summits, mr. Skrine surveyed with rapture the vale he had before quitted, and the towering summits of Cader Idris. From this spot Dolgelley appeared to great advantage, with it's high tower, and the gothic arches of it's old bridge. Returning to Dinas Mowddwy, he penetrated into the recesses of those heights, in which the *Dovey* rises, and was gratified with a grand display of mountains, rocks, and torrents, with which nature has decorated this wild and romantic track. He then re-entered Montgomeryshire at MALLWYDD.

On the road TO DOLGELLEY, a grand pass through the openings of the Cader chain; which, comprehending the *Arrans* and the *Arrenigs*, forms nearly a right angle with the Ferwyn. It winds delightfully beside the rude mountain *Craig y Gwyni*, or the White Rock, which forms a lofty wall on the right; while that on the left is of various slopes, with here and there a miserable cottage peeping in the different directions of the cwms; the *Kerris* widely flowing over a rocky bed in the vale. Near the top of Craig y Gwyni are some deserted lead-mines. On the left is *Bwlch Oer Ddrws*, noted for having been one of the three places, where after the death of Glyndwr, the principal inhabitants of several districts assembled to form compacts to enforce virtue and order, having recourse to legal opression. Three miles of steep stony road introduces the town of Dolgelle.

TO BALA the road passes through *Llan y Mowddy*, over *Bwlch y groes*, and down the hills of *Bwlch y Pawl* and *Rhyd y bont*, along the south-east side of the lake of Bala.

To Mallwyd, 1½ miles, Hutton § Skrine.
— Dolgelley, 9 miles, Evans.
— Bala, 22 miles, Warner.
— Llanvair, 20 miles.
— Mallwyd and back again; hence to Dolgelley, 9 miles, Pennant.

From Caerwent, 1 mile, Cox; Barber.

DINHAM, Monmouthshire, is a poor village, consisting of a few farm houses and cottages. It is with difficulty that the low remains of it's Castle, obscured by trees, can be discovered. The site is on a gentle eminence near the borders of the forest of Wentwood. In the neighbourhood, this ruin is called the "Old chapel."

LLANVAIR CASTLE is situated on a small rise about two miles from Caerwent, on the road to Usk.

To Llanvair Castle, 2 miles, Barber.
Back to Caerwent, 1 mile, Coxe.

From Rhuddlan, 2½ miles, Bingley.
— Downing, 10 miles, Pennant.

DISERTH, in Flintshire. The Church of this village stands in a romantic bottom, overshaded with several large yews. There are some good paintings in the E. window, and on the S. window of the chancel is inscribed, "Sir John Conway, 1636," and on the porch "1603. A. Reg. 45." The yard contains some singular tomb-stones; two in particular have a simicircular stone upon their tops. Also an ancient cross, adorned with wreaths, and another with some traces of a human figure, now placed as a stile. Upon the altar-tomb is a rude cross and sword. The Castle called sometimes *Gerri Castle, or Castell y Craig* stands on the summit of a high lime-stone rock, at the distance of half a mile from the village. It's remains are trifling, consisting of a few shattered fragments only. There is hence a fine prospect of part of the vale of Clwyd. The time of it's foundation is unknown. It was fortified by Henry 3, about 1241, and appears, from Dugdale, to have been the property of the Earls of Chester; for he remarks, that when that family became extinct, Diserth and Diganwy castles were in 13 Hen. 3, annexed to the crown. A-about 20 years afterwards they were both destroyed by Llewelyn ap Gryffydd.

Mr. Bingley says, that he found the following plants on the Castle-hill, growing plentifully, Veronica spicata, cistus marifolius, cistus helianthemum, thalictrum minus, geranium sanguineum, conyza squarrosa, and carduus marianus. In a field, a little to the s. is a ruinous building, called *Siamberwen*, (the White Hall,) said to have been the house of *sir Robert Pounderling*, a valiant knight, who was the constable of the castle. Of this illustrious hero Leland relates the following story. Being famed for his valour, he was challenged, at a tournament, by a gentleman of Wales, who in the combat struck out one of his eyes. Being afterwards, in the english court, he was requested to challenge him in return, but he wisely shewed that he had prudence as well as valour, for he declined a second combat, saying that he did not intend the Welshman to knock out his other eye. *Moel Hiraddug*, a british post, is stationed upon a very steep and rocky hill, to the s., with an immense agger of loose stones upon the accessible part. At a place called *Marion*, are long deep trenches, out of which minerals have been dug. On the summit of the hill is a great bed of beautiful red spar. *Cwm Church* is embosomed with hills, and fronts the vale of Clwyd. From the top of one of the hills which surround the village, issues a water forming a beautiful cascade, which rises from a small well, called *Fynnon-Asa*, or St. Asaph's well, in a dingle in Cwm parish, distant one mile. The height of the cascade is 17 yards, concealed between two arches of the rock, behind which it has worn a passage.

The surrounding country to Conwy is hilly but pleasant, and the road good.

To St. Asaph, through Rhyddlan, 8 miles, Bingley.
To Rhyddlan, 2½ miles, Pennant.
To Abergeley, 8 miles.

From Llanberis, 4 miles, Pennant.
—— Beddgelart, over Snowdon, 11 miles, Warner.
—— Snowdon, Hutton.

DOLBADERN CASTLE, is the only remaining one in all the narrow passes. It is constructed of the schistose stone of the country, and mortar made of marine shells. It stands between the two lakes of Llanberis, and 8 miles east of Caernarvon. As it was impossible for an enemy to climb the chain of mountains, which are a guard to Caernarvonshire and Anglesea, and as there were five narrow passes, the Britons secured each with a castle: this was the central. What remains is a round turret only, it's inner diameter ten yards, and twenty-five high, which seems to have been the principal part of this fortress, for it occupies the whole of a small round elevated rock. One of the bastions of Caernarvon castle is nearly the size of this; it could not accommodate more than 15 men. The british race of kings acted on a small scale compared with the norman. It is called Castell Dolbadarn, or the castle of Padarn's meadow, on account o having been erected on the verge of a piece of ground, called Padarn's meadow, supposed to have been the place to which a holy recluse of that name retired. In this castle Owen Goch was confined for upwards of 20 years, for having joined in a rebellion against his brother Llewelyn ap Jowerth, the last prince of Wales. It seems to have been long in ruins, for in Leland's time there was only a piece of a tower left. [For an account of a contiguous cataract, &c. see LLANBERIS.] Near this castle grows phalaris arundinacea and bryum alpinum. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this ruin as it appears from the lake; the promontory on which it stands; it's image reflected from the crystal waters, the lofty mountains on each side; the upper lake stretching to the church of Llanberis, with Snowdon in the back ground; while the waters rushing from the upper into the lower lake, form a fine natural canal. *Elyn Peris*, tho' not of such large dimensions, is not less beautiful. It furnishes the botanist with subularia aquatica, nymphæa alba, alisma natans, isoetes lacustris, sparganium simplex, and s. natans.

Somewhat short of 1½ miles from Dolbadern Castle, close by the horse-path leading to Caernarvon, is a very old farm-house called *Ty Dû*, the Black House, formerly the property of *Dr. Goodman*, who was bishop of Gloucester in the reign of Charles I. Since this time the house has been the residence of *Foulke Jones*, another singular character, noted for uncommon strength, who died about the year 1795, aged 57.

To Llanberis, 4 miles, Bingley; Evans; Hutton.
— Caernarvon, 8 miles, Warner.
Over Snowdon to Bedgellart. [See Snowdon.]

From Mallwyd, 9 miles, Pennant.
—— Barmouth, 10 miles, Bingley.
—— Towyn, 18 miles, Aikin.
Back from Cader Idris, Aikin.
From Dinas Mowddwy, 9 miles, Evans.
—— Cader Idris, Warner.
—— Machynlleth, over Cader Idris, 44 miles, Warner; the direct road is 26 miles.
—— Barmouth, Warner's 2d walk, 12 miles, the direct road.
—— Machynlleth, by Llyn trigrasenyn, 26 miles, Wyndham.
—— Festiniog, 18 miles.
—— Tan y Bwlch, 18 miles, Skrine.

DOLGELLY (the dale of the hazle), is the principal market town in Merionethshire, where the summer assizes are held. It is situated in a wide and fertile vale between the rivers Arran and Wnion, and surrounded on all sides by high, and, in many parts, wooded, mountains. The streets are irregular and the houses mostly ill built. The Market-house is a low square building, and the Town-Hall is scarcely distinguishable. It's manufactory of welch flannels employs a great number of hands. The Church is a decent edifice of lime-stone, having a handsome tower and large nave. The seats are forms, and the floor is paved with lime-stone flags, a circumstance uncommon in Wales. The principal inn is the *Golden-Lion*, or Plas Isa (the lower house). The Golden-lion is mentioned by some travellers as an inn where post-horses may be had; while sir Richard Hoare says that Dolgelly, like Llandilo in S. Wales, has the worst quarters in the finest situation." This town is seen to the greatest advantage from the Machynlleth road at the distance of about two miles, and like many welch towns is only pleasing at a distance. The prospects from a spot called the Bowling-green, are singularly fine. The threatening summit of CADER IDRIS, the northern ascent to which appears nearly perpendicular lends it's wonderful display of mountain sublimity; a train of subordinate inequalities, stretching their indignant eminences along it's base. This mountain is generally ascended from Dolgelly, which is within the distance of 6 miles from it's summit. Guides may be had thence.

Sir R. Hoare asserts that he "knows of no place in the principality, whence so many pleasing and interesting excursions may be made; and where nature bears so rich, varied, and grand an aspect as at Dolgelly." The ride to Dinas y Mowddu, and thence to Bala over the mountains, and back through the vale in which the river Dee takes it's rise, affords much fine scenery. At the upper end of the lake of Bala is the roman station of *Caer Gai*, situated upon a gentle eminence close to the road side.

The WATERFALLS in this vicinity are also a considerable attraction to the tourist; these are *Rhaiadr du* (the black cataract); *Rhaiadr y Mawddach* (the fall of the river Mawddach); and *Pistyll y Cayne* (the fall of the Cain). The first is about 5, the two latter about 8 miles from Dolgelly, and all of them near the high-road leading towards Maentwrog.

AN EXCURSION TO THE WATERFALLS,

BY THE REV. W. BINGLEY.

"In setting out on this expedition from Dolgelly, I left the road, and went along a foot path to the right, a few hundred yards before I reached the bridge at Llanelltyd. I wandered about a quarter of a mile across the meadows, when I came to an avenue of aged sycamores, which led to the remains of an abbey, not visible from the road, called by the Welsh, Y Vanner, and by, Tanner, *Kymmer Abbey*. Part of the church of this monastery only is left, and the refectory and abbot's lodging are built into the adjoining farm-house. The E. end is the most perfect, and through it's thick covering of ivy I observed 3 small lancet windows. Against the S. wall are a few small gothic pillars and arches, and an aperture in the wall in which was probably kept the holy-water; in this part of the building there has also been a semicircular door opposite to two small arches, and near them a mutilated stone, representing the head of a human figure. The space of ground which these walls enclose is very inconsiderable, and from the great plainness of the building, it will scarcely form a picture from any point of view whatever. Tho' it is little more than a mile distant, it is scarcely known in Dolgelly. I enquired for it in vain as Kymmer Abbey, for the only name it has there is *Y Vanner*. It was founded, according to mr. Robert Vaughan, in 1198, by Meredith and Griffith, lords of Merioneth, and sons of Cynan ap Owen Gwynedd, prince of N. Wales. The monks were of the Cistercian order, and the abbey was dedicated to st. Mary. "Returning from the abbey, I crossed the bridge at Llanelltyd, and went along the vale leading towards Maentwrog. The first water-fall I came to was *Rhaiadr du*, this is in the grounds of W. A. Maddocks. esq. at *Dol-y-Melynllyn*, (the home of the yellow pool). It is a double fall, about 60 feet high, and the water foams with a thundering noise among the black rocks down which it falls. These rocks give to the scene a singular appearance, from their being in many places covered with a pure white lichen. The trees on one side of the stream had been lately cut down, but the lively and varied green of those on the other, formed an elegant contrast to the almost jet black rocks with which they were intermixed. The torrent rolls into a small deep bason, where it is dashed along a rugged channel, and falls into the Mawddach, at no great distance. Mr. Maddocks has been at the expence of making a very good foot-path, both to the bottom and upper part of this fall, giving to the traveller every possible means of seeing it to advantage.

About a mile further I turned to the right to see the other two, which are situated within a few hundred yards of each other. The path lays along some woods and meadows. From the side of a hill, about half a mile from the fall, I observed the river Mawddach rolling down a steep, in a woody vale above, and it's hoarse murmuring just reached my ear. Beyond it, at some distance, was a rude arch, which crossed the glen, and from my present station gave a pleasing and romantic cast to the scene. This was a truly alpine bridge over the river Cayne, formed by the rude trunk of an oak which hung frightfully over the black torrent, that roared among the rocks beneath. Having passed this, I soon found myself at the foot of *Rhaiadr y Mawddach* (the cataract of the river Mawddach). This stream falls down a rock between 50 and 60 feet in height, the strata of which lying in parallel lines, several degrees inclined from the horizon, give the scene a singular and crooked appearance. The stream is thrice broken in it's descent, and the bason into which it is precipitated is very large. The rocks and trees form an amphitheatre around, and the foreground was finely broken by large pieces of rock. The upper part of the fall was hidden by intervening rocks, but on crossing the stream, it came into view, and the scene then appeared complete and picturesque.

Pistyll y Cayne (the spout of the Cayne), is by far the highest and most magnificent cataract of the three. A narrow stream rushes down a vast rock, at least 150 feet high, the horizontal strata of which run in irregular steps through it's whole breadth, and form a mural front. These indeed are so regular, as in a great measure to spoil it's picturesque beauty, unless hidden by a volume of water much greater than usual. Immense fragments of broken rock, scattered around in every different direction, at the foot of the fall, communicate a pleasing effect. And the agreeable mixture of tints of the dark oak and birch, with the yellower and fading elm, formed a scene highly pleasing. The guide who accompanied me was an Englishman, who had resided only a few years in Wales. He seemed ignorant of the language, which prevented him from giving me as much information as I wished. His name was Samuel Bartlet; he kept a small public house near Dol-y-Melynllyn." Mr. Warner met with a well informed guide to the cataracts, named Henry Roberts, keeper of the toll-gate at Llanelltyd.

The approach to BARMOUTH was formerly over a prodigious mountain, surmounted with great difficulty and passed with apprehensions of destruction. The magistrates of the county, however, bent on improvement, agreed with an undertaker to form a road out of the steep rocks jutting from the sea, and to guard it with a wall. The labour was astonishing, the price 2 guineas a yard. It is now a most charming road, exhibiting a most romantic boldness of scenery. A stone bridge of several arches conducts the traveller over the Wnion which here flows, many hundred feet wide. On the right, at a mile distant from the town, on the bank of river, are the ruins of *Kymmer Abbey*. Part of the church is still standing. The abbot's lodge and a fragment of the abbey serve for a farm-house. This was a monastery of the Cistertian order, founded by Meredydd and Gryffydd, the sons of Conan ap Gwen Gwynedd, anno 1198. Two miles from Dolgelly is *Nanneau Park*, the ancient seat of the family of that name, now of the Vaughans. The road is by a steep ascent, and the house stands on very high ground. Sir Robert Vaughan has erected a new and handsome mansion. In the upper part of the park are the remains of a british post, called *Moel Orthrwm*, or the Hill of Oppression. The traveller will here be invited to examine nature in one of her vagaries, as exhibited in the before-mentioned celebrated falls of the Cayne and the Mawddach; but in dry weather several of these falls vanish, and the spot appears to a great disadvantage. Proceeding northward up the *vale of the Maw*, at *Doly Melynllyn*, 6 miles from Dolgelly, is the house of counsellor Maddox; here turning to the left up a steep acclivity, the eye meets the furious Garfa, a wide mountain torrent. [See the preceeding description by mr. Bingley.] The magnificent object of the *Pistil y Cayne* appears to the greatest advantage from below, by crossing a truly alpine bridge formed of the trunk of an immense oak, laid from rock to rock, over a narrow dark chasm. The scenery from this point cannot be surpassed. Retiring from these delightful scenes, the traveller regains the road at Llan Eltyd turnpike, where the tide flows to a considerable height. Brigs are built here of 200 tons burden. From Llan Eltyd to Barmouth is 10 miles of most exellent road, winding round the hill opposite to Dolgelly, on a shelf of rock, through hanging woods, across a handsome stone bridge over the Mawddach, where it joins the Wnion. The expanse of water here is considerable, at high tide, having the appearance of a large lake, enveloped by mountains. The vivid summit of Cader now assumes the appearance of a volcano. The road follows the inequalities of the shore, till it occupies a narrow shelf of the perpendicular rock of Barmouth. Here is a fine view of the river falling into the beautiful bay of Caerdigan. "The drive from Dolgelly TO BARMOUTH," says sir Richard Hoare, "commands natural beauties far superior to any in this neighbourhood; but to see it to advantage, the traveller must wait till the tide comes up the river."

The high road TO TAN-Y-BWLCH abounds in beauties, sublime and various. Ranges of mountains stretch their unequal summits in every direction; now fearfully bending over the narrow path of the traveller, now gladdening his hazardous progress with a more distant view of their magnificent elevation. Winding amid their regular confusion, is seen the river Mawddach, the black and impetuous current of which, flashes indignant as perpetual huge masses of stone, hurled by tempests from the parent mountain. Near this road occur the cataracts of *Rhaiadr y Mawddach*; and *Pistyll y Cayne*, but it is almost impossible to find them without a guide.

To TOWYN, the road skirts the northern foot of Cader Idris. The wild precipices of this gigantic mountain on the one hand, and the craggy tops of inferior elevations on the other, are the only features in view for some miles, when the road afterwards lies over the undulations of boggy mountains, without a trace of cultivation or inhabitant.— Rev. R. Warner.

To CADER IDRIS, mr. Bingley took the road to Machynlleth; which for 2 miles, he found replete with pastoral beauty. The wide river Mawddach, in the distance, reflects it's silvery whiteness amid the high and dreary mountains. The intervening space is varied with every luxuriancy of woods, meadows, and corn-fields, intersected by the river Wnion, which serpentizes along the vale. The road soon afterwards, passing over high and wet moors, became dreary and irksome, the lofty Cader Idris on the right, it's summit obscured in clouds, remaining the sole source of amusement. Arrive at *Llyn trigraienyn* (the pool of the three grains) so denominated from three huge fragments of rock lying at the E. end of it. The pool is said to be upwards of 50 fathoms deep. Near this pool the prospect began to improve, and entering a long straight hollow, *Llyn Mwyngil*, the lake of the pleasant retreat, came in with distant hills to close the vale.

From Dolgelly TO BALA, mr. Skrine pursued the course of the Avon for a while and, after traversing some high grounds, at last he gained a view of the lake of Bala, and coasted it's northern shore to the town, situated at it's eastern extremity.

To Machynlleth, 15 miles, taking Cader Idris, 5½ miles distant (which see), by the way, Bingley.

To Cader Idris, and back again; thence to Llanelltyd, 2 miles, Aikin.

— Cader Idris, back again to Dolgelly, thence to Barmouth, Evans.

— Cader Idris, and back, hence to Llaneltyd, 2 miles, Pennant.

— Maentwrog, 21 miles, Warner.

— Barmouth, 8 miles, Hutton; Skrine.

— Bala, 18 miles, Skrine.

— Tan y Bwlch, by way of Dol y Melynllyn, 19 miles, Wyndham.

— Towyn, 26 miles, Warner's 2d walk.

* * *

From Capel Curig, 6 miles, Bingley.

— Beddgelart, 14 miles, Aikin.

— Tan y Bwlch, 21 miles, Pennant.

DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE is seated in a rocky valley, watered by the Llugwy, 6 miles SSE. of Llanrwst. It is, from it's situation among mountains, difficult to find; so that a guide should be taken, or numerous enquiries made. The castle stands on a rocky steep, nearly perpendicular on one side, and in a vale entirely closed in by mountains. It has occupied the entire summit on which it was built, yet was never large. It consisted of 2 square towers, each 3 stories high, having one room on a story, and a court-yard which was between them. The largest of these towers is, in the inside, only 27 feet in length, 18 in width, and the walls 6 feet in thickness. The walls of the court are destroyed, and of other buildings, only one small part is left. After a quick descent from the castle of one mile, appears the village of Dolwyddelan, in a very retired spot. It is composed of small cottages, where no language but that of the country is known. The inhabitants are extremely simple, and in their manners rather reserved and timid. *Jorwerth Drwndwn* made this place his residence; and here his son *Llewelyn* the great, is said to have been born.

Regaining the road TO LLANRWST, near *Pont-y-Pair,* there is a singular bridge of five arches, not far from *Bettws y Coed* (the station in the wood). The lofty arches of this bridge cross the river Llugwy, the bed of which is covered with uncommon masses of rock.

Passing hence on the road to Capel-Curig, about a mile, the traveller may deviate about 300 yards to a deep narrow glen, down which the river Llugwy foams, and proceeding a little higher, the celebrated cataract of *Rhaiadr y Wenol* (the cataract of the swallow), is discoverable. This fall, and the scenery around it, are very grand. Mr. Pennant crossed Pont y pair, and passed under a very lofty rock cloathed with wood, called *Carreg y gwalch* (the rock of the falcon). Here was the retreat of a famous partizan of the house of Lancaster, called *Dafydd ap Shenkin,* who lurked in a cave, still named *Ogo Dafydd ap Shenkin.* The ancient *house of Gwedir* stands near the foot of this rock.

A little below the bridge, Pont y pair, the Llugwy unites with the Conwy. The latter river rises from Llyn Conwy, a large pool about 3 miles beyond the village Penmachno, and tho' the beds of each before their junction were rugged, they here glide in a tranquil current. At *Bettws* is an ancient monument in the church, in memory of Gryffydd, the son of Davyd Goch, natural son of Davyd, brother to Llewelyn, the last prince of Wales. The road through the luxuriant *vale of Llanrwst* presents the gayest tints of cultivation, interspersed with gentlemen's seats. The gloomy *woods of Gwydir,* which next occur, afford a fine contrast to the luxuriance of the vale. The Conwy runs at a little distance from the road, and is occasionally seen through the dark foliage of the trees. Emerging hence, the vale opens, in which the town of LLANRWST appears conspicuously among the finest scenes which nature's pencil ever traced. A quarter of a mile from Llanrwst, is *Gwydir.* [see Llanrwst.]

Between this place and Llanrwst, is the bridge over the Conwy, constructed in 1636, by Inigo Jones, at the expense of sir Richard Wynne. It consists of three arches, that in the middle is 59 feet wide. One of the other two has been rebuilt since Jones's time, and the inferiority of the workmanship is visible. On the centre of the parapet are the arms of the Wynne family. The inhabitants of Llanrwst say that this bridge is formed on such exact principles, that if a person give a sudden push against the key-stone over the middle arch, the whole fabric may be plainly perceived to vibrate. The views, both up and down the river, are remarkably fine; and the whole country, from the source to the mouth of the Conwy, is an animating picture.

To Llanrwst, 11 miles, Pennant; Bingley; Aikin.

* * *

Mr. Pennant commenced his Tour in Wales, at this, his native place and residence.

DOWNING, in the parish of Whiteford, near Holywell, is beautifully situated among woods, but principally known to the world as the seat of the late Thomas Pennant, esq., to whose indefatigable researches the natural history and topography of Great Britain is under many obligations. Downing is the principal house in the township, and was built about the year 1627. The present name is evidently a corruption of Eden-Owain, the name of the township in which it stands. The house was founded by John Pennant, of Bychton, who marrying a rich heiress of this place, erected an elegant mansion, with stone brought from a dingle called, Nant-y-bi, opposite the modern edifice. The present structure is erected in the form of a Roman H; a mode of architecture common in Wales at that period, with this ancient and pious motto on the front: "Heb Dduw heb ddim, a duw a digon," signifying, without God there is nothing; with God enough. The grounds are very extensive, with walks along fine swelling lands, beneath the shady depth of glens, or through contracted meads, which meander to the shore; with delightful views towards the hills, and the ancient *Pharos on Garreg.* Over the channel of the Dee are the *Hilbree Isles*, on one of which are some remains of a cell of Benedictines; but the sea-view is still more animated by numerous fleets entering and quitting the port of Liverpool. Below the house are the ruins of the *abbey of Malandina*, which add considerable beauty to the view. The house, much improved by mr. Pennant, at different times, consists of a hall and library, with a large parlour adjoining, and a smoking-room, most antiquely furnished with ancient carvings, and the horns of all the european beasts of chase. Above is an elegant drawing-room and a tea-room. The library, which, if minutely described, would fill a tolerably sized volume, contains a choice collection of books, chiefly history, and many scarce editions of the classics, with a great collection of MSS. solely the produce of mr. Pennant's labour and industry. In the hall are some very good pictures by Peter Paillou, an inimitable painter of animals and birds; the parlour is also filled with portraits and paintings, mostly reduced from originals by the ingenious Moses Griffith, an untaught artist of N. Wales, who accompanied mr. Pennant in most of his tours through England, Scotland, and Wales. The estate also abounds with coal-works, as do the environs with lead mines, particularly one hill, on which is a cavern, supposed to be made by the Romans when they worked these and the neighbouring mines.—Univ. Mag. Oct. 1801.

Two miles NW. of Downing is the ancient family seat of *Tre-mostyn*, called after a family of the same name. The gloomy hall is furnished with the high Dais, or elevated upper end, and it's long table for the lord and his jovial companions, and another in the side, the seat of the inferior partakers of the good cheer. The walls are furnished, in a suitable manner, with ancient militia guns, swords, and pikes; with helmets and breast-plates; with funeral atchievments; and with various spoils of the chase. The adjacent kitchen is overlooked by a gallery leading to the ancient apartments of the lady of the house. There are some remarkable portraits of the Mostyns, some busts collected in Italy, and a library containing a most elegant collection of the classics, and various MSS. upon vellum. Mr. Pennant says, that scarcely any private library can boast of so valuable an assemblage. The family are besides possessed of other antiquities. In the higher part of this township stands the curious cross called *Maen Achwynfan*, or the stone of lamentation. It is 12 feet high, and curiously sculptured. Near it is an ancient chapel, now a farm-house, called *Gelli.* From a hill in this parish, called *Garreg*, the lofty tract of Snowdon is discernable, from the crooked Moel Shabog at one end, to the towering Penmaenmawr at the other; the vast promontory of Llandidno, part of the isle of Anglesea, with the great bay of Llandulas, forming a vast crescent, the estuaries of the Dee and Mersey, and to the N. the isle of Man, and the Cumberland alps. In the township of Tre-mostyn, near the shore, is a cliff of a very singular appearance, looking like the semi-vitrified lava of a volcano. A vein, in which was lodged some pyritic matter, took fire and caused the phænomenon. It chiefly raged towards the front, and diminished gradually in the internal part of the bed. These appearances are said not to be uncommon in Derbyshire.

On the shore is the ancient smelting-house of *Llanerchymor*. The estuary of the Dee lies at a short distance on the left. The hundred of Wiral is seen on the other side. This view of the sea terminates at one end with Chester and the rock Beeston; on the other with the little islands of Hilbree or Ilbre. Upon one has been a cell of Benedictines. On crossing a little rill beneath the banks, the parish of Holywell is entered. On the right, mr. Pennant ascended to the site of the abbey and castle of Basingwerk.

Mr. Pennant, in setting out on his journey to Snowdon, notices that he passed *Whiteford* and ascended the hill of *Garreg*, or the Rock, a high and conspicuous part of the country. The Romans took advantage of it, and placed upon it's summit a *Pharos*, to conduct the navigators to and from Deva, along the difficult channel of the Seleia Portus. The building is still remaining, and tolerably entire; it's form circular; the heght considerable; the inner diameter 12½ feet; the thickness of the walls 4 feet 4 inches. Over each door is a square funnel, like a chimney, which opens on the outside, about half way up the building. About 4 feet from the ground are 3 circular holes, lined with mortar, as is frequent in roman buildings; and penetrate the whole wall, for purposes unknown. Along the higher part, are 8 square openings, facing the channel, in each of which were placed lights. To the building there is evidently a broad and raised road, pointing from the east; and near it's upper end are the marks of a trench. Descend and leave on the left Maen Achwyfan, before mentioned. *Glol*, an enclosed mountain, a little farther on, has among the bushes various circular foundations of stone unmortared buildings. A mile hence, is the small town of *Newmarket*, almost the entire creation of it's then owner, John Wynne, esq., of Gop. Hence mr. Pennant ascended the hill called *Copa'r'leni*, on the summit of which is a most enormous carnedd, or tumulus, of lime-stones. Returned along the ridge of the hill, marked with verdant tumuli (the tombs of ancient heroes). See, beneath the little church of *Gwaenysgor* remarkable for it's ancient register. Descend to the church and and village of *Llanasa*. In approaching from the high lands towards the shore, observe the ruins of a small chapel, at the little hamlet of *Gwespyr*, near Trelacre, one of the seats of sir Pyers Mostyn, bart. Pass over *Gronant-moor*. On approaching *Prestatyn*, about 2 miles from Trelacre, the flat becomes extremely fertile in corn. A little below the mill, in a meadow, is the site of the Castle; nothing more than the foundations of which remain. The road hence TO DISERTH is extremely pleasant.

Mr. Pennant commenced his journey to Snowdon from Downing to Diserth.

Mr. Pennant's third excursion was from his own fireside to Llangynog, in Montgomeryshire at which place he began his account.

From Ewenny Priory, 2½ miles Barber.
—— Bridgend, 5 miles, Malkin.
—— Caerdiff, along the coast, 26 miles, Evans.
—— St. Donatt's, 5 miles, Wyndham; Evans.

DUNRAVEN-HOUSE, Glamorganshire, an old seat of the Wyndham family, is an irregular dismal building, yet admirable from it's situation, which is a lofty sea promontory, of 100 feet in height, commanding extensive prospects. Caradoc says, that William de Londres, Lord of Ogmore, won the lordships of Kydwelhy and Carnewihion in Carmarthenshire from the Welsh, and gave the Castle and manor of Dunraven to his servant sir Arnold Butler. After continuing long in the possession of his descendants, it at length fell to the Vaughans, the last of whom, tradition says, was so unprincipled that he set up lights and employed other devices to mislead seamen, so that their vessels might be wrecked on his manor. Tradition further says, that his crimes did not escape punishment, for that three of his sons were drowned in one day in the following manner. Within sight of the house is a large rock called the Swancar, which is dry only at low water. To this place two of Butler's sons went in a boat for diversion, but neglecting to fasten their vessel, it was washed away as the tide rose, and they were left in this state to the horrors of death. They were seen from the house but as no other vessel was in the neighbourhood no assistance could be lent. During the confusion of those in the house, an infant brother, was left alone, who fell into a vessel of whey and was drowned also. These events were universally regarded as judgments, and mr. Vaughan was so stricken by them, that he became disgusted with the place and sold it immediately to the present proprietor.

Two extraordinary Caverns are situated about a mile westward of the house. One called the *Cave* is a passage worn through a projecting stack of rocks, running parallel with the sea shore, and forming a kind of rude piazza, with an entrance to the south, of very grand effect. The other, called the *Windhole*, is situated a little to the east of the cave: it's depth from the entrance measures 27 yards. There are two or three fissures through the roof of the cavern to the land above, a considerable distance from the edge of the cliff; over which if a hat be laid, it will be blown back into the air with considerable violence; but this only happens when the wind blows fresh from the south-east. This cave can only be entered at spring tides, and even then a stranger must procure the attendance of some person from the neighbourhood, as there is danger of being surrounded soon after the tide begins to flow, where to all appearance the entrance is perfectly secure. These cliffs afford fine studies of rock for an artist. Mr. Evans says there is a third cave lately discovered, which from the petrifactions, and grotesque shapes which strata assume, is considered as the most curious, and has obtained the name of *Fairy Cave*. Near Marecross is an ancient cromlech, called the *Old Church*, the inhabitants believing that these rude structures were once places of worship. There is here a Castle, and other specimens of antiquity are in the neighbourhood. The principal is a monastic ruin, with immense barns and granaries; and an ancient armory.

Near the point where the Ewenny river falls into the Ogmore, there is a curious phenomenon. The land above this spot is one continued down, which here abruptly falls to the vale. From the foot of this down issues a large body of water exceeding in quantity that into which it flows. It foams and boils under the hill, as tho' it met with great interruptions, and forms two streams which act alternately in the velocity of their motions; the one hard, the other soft.

To St. Donatt's Castle, 5 miles, Malkin; Barber.

— Ewenny Priory, 2½ miles, Wyndham; Evans.

* * *

From Overton, 4 miles, Pennant.

ELLESMERE, is a town in Shropshire, seated near a lake of 101 acres in dimensions; it's greatest depth 26 yards. The environs has two advantages above other lakes; namely, on one side a town, on the other a fine park, called *Ockle* or Ottley. The town is of saxon origin, taking it's name from Aelsmere, or the greatest mere. It's principal trade is that of malt, the barley of the neighbourhood being remarkably good. The Castle stood upon a vast artificial mount, with three great ditches on the more accessible side. At present not a vestige is to be seen; the top being formed into a bowling-green, which may vie with any station in England for the elegance and extent of inland prospect. Beneath is the town, lake, and rich fields and woods. At a distance is Chester, and the Broxton-hills; Wrexham, and the Caergwrle mountains; Castle Dinas Bran, and the Berwyn alps; the hills of Merionethshire; the Llanymynach hill, the Breyddin, Pimhill, Cleehill, and the Wrekin. Neither the founder of the castle, nor it's destruction can be ascertained. It was possessed by Edwin, immediately before the conquest; and on that event by Roger de Montgomery. The Church anciently belonged to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, granted to them by Llewelyn, and afterwards confirmed by Edward 3. In the church is an alabaster figure of sir Francis Kynaston of Ottley, and another of his lady, much mutilated. He died in 1590.

On the road TO OSWESTRY, from an eminence called the *Perthy*, may be obtained a most extensive view of the flat part of the county, bounded by the hills of Denbighshire, Montgomeryshire, and Shropshire. Among them appear the gaps through which the Severn and Dee issue from the mountainous confinements. About 3 miles further, along the flat is *Halston*, the seat of the Myttons, the maternal ancestry of the ingenious naturalist and traveller Thomas Pennant, esq. At this house is a good library, and a collection of pictures; among the latter are Jacob and his son Reuben shewing Joseph's shirt, by Guercino; a head by Raphael; St. Peter, by Guido; king David, by Dominichino. Mr. Wm. Mytton's manuscripts relating to the antiquities of Shropshire are preserved here. A mile further is the village of *Whittington*. The welsh bards make this place the property of Tudor Trevor, a british nobleman, who lived in 924. After the conquest it was held by Roger earl of Shrewsbury. The Castle stands upon a flat. The gateway, and ruins of two vast round towers, with cruciform slips, by way of windows, still remain; and vestiges of of two others may yet be traced. It has been surrounded by a moat, and several vast ditches, comprehending several other works. The moat was filled by a rivulet which rises near Pentre Pant, in the parish of Selatyn. On entering the parish of Whittington, it is lost for nearly a mile, and emerges in the fields on the back of the castle. The steward of the manor holds annually a court-leet and court-baron, in a room in the castle, to which the inhabitants are summoned. The Church is an ancient small building, designed originally as a chapel to the castle.

On the right is *Tre-newydd,* a seat of Watkin Williams, esq., in right of his mother, heiress of the place. Her grandfather, Edward Lloyd, esq., who died in 1715, was eminent for his learning, and had prepared materials for the history of his native country.—Pennant.

To Oswestry, 8 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Hawarden, 2 miles, Bingley.
—— Northop, 5 miles, Pennant.

EULOE CASTLE, in Flintshire, from it's situation on the edge of a deeply wooded dingle is with difficulty found. It has consisted of two parts; the larger of which has been an oblong tower rounded at one end, and about 14 yards long, and 10 or 12 in width, guarded on the accessible part by a strong wall. The other part consists of an oblong court, at the extremity of which are the remains of a circular tower, finely overgrown with ivy, and commanding a view of three wooded glens, forming a darksome and gloomy solitude. This fortress has been well defended; on one side by a trench, and on the other by the deep valley which runs beneath it. It was in the wood adjoining to this place called *Coed Euloe,* that Henry 2, in an expedition against Owen Gwynedd, received a dreadful repulse from David and Conan, sons of that hero. In this neighbourhood are very considerable potteries.

To Northop, 5 miles, Bingley.
—— Hawarden, 2 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Ogmore Castle, 1 mile, Barber.
—— Newton, 5 miles, Donovan.
—— Dunraven House, 2½ miles, Wyndham and Evans.

EWENNY PRIORY, in Glamorganshire, was a religious institution, appending to Ogmore Castle, built by Morris de Londres, or his descendant John, in 1141. This priory stands close to the road from Newton to Pyle, in a marshy plain near the banks of the Ewenny. The strong embattled walls and towers which appear among the ruins of this priory, indicate that it was not less intended as a place of security than of religious rites. The hall of the house is a gloomy apartment in which are several racks, which seem to have been the depositaries of arms.

The Church is very massive, of a cruciform shape, in which unornamented heavy arches rest on short bulky columns of rude workmanship. The columns, plain capital, and circular arches denote it of the earliest norman architecture. Every admirer of saxon antiquity will be highly gratified in examining the simple and original architecture of this church. The broken pavement formed of glazed earthen tiles, marked with devices, still to be seen in some places, is ancient and curious. Several monuments adorn the walls of the chancel, at the east-end of the church, now engrossed as a cemetery for the principal gentry in the vicinity. There is a square camp upon the hill above this place.

"The simple groined roof of the choir, and the neglected tombstone of it's founder, bearing this inscription in old characters, claim" says sir Richard Hoare, "particular attention.

ICI GIST MORICE DE LUNDRES LE FUNDUR DEU LI RENDE SUN LABUR. AM.

In the southern transept is an ancient altar tomb, supporting the mutilated effigy of a knight in armour, bearing a shield on his left arm; the personage to whom this sepulchral memorial was erected, has never yet been clearly ascertained, and has been vulgarly attributed by the whole tribe of modern tourists to Peganus de Turberville, lord of Coity. A happy gleam of sunshine, a pail of water, and a broom, enabled me to ascertain the true original of this effigy, which was intended probably to commemorate a friend and follower of Moris de Londres:

SIRE ROGER DE REMI. GIST ICI.

DEU DE SON ALME EIT MERCI. AM.

The orthography and character of the letters fix the date of this monument to the same period with the preceding. The church contains many other more modern inscriptions to the memory of the Carne family, who were possessors of this estate, one of which, more stately than the rest, bears a long inscription in antiquated verse upon it's base, and in front these lines.

Here lys Ewenny's hope, Ewenny's pride,
in him both flourish'd, and in him both dyd.
Death having seis'd him, linger'd loath to be
the ruine of this worthy family.

The satisfaction with which I viewed this building, as having remained untouched, unaltered, since the days of Giraldus, was considerably damped on beholding it's present ruinous and dilapidated condition: in many places uncovered and exposed to the rude elements, it's windows unglazed, the curious stone groined roof of it's choir cracked, it's tomb-stones, and among them that of it's parent and founder, carelessly thrown about in the wildest confusion; in short, this old and once respected sanctuary, after an existence of nearly 700 years, is now approaching most rapidly towards it's dissolution. A large old mansion-house adjoining the church, is still in a more ruinous condition than the norman sanctuary." —Sir Richard Hoare's Giraldus, i. 149.

To Dunraven-house, 2½ miles, Barber.
— Bridgend, 3 miles, Evans.
— Pyle, 7 miles, Wyndham; Donovan,
— Cowbridge, 3 miles.

From Penmachno, 11 miles, Bingley.
—— Bala, 18 miles, Hutton.

FFESTINIOG, (the place of hastening) is a village situated in a most inchanting vale. It's dimensions are, however, inconsiderable, being scarcely 3 miles long, and not exceeding one in breadth. Near it are the *Falls of the Cynfael*. One of them is about 300 yards above and the other 300 yards below a rustic stone bridge. The upper fall consists of 3 steep rocks, over which the water foams into a deep black bason, overshadowed by the adjoining rocks. The other is formed by a broad sheet of water, precipitated down a slightly shelving rock, about 40 feet high. After the water has reached the bottom of the deep concavity, it rushes along a narrow rocky chasm, where rolling amid the shaggy rocks, it glistens among the scattered fragments, and falling from slope to slope, gains a smoother bed, and steals among the mazes of the vale. Between the lower cataract and the bridge, is a tall columnar rock, which stands in the bed of the river, called Pulpit Hugh Llwyd Cynfael, or Hugh Lloyd's pulpit. Near Ffestiniog ran the ancient military way, paved with stones, even along these steep, and almost inaccessible mountains, called *Fford*, or *Sarn Helen*, or Hellen's way, the work of Helen, wife of the emperor Maximus. A similar roman road is discoverable at *Craig Farwyn*, in Merioneth; at *Y Gwm Wymas*, in Caernarvon; and *Llanbeder*, in Caerdigan; and the road from Neath to Brecon, is distinguished by Sarn Helen. Ffestiniog is situated at the head of *Cwm Maentwrog*, (the vale of Maentwrog, improperly called the vale of Ffestiniog). There are few vales which afford such delightful prospects. Many of the high mountains bounding it's sides are shaded by oaks, and the serpentine Dwyryd steals placidly along the bottom, through rich cultivated fields. This river at the bottom of the valley receives the tide, and expands into a wide lake-like channel called *Traeth Bychan*, whence it flows through the sandy estuary of *Traeth Bach*, and into Caerdigan-bay, the sea at a distance closing the view. *Tan-y-bwlch Hall*, is situated upon rising ground, at the N. W. extremity of the vale, embowered with woods, which occupy the steep rocks behind the house, and wave to the breeze high above the top of the building. *Tommen y mur*, near Ffestiniog was the roman station called *Herini Mons*. The village of MAENTWROG is seated nearly in the middle of it. Lord Lyttelton, who made a tour through Wales in 1756, gives the following lively description of Ffestiniog and the contiguous vale. "From the height of this village you have a view of the sea. The hills are green and well shaded with wood. There is a lovely rivulet which winds through the bottom; on each side are meadows, and above are corn fields along the sides of the hills. At each end are high mountains which seem placed there to guard this charming retreat against any invasions. With the woman one loves, with the friend of one's heart, and a good library of books, one might pass an age there, and think it a day. When we had skirted this "happy vale" an hour or two, we came to a narrow branch of the sea, which is dry at low water. As we passed over the sands, we were surprised to see all the cattle prefer that barren place to the meadows. The guide said, it was to avoid a fly which in the heat of the day came out of the woods, and infested them in the vallies. The view of these sands is terrible, as they are hemmed in on each side with very high hills, but broken into a thousand irregular shapes. At one end is the ocean, at the other, the formidable mountains of Snowdon, black and naked rocks, which seemed to be piled one above the other; the summits of some of them are covered with clouds, and cannot be ascended. The grandeur of the ocean, corresponding with that of the mountain, formed a majestic and solemn scene; ideas of immensity swelled and exalted our minds at the sight: all lesser objects appeared mean and trifling, so that we could scarcely do justice to the ruins of an old castle, situated upon the top of a conic hill, the foot of which is washed by the sea, and which has every feature that can give a romantic appearance. The morning being fair, we ventured to climb up to the top of a mountain, not, indeed, so high as Snowdon, which is here called *Moel Guidon*, i. e. the nest of the eagle; but one degree lower than that called *Moel Happock*, the nest of the hawk, from whence we saw a phenomenon, new to our eyes, but common in Wales; on the one side was midnight, on the other bright day: the whole extent of Snowdon on our left, was wrapt in clouds from top to bottom: on the right the sun shone most gloriously over the sea-coast of Caernarvon. The hill on which we stood was perfectly clear, the way we came up was a tolerably easy ascent; but before us was a precipice of many hundred yards, and below, a vale, which tho' not cultivated, has much savage beauty; the sides were steep, and fringed with low wood. There were two little lakes, or rather large pools, which stood in the bottom, whence issued a rivulet which serpentined in view for 2 or 3 miles, and was a pleasing relief to the eyes."

During the government of Wales by a multitude of princes, war, desolation and blood was the consequence. Howel, king of N. Wales, was a tyrant. He had two uncles, Iago, who married Helen, whom he, on a trifling pretence, cast into prison; and Edwal Vychan, also, whom he murdered. Constantine the Black (Cawellyn Dhe) the son of Iago, incensed at this treatment of his father and uncle, raised an army in 979, of Welsh and Danes, invaded his cousin's dominions, and ravaged Anglesea. Returning through Caernarvon, towards Ffestiniog, his mother, Helen, led the van, and he closed the rear. At the distance of 8 miles, he had to pass a defile, bounded by two mountains, Mynidd Vawr on the right, upon which stood Castle Cedwm, and Moel Elyan on the left, which narrow passage mr. Pennant justly calls one of the outguards to the entrance to Snowdon. These are so near each other as to leave but a narrow road for the traveller, and a bare passage for the river, which runs from the lake Quethlin, at the foot of Snowdon. As Constantine was passing this defile, his cousin Howel, unperceived, let fly an arrow from the top of Castle Cedwm. "Are you wounded?" "Yes." "Then you are a dead man, for the arrow was poisoned." The news of his death soon reached his mother Helen, in the van, ten miles distant, on which she exclaimed, "This is a Cross Hour." The side gate, at which she stood still retains the name of "Cross Hour."—*Hutton*. Near *Rhyd Halen* is the celebrated hill of *Micknant*, on which are the monumental remains of *Beddeu gwy Ardudwy*. They are almost six feet in length, with a small stone at the head, and another at the feet; in number about 30, from 2 to 3 feet high, and 12 inches broad. Near them are still remaining a carnedd and several circles of stones. The *Traeth Bychan*, or the small sands, are chiefly formed by the river which runs down the beautiful vale of Ffestiniog to Maentwrog and Tan y bwlch, near which place it becomes navigable. Over these sands and *Traeth Mawr*, [see Harlech] the road leads from Merioneth into Caernarvonshire: a large tract of land has lately been recovered from the sea, on the northern borders of the Traeth Mawr, under the direction of W. Oakley, esq., and a public road is now making on that side, by which a safe communication will be opened to *Pwlhelli* and *Nefyn*, in the promontory of Llyn, where there is a most advantageous harbour at *Port dyn*

Lleyn. The dangerous and uncertain passage of the sands may be avoided, and an easy communication opened with Ireland.

To Tan-y-Bwlch, 3 miles, Hutton.
Back to Caernarvon, Bingley.

From Newport, Pembrokeshire, 6 miles, Malkin.
—— St. Davids, 16 miles, (by way of *Y Maen Sigl*) 20 miles, Wyndham.
—— St. Davids, 16 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.

FISGARD, in Pembrokeshire, is a small town, the rugged and dirty streets of which are contrasted by the cottages being whitewashed not only upon the sides but the roofs also. A post-office and a market has lately been established. The Church has neither tower nor spire, and remarkable for nothing but an echo from the N. E. wall, and a curious tombstone in the yard. The port is small but if assisted by a pier would be of admirable advantage to the Irish trade, as it's situation to the N. of Milford is calculated to render it a safe haven for ships unable, in blowing weather, to get round St. David's Head; and it is the only port on this coast unincommoded with shifting sands called a *bar*. The trade here is small, employing about 50 vessels from 20 to 100 tons burthen. A small manufactory of coarse cloths is carried on for home consumption; but the principal employ of the inhabitants is in the herring fishery. The cliffs abound with ligustrum vulgare and euonymus europœus. On the hill below the church is great abundance of sambucus ebulus. On the banks of the Gwayne grow nymphæa lutea, verbena officinalis, and campanuae hybrida. The road from the upper to the lower town, cut out of the rock, commands a fine view of the bay. Mr Malkin advises travellers to avoid a night here if possible. St. Davids, is somewhat better and more quiet. The language at Fisgard is a strange unintelligible mixture of Welsh and English. Their manners are rough to strangers, whom they treat as spies. There is, on a neighbouring hill, what appears to have been a beacon, called the Castle; where some brass roman coins have been found. In a dingle below the church yard is a strong chalybeate spring. Between the church and the river is a vast stone of nine tons weight, and about 9 feet diameter, resting upon others and forming a cromlech. Fisguard has been brought into notice by the descent of 1400 french invaders, near Llananno Church, Feb. 22, 1797, who after a few days' possession of the neighbourhood, surrendered to 660 of the Pembroke fencibles, Caerdiganshire militia, Fisgard and Newport fencibles, and lord Cawdor's troop of yeoman cavalry, the whole of which was headed by lord Cawdor.

On the road TO ST. DAVID'S, at a short distance to the right, is *Manernawen*, formerly the seat of John Lewis, esq. This spot has some wood and comfort about it; the rest is a dreary blank. A few miles beyond, you cross Hiog River, which rises at St Catherine's and finds it's way to the western branch of the Clethy. At *Mathrey* there is a very considerable fair held on Michaelmas day. At *Gorid bridge*, the traveller will be near the ancient city, but the pinnacles of the great tower do not appear as soon as expected, the church being placed in a deep bog.

Within 2 miles OF NEWPORT, the road passes close to the remains of several druidic sepulchres or altars. They are all within the space of 60 yards.

To St. David's, 15 miles, Malkin.
— Newport, Pemb. 7 miles, Wyndham; Barber; Evans; Skrine.
— Haverfordwest, 12 miles.

From Northop, 3 miles, Bingley.
—— Holywell, by Downing, 10 miles, Warner.
—— Holywell, 7 miles, Wyndham; Pennant.
—— Mold, 6 miles, Skrine.

FLINT, the ancient deserted capital of the county, is small, irregularly built, and stands in a marsh, near the Dee. It has once been surrounded by a ditch and ramparts, but these are now nearly destroyed. Being situated near the sea, it is resorted to by a few from the neighbouring country as a bathing place; but the marshy coast, which extends to the edge of the water, and over which the the sea frequently flows, renders the district insalubrious. The Church, or rather chapel of ease to Northop, is a dirty, ill-looking building, with a boarded turret. From this place packets sail every tide for Chester and Park-gate. The Castle stands upon a rock in the marsh, so near the river that sometimes, at high water, the walls are washed by the tide. The channel of the Dee is at present at some distance, but it formerly flowed close under the walls. These are still in some parts rings to which ships were moored. It had a communication with the town by a bridge, which led to the outwork, called the Barbican, within which, in 1785, the county jail was erected. This building has been square, with a tower at each corner, some remains of each of which are yet left. The tower at the SE. corner is much larger than the others, and is called the double tower. It's outward diameter measures 40 feet; it is formed by two concentric walls, each six feet thick, having a gallery, eight feet broad, included between them, and leaving a circular area in the centre, of about 20 feet in diameter, into which there was an entry from the gallery by 4 doors. This appears to have been the keep. The interior of the castle is a square court, the area of which measures about an acre. In the curtain, on the W. side, are several windows with pointed arches. The founder of this castle has not been decidedly ascertained. It is attributed to Henry 2, and Edward 1. In 1646 it appears to have been surrendered by the Welsh to major general Mytton. In the same year it was ordered, by the parliament, with other castles, to be rendered untenable. The assizes for the county of Flint are held at Mold. The county jail in the church yard, is in a fine situation, and built on a plan similar to that of Ruthin. Over the door, on the front of this prison is an inscription acquainting the reader with the benevolent purposes for which it was built. This place, in conjunction with Caerwys, Rhyddlan, Caergwrle, and Overton, sends a member to parliament. Bingley. Mr. Skrine mentions a large hospital at Flint, as a distinguishable object. Inn, the Royal Oak.

In the neighbourhood of Flint, in the hundred of Coleshill, is a wood famous as the scene of action, where Henry 2 was twice defeated in one campaign, and where he lost not only many of his principal noblemen, but where his own person was in danger. See Wynne, pa. 174, edit. 1774.

From Flint, mr. Pennant took the road to *Hallkin*; but quitting the town immediately ascended the steep slope of the country; the prospect from the heights to the NE. are almost boundless. Beneath is the estuary of the Dee, with the city of Chester at it's extremity, the peninsula of Wiral limits the eastern side of the sea, beyond which stretches the great county of Lancaster, the mountains of Yorkshire and Derbyshire, and the richly wooded track about Northop and Hawarden. This is but part of the magnificent terras formed by the public road, which is continued from Hawarden to Clynnog in Caernarvonshire. About 3 miles further, in a woody morass, on the left, are the foundations of *Llys Edwyn*, originally the seat of Edwin ap Gronw, lord of Tegaingle, about the year 1041. A strong british post called *Moel y Gaer*, soars above the road about two miles to the right, surrounded by a foss and dike, of a circular form.

The road TO HOLYWELL runs chiefly along the coast, lies low, and is hemmed in on one side by a dismal salt-marsh, and on the other by hills, which completely preclude a distant view of the country.

The road TO NORTHOP lies through a rich and pleasant country, affording views of the channel and opposite lands, and of the Mersey beyond.

To Holywell, 5½ miles, Bingley; Skrine.
— Park Gate, 4 miles, thence to Liverpool, 8 miles, and back to Chester; Warner.
— Northop, 3 miles, Wyndham; Pennant.

* * *

Mr. Skrine commenced his Tour through South Wales at the Cotteswold-Hills, whence he arrived at this city.

From Ross, 18 miles, Barber.

GLOCESTER, one of the principal cities of England, towards S. Wales, exalts it's towers and spires with considerable majesty, and appears the proud capital of an extended domain. This city, in the course of a few years, has swelled into a place of commercial importance, and lost that air of dulness and inactivity which often prevails in towns undistinguished by trade, and devoted to ecclesiastic institutions. It's situation, however, tho' it affords a fine object to the hills around, is far from pleasant, for buried in the plain, it is too far distant from either termination to partake of much variety of country, and tho' it's walls are washed by the Severn, that river loses at Glocester much of it's dignity by being divided into two moderate channels with a long connecting causeway. It's streets are regular and well-formed; distinguished by handsome public buildings. A very respectable hospital, and one of the most complete goals in England, stand foremost among these; but the cathedral alone is sufficient to repay a traveller's curiosity in visiting Glocester. Without, it's lofty tower and four transparent pinnacles adorned with exquisite fret work, make a conspicuous figure; within, the high roof and gothic ornaments of the choir, form a noble contrast with the simple grandeur of the ponderous saxon pillars and arches which support the aisle.—Skrine. “The Cathedral combines many interesting specimens of saxon, norman, and english architecture; and particularly of the latter. Happily for the admirers of ecclesiastic architecture, the eras of the erection of the principal parts are known. The lower part of the nave, the chapels which surround the choir, and the crypt, are presumed to have belonged to the building erected by bishop Aldred, before 1089; the roof of the nave obtained it's finishing and form in 1248. In 1310 the s. aisle was begun; and part of the s. transept was added in 1330. The building of the n. transept and choir commenced about the same year: the latter was completed in 1457. Between the years 1351 and 1390, the elaborate cloisters were finished. The chapel of our lady, and the centre tower, were the next additions; the former being built between the years 1457 and 1497; and the latter between the years 1457 and 1518. The general face of this cathedral is similar to most others; the interior consists of a nave, choir, side aisles, and transepts, with a chapel of our lady, and several other chapels, or oratories. From the intersection of the nave and transepts rises a high tower, and on the s. side is a projecting porch. The roof is sustained by 28 columns, which extend in 2 rows from the w. end to the high altar, where the presbytery forms nearly a semicircular sweep: the transepts have no isolated pillars. The Chapel of Our Lady is, as usual, attached to the presbytery; and there are chapels in the NE. and SE. angles of the transept and choir with 2 others projecting in the sweep between those and the chapel of our lady. The outline, or ground plan of the cathedral, is probably the same at present as designed by bishop Aldred previous to the year 1089; and the crypt remains almost as perfect as the masons left it. The architecture of this subterraneous and gloomy place is massy, and suited to the immense weight resting on the arches, which are turned upon huge short pillars, and strengthened by groins of proportionate solidity. The nave is an interesting specimen of the style which continued to prevail for nearly two centuries after the norman conquest. The arcade of ponderous round columns, and the rows of semicircular arches above, impress the mind with ideas of the strength, solidity, and profound solemnity, which have accompanied it's original state. The architecture of the w. end is very different from the other parts of the nave; and the vault is covered by intersecting ribs and ornamented key-stones; but the remainder is of the plainest description, with 3 ribs only to each pillar; yet the key-stones are carved. On each side are 8 massive columns; the arches between them are bounded by large mouldings, carved into zig-zags, and other ornaments: directly over each column, and at some distance, is a range of heads of various characters; some serene, and others terrific; these serve as brackets to clusters of short pillars, the capitals of which display the most beautiful variety of foliage, on which zig-zag strings extend, serving as a base to other clustered pillars with equally elegant capitals; from those the ribs of the vault commence. The gallery windows, pierced through the wall above the arches, are divided by short thick pillars, and bounded by others, with zig-zag arches: a twisted string separates them from the clerestory windows. The n. and s. aisles of the nave are nearly in the style of the w. end, with pointed windows, rich ramifications in the arches from the mullions, and filletted vaults. The arch of entrance to the cloisters from the n. aisle, is most elaborately and exquisitely adorned by pillars, buttresses, niches, pinnacles, foliage, and pannels; and the singular ornament of twisted pinnacles under the arch. In the s. aisle, nail-headed mouldings are introduced as embellishments on each side of the windows. An advanced gradation of style is exhibited in the interior of the s. transept; but the most perfect and ornamental degree is displayed in the choir and chapel of our lady. The Choir is dividfrom the nave by a screen, designed by Kent, who, as Mr. Dallaway justly observes, "was praised in his day for what he little understood." This, with the organ above it, a party-coloured and gaudy instrument, are injudicious intruders, which obstruct the view of the grand east window. The same author remarks, that "it is hardly possible to enter the choir, which includes every perfection to which the Gothic had attained during 15th century, without feeling the influence of veneration. At the termination of the nave, under the tower, is the approach to the choir; and above the great arch is a window between two vacant arches, richly sculptured. On the N. and S. sides are the arches which support the vaulting of the transepts. Both these are intersected at the springing by a flying arch, with open spandrils, each spanning the space of the tower. The brackets are figures of angels, with escutcheons of the abbey, Edward 2, and the munificent Abbot Sebroke, the founder. Upon the exact point of these intersecting arches, is a pillar forming an impost of the great vaulted roof, which is then divided into sharp lancet arcades, and has an air of incredible lightness. From this part there are 5 more arcades, divided by clusters of semi-columns, which reach from the base to the roof; and the ribs are infinitely intersected and variegated with the most elaborate trellis work, composed of rosettes, which, although thickly studded, are not repeated in a single instance. Over the high altar are angels in full choir, with every instrument of music practised in the 15th century. On each side are 31 stalls of rich tabernacle work, carved in oak, little inferior, in point of execution, to the episcopal throne at Exeter, or those at Windsor, erected in the reign of Edward 4, and allowed to be some of the finest pieces of gothic carving in England. The two furthest arcades dilate about a yard from the right line, instead of forming a section of a hexagon, and are connected with the great E. window, which is embowed in a slight degree, and occupies the whole space of the end of the choir." The dimensions are supposed to be greater than those of any other window in England: the glass occupies a space of 78 feet, 10 inches, by 35 feet 6 inches. "The arch has 3 chief divisions, or mullions, terminating elliptically; the middle of which includes 7 tiers of stained glass, now so extremely decayed and mutilated, as to appear like the tissue of a carpet." This magnificent window is in a sad state of dilapidation, and if not speedily repaired must fall a victim to reprehensible neglect. The present Altar-Piece, which is of the corinthian order, and in a very bad taste, exhibits it's usurping front to the exclusion of the rich tracery of the original High Altar, which is concealed from view, excepting from the side galleries of the choir. "The pavement before the altar is composed of painted bricks, representing the devices of Edward the 2d, of the Clares, and De Spencers, Earls of Glocester, and of Abbot Sebroke; these are imagined to have been prepared for the kiln by the monks, who have displayed ingenuity, taste, and accuracy, in the scrolls, rebusses, and armorial bearings. The passages and oratories by which the choir is surrounded, are all of saxon, or at least of early norman architecture. The choir is constructed within them, the side walls, and low circular pillars, having been reduced; and the whole lined with facings of elegant pannels. These are placed within arcades of semi mullions, resembling windows, which are open to the choir, from the galleries before mentioned. During the grand ceremonies of the church, the females of superior rank surveyed them from above." The pillars and arches of those aisles or passages are of such gigantic mould in breadth, (tho' not equally so in height,) that eternal duration seems to have been attempted by the architect. Equally strong and durable are those of the Whispering Gallery, which is mentioned by lord Bacon as being very remarkable. It is 75 feet in length, and forms 3 sides of an octagon; but the reverberation of sounds was most probably the effect of mere accident. On the left side are the remains of an altar, of rough stone, at which the abbot and others, are supposed to have stood to witness the celebration of mass within the chapel of our lady; and on the centre of the wall of the passage, the following lines are inscribed:

Doubt not but God who sits on high,
thy secret prayers can hear,
when a dead wall thus cunningly
conveys soft whispers to the ear.

In the gallery of the S. transept is a curious and very ancient painting of the Last Judgment, which was discovered some years ago behind the wainscotting in the nave, when the seats were removed. It has probably been an altar-piece, and concealed at the time of the Reformation. Part of the N. transept is inclosed by a wall pierced into a door, and two windows of great beauty; those afforded admission and light to the refractory inmates of the monastery, who were imprisoned within this apartment, as the gratings still evince; it is now used as a vestry. The interior of the Chapel of Our Lady, a continuation of the choir, is peculiarly rich and fascinating, but the effect is greatly injured by the introduction of the present altar-piece, which is utterly unsuitable to it's situation. An unmeaning, opake, stuccoed glory, under the inconceivable bright tints of the beautiful E.-window, is a wretched substitute for the elegant ornaments, pannels, and tabernacle-work, concealed by it. When the view from the nave was uninterrupted, the coup d'oeil must have been infinitely splendid; and the eye dazzled by the brilliant colours of the painted glass, which represents our Saviour surrounded by kings, prelates, and abbots. The figures are 37 in number, yet every attitude is judiciously varied. The roof of this chapel is one grand pointed arch, indented on the sides by the arches of the windows; a centre rib, with one on each side, extend E. and W.; 7 others diverge from each column, and intersecting throughout the surface of the whole vault, form a vast variety of lozenges, radii, and angles, which are bound together by fillets: the variety of the rosettes, flowers, foliage, and scrolls, which cover the intersections, is truly wonderful. The side chapels, or chantries, have ceilings of profuse decorations; they each contain twelve circles, with centre flowers, the intervals of which are full of tracery; between them are quatrefoils in circles, and the ascending arches are covered by nets of enriched pannels. The entrance of the chapel of our lady is fronted by a most beautiful Screen, pierced into a number of cinquefoiled divisions, with ornaments of quatrefoils interspersed; a seat, or basement, exactly similar to a tuscan pedestal, encircles the chapel; the sides of the porch above this are partially pierced into windows, containing 3 rows of horizontal quatrefoils, making the same number of divisions in height: fragments of painted glass canopies are left in the ornamented arches; the extreme lines of these windows are formed by pillars into 4 narrow pannels, which were filled by 8 niches; two of them are destroyed on the N. side, by the mural monument of sir John Powell; the pedestal and canopies are of the most exquisitely pierced foliage and pannels, but the statues are entirely gone. The ceiling of this grand porch has a cross of rich pendants, surrounded by the most elaborate ribs, judiciously intersected. The W. end consists of one superb arch above the porch, the base of which is a string of 11 ovals, filled with foliage and blank shields; the sides have each a pannel and niche; and the architect has pierced the great space within the above out-line into 48 trefoiled arches, of unequal sizes. Behind the screen is an elegant Chapel or Oratory. Five columns on each side, 3 in a cluster, form the length of the chapel; every column is adorned by 2 narrow pannels, each of which contains a cinquefoil pannel at it's base, and 3 niches, with caryatide busts of angels, bearing scrolls, originally inscribed with the names of the saints above them; the minuteness and elegance of the ornaments of this part of the design are extremely interesting. Here are 6 windows, 3 on each side, glazed; but one on each side the altar, serve as screens to the chantry chapels before mentioned; the spaces under the windows abound in the delicately sculptured decorations peculiar to the florid style; nor are the windows less attended to; the divisions are very numerous, and those of the arches are again subdivided in the most graceful manner. On the S. side of the altar are 3 seats for the officiating priests; 4 buttresses, exquisitely fluted, and enriched with foliage, inclose and support 5-sided canopies with indented trefoil arches, from each corner of which small clustered columns ascend to a cornice, forming 8 arches, finely indented, and a diminutive colonnade; the ceilings of the canopies are covered with slender ribs, which arise from pillars not larger than a wand; the piscina is quite perfect on a beautiful pedestal. The floor of the porch and chapel is paved with painted tiles; but numerous ancient and modern coverings of graves have demolished a very considerable part of them; those which remain are generally much worn: several tiles form a circle filled with a cinquefoil and roses of yellow and dark brown colours; imperfect inscriptions yet remain of *Ave Maria mater pie Domine Jesu* ....; some of the figures are a crown, with I. H. S., others, broken shields of arms. The greatest exterior ornament of this fabric is the Centre Tower, which, for symmetry and proportion, is equal, if not superior, to any other in England. During the 15th century, this part of the sacred building was the great object of attention and taste with ecclesiastical architects; and the different towers erected in this county, in Lincolnshire, and Somersetshire, are elegant specimens of the ornamental or florid architecture of that era. This tower is divided into 2 stories, and surmounted with 4 elegant pinnacles, perforated into numerous small arches, and terminated with foliated fineals. The summit is additionally embellished with open worked battlements. Each story or compartment of the tower has 8 windows, richly ornamented with sculptured fineals. The buttresses at the angles are also embellished with attached pinnacles, niches, and other ornaments. Between the s. transept and porch are 6 buttresses, which are detached from the wall at bottom, and are ornamented with canopies, niches, statues, and purfled pinnacles. Each abutment had originally 3 statues; but out of the 18 there are only 5 remaining. One of these, contiguous to the transept, represents a king, and is esteemed a fine specimen of sculpture. The South or Entrance Porch is equally profuse in ornament with the tower; and from the style of it's pinnacles, perforated battlements, niches, &c. it appears to have been erected about the same period. The w. front contains a large central window, lighting the nave, with two lateral windows, opening respectively into the n. and s. aisle. Beneath the former is a small entrance door-way, and another leading to the n. aisle. In the spandrils of the first are the arms of the See, and the arms of England. Over this door-way is a gallery before the great window with a quatrefoil open ballustrade. Attached to the central mullions of the window are 2 open abutments; and the top of the window is adorned with a profusion of tracery. This Cathedral contains several interesting specimens of monumental sculpture. The tomb of Edward the Second, erected by his son and successor, near the high altar, is, probably, the most ancient piece of sculpture in England, which exhibits such perfection of art. On the tomb, beneath a modern canopy, consisting of 3 arches of 2 stories, interlaced with minute tabernacle-work, is a recumbent figure in alabaster, of the deceased Monarch, regally robed, and crowned. The head is supported by 2 angels; the right-hand bears a sceptre, and the left supports an orb or globe: on the side of the tomb are 3 arches in recess, and 4 smaller ones, all of which have had statues; on the spandrils of the former are 6 shields: on the rails of the n. side are the arms of England, with those of Oriel College, Oxford, and an inscription dictated by the society of that foundation, who repaired this monument in 1737. The capitals of the 2 pillars, between which the tomb is situated, were then painted with a number of white stags on a red ground; a circumstance which has given rise to a vulgar report, that the body of the murdered King was drawn from Berkeley Castle to Glocester by those animals. Rysbrach, by whom this monument was visited with professional veneration, supposed it to have been executed by some sculptor who flourished in that age in the n. of Italy. Another monument entitled to distinct notice, is that to the memory of Alderman Blackleach, and his wife, whose figures, in white marble, lie on a table tomb, dated 1639, and seem accurate copies of the portraits of Vandyck: they are evidently the work of a skilful artist. A third monument, deserving observation, for it's design, and classic style, displays a group by Flaxman, erected to the memory of mrs. Morley, who died at sea, in child-bed. She is represented as rising from the waves with her infant in her arms, and conducted by 2 angels. In the s. aisle is an ancient tomb, commonly ascribed to Humphrey Bohun, earl of Hereford, and his lady: this earl died in the year 1367; but mr. Gough observes, in his "Sepulchral Monuments," that "it does not suit any earl of Hereford that we know; unless we suppose it to have been removed thither at the dissolution from the adjoining Monastery of Lanthony, where many of that noble family were buried; and this, from the form and style of the arch and it's niches, does not seem likely." Between the N. aisle and the choir is the monument erected, by abbot Parker, to perpetuate the memory of king Osric, with the following inscription on the wall above.

OSRICUS REX, PRIMUS FUNDATER HUJUS MONASTERII, 681.

In a Chapel nearly opposite, is a figure carved "in Irish oak," and inclosed by a wire lattice, supposed to represent the unfortunate Robert Curtois, or Curthoise, duke of Normandy, and eldest son of William the Conqueror. This nobleman died in 1134, after an imprisonment of 26 years in Caerdiff Castle, and was buried in the choir of this church: he is delineated in armour, with the legs crossed. Many other memorials of the interment of abbots, bishops, and distinguished persons, are distributed through this edifice. The Great Bell, in the first story of the centre tower, is supposed to weigh 6500 pounds; round it are these words, "Me fecit fieri Muncutus nomine Petri:" it's diameter at the bottom is 5 feet, 10 inches. The prospect of the surrounding country from the summit of the tower, is exceedingly extensive, and for rural beauty, scarcely to be paralleled. The Great Cloisters, begun by Thomas Horton and completed by abbot Froucester, are the most elegant and perfect of the kind in England. The external W. wall extends in a line from the first N. pillar of the nave, and returns to a wall continued from the W. side of the N. transept. The sides and roof of the cloisters are profusely embellished, and the windows are filled with mullions and tracery. Two semi-arches, in radii of pannels, springing from each side, meet in the centre, leaving lozenges in the spaces between each pair; those are filled by foliaged pannels and circles. The arches of the windows are formed by others, which rest on clustered pillars: the number of mullions in the windows vary, but the divisions are enriched by cinquefoils; and the tracery in the arches afford a beautiful variety of oval pannels and quatrefoils, all of which are glazed: the walls below the windows are variously adorned by pannels and large recesses. On the N. side of the cloisters are several neat Lavatories near the site of the Refectory, which was the only part of the buildings belonging to the Cathedral, demolished by the Republicans. These Lavatories consist of 8 arcades; and opposite to them is the Sudatory, or place where the napkins were hung, consisting of 2 arcades. On the S. side are 20 distinct places, or seats, where it is said the monks used to sit and write before the invention of printing. The College Library is entered through a door in the E. walk of the cloisters; the sides of the room have several strong saxon pillars, and from those there are large ribs, which cross the plain pointed roof, partially ornamented next the great window by intersections of ribs: between each great pillar are niches separated by small saxon columns, supporting semicircular arches. This room was formerly the Abbey Chapter-House; but was converted into a Library by sir Matthew Hale, and others, in the reign of queen Mary; when the mayor and burgesses were appointed it's guardians. In 1688, mr. Wheeler, then master of the College School, began to stock it with books; it was, however, but an indifferent collection, till the late worthy dean Tucker made a bequest to the library of a more valuable assemblage. The College School, intended originally for the instruction of youth belonging to the choir, and founded by Henry 8th, is held in an apartment over the Audit Room, at the end of the N. transept. It is now under the direction of a master and one usher. The Lesser Cloisters are supposed to be coeval with the ancient parts of the church attributed to bishop Aldred, but improved by the more modern mullioned arches: the Registrar's Office for proving wills, granting marriage licences, &c., is held at the E. entrance: and at the W. entrance is the Episcopal Palace; this has undergone much alteration under bishop Benson, who expended large sums in modernizing it, particularly the great Hall, the end window, and the Chapel: a tablet of marble has been recently placed over the chimney in the former, which records a visit from their Majesties in the year 1788. The College Green is an irregular space, partially shaded by short avenues of lime trees, and surrounded by the Deanery and Prebendal Houses. The Deanery adjoins the Cathedral on the w.; it's exterior displays specimens both of circular and pointed arches. King James, says Rudder, resided in this mansion during the time he was at Glocester, "and in the afternoon of the day after his arrival, touched 103 persons in our lady's chapel for the king's evil." The Walls were completely demolished soon after the Restoration; and the only memorial of the former strength of the fortifications now remaining, is the West Gate: this is imbattled; and was erected in the time of Henry 8. It stands on the banks of the Severn, at the end of a stone bridge, of 5 arches, built over that river during the reign of Henry 2. The Bridge connects, on the w., with a causeway of stone, called Over's Causeway, which extends through the low meads across the Isle of Alney, to the distance of about ½ a mile: in different parts of it, 36 arches have been constructed, which serve as bridges to admit the waters to flow off the meadows.

The Castle at Glocester, of which the last remains were destroyed a few years ago, to make room for the County Gaol, was probably erected about the period of the norman Invasion, as the Domesday Book records, that "16 houses were taken down for it's site." Camden mentions it as being constructed of hewn stone; tho' in his time it was "for the most part decayed." This castle was anciently held by the earls of Glocester, but afterwards became vested in the crown. The keep had long been appropriated as a prison: yet, becoming ruinous, and being in most respects improper, commissioners were appointed to erect a new Gaol; and a grant of the castle lands was obtained from his present majesty for that purpose. Soon afterwards, the building of the gaol was commenced, from the designs, and under the direction, of sir George Onesiphorus Paul, bart., whose indefatigable attention to the interests of society, as manifested in the plan of this structure, and a code of laws drawn up for it's government, merits the most unlimited approbation. The Gaol consists of 3 divisions, respectively named, the Penitentiary House, the Bridewell, and the Sheriff's Prison; these have all their distinct and appropriate regulations. It contains 203 separate cells; 164 for sleep, and 39 for employment. At stated hours, during the day, the prisoners are allowed to enjoy the fresh air in a court-yard, 210 feet in length, and 57 broad, having a colonnade at each end, to shelter them from bad weather; the same class of prisoners only are permitted to associate together. The whole internal economy is under the management of the Chaplain, Governor, and Surgeon, whose attention is regulated by certain rules, and who are themselves subjected to the control of the county magistrates. This building was opened for the reception of prisoners in the year 1791: the expence of completing it, and of 4 Houses of Correction, that were erected about the same time in different parts of the county, amounted to 34,873*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*

In the city and suburbs of Glocester were formerly 11 Parochial Churches, but those only of St. Michael, St. Mary de Crypt, St. Nicholas, St. Mary de Lode, St. John's, and St. Aldate, are now standing; the remainder having been either destroyed at the siege in 1643, or since taken down. St. Michael's Church consists of 2 aisles of unequal dimensions, with a square tower at the w. end: previous to the reformation, here were 3 chantries. In this parish a Blue Coat Hospital, (so called from the habits resembling those of Christ Church, London,) in the Eastgate-street, was founded by sir Thomas Rich, bart., who, in the year 1666, left a house and 6000*l.* for the purchase of lands, the rents of which 160*l.* per annum, were to be applied for the perpetual maintenance, educating, and apprenticing of 20 boys. St. Mary de Crypt consists of a nave, side aisles, and transept, with a neat tower, having pinnacles, and other ornaments, rising from the intersection: the E. end is also finished with pinnacles. Within it, among other monuments, is the tomb of sir Thomas Bell, bart., who died in the year 1566, after having founded and endowed a neighbouring Alms-House, for 6 poor persons. Near this Church are the remains of a Monastery of Black Friars, founded, about the year 1239, by Henry 3, and Stephen, Lord of Harneshull. The site of this house, with other lands, was granted to the above sir Thomas Bell by Henry 8, in consideration of the sum of 240*l.* 5*s.* 4*d.* A considerable part of the Friars' Church, now converted into tenements, is yet standing. The remains of a Priory of Grey Friars, founded by one of the Lords of Berkeley, are also situated within this parish. The buildings were greatly damaged during the siege in 1643; but the walls of the Church are yet entire. The mansion, fitted up from the remains of this Priory, was the residence of Judge Powell, a native of this city, whose integrity, and knowledge of the laws, were the means of his promotion to the dignified station which he held. He died in the year 1713, and lies buried under a costly monument in the Cathedral. On the W. side of the church-yard is Crypt Grammar School, founded and endowed by dame Joan Cook, in pursuance of her husband's will, in the 31st of Henry 8, and now under the superintendance of a master and usher. Every 4 years, a scholar is sent from this school to Pembroke College, Oxford, to be there maintained for 8 years on the foundation of George Townsend, esq., instituted in the year 1683. St. Nicholas's Church is an ancient structure, situated on the N. side of West-gate street, and consisting of a nave and aisles. At the W. end was a lofty spire, the upper part of which was pulled down a few years ago, in consequence of it's decayed and dangerous state. Near West-gate bridge, in this parish, is St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a neat and convenient structure, erected about the year 1786, for the residence of 26 men, and 30 women. Each inmate has a separate apartment, and 2s 6*d*, with some other aids, weekly, for maintenance. This building occupies the site, and is chiefly supported by the revenues, of an ancient Priory, the date of the foundation of which is uncertain. St. Mary de Lode Church is situated near the west-gate of the College, in the centre of a square area. It is an ancient structure, but has been injudiciously repaired, without regard to the prevailing style, which is saxon. The inside displays some saxon arches: and the western entrance is through a semicircular arched door, with three mouldings. In the N. wall of the chancel is the ancient tomb and effigies assigned by tradition to king Lucius, but more probably the monument of some contributor towards the building of the church. St. John's is a modern building, consisting of a nave and aisles, occupying the site of an ancient church, ascribed to king Athelstan. In this parish, but about half a mile N. from the city, is St. Margaret's Hospital, founded originally for lepers, but at what period is uncertain. The persons now supported here, are 8 poor men, a reader, &c. The annual allowance to each is about 5 guineas. Near this Hospital is that of St. Mary Magdalen, or King James's, which owed it's foundation to the Priory of Lanthony, and, like the former, was originally intended for persons afflicted with leprosy. The present establishment consists of 9 women and 10 men, each of whom are allowed 18 pence weekly. St. Aldate's, or St. Eldad's, now a chapel, is a neat modern fabric. Among the other benevolent establishments which confer honor on the inhabitants of Glocester, may be mentioned the County Infirmary, and the House of Industry. The former was built by voluntary contributions, and opened in the year 1755. The medical gentlemen connected with this institution, attend gratuitously; through this circumstance, and the generous subscriptions of individuals, the benefits of this charity have been extended to upwards of 22,000 persons. The annual receipts arising from voluntary donations, and the interest of funded property, amount to between 2000 and 3000*l.* The House of Industry was established in the year 1703, with intent to rescue the idle and profligate from the influence of vicious habits, and to enable them to exert their abilities for their own use, and to the advantage of the community. The management is directed by 24 governors, who have full power to oblige the able to work, both by rewards and punishments: the regulations for this purpose are extremely judicious, and generally effectual, without the aid of the latter. The chief employment is the making of pins: those who execute more than the proportion allotted them, have the redundant profits for their own use. The principal trade of Glocester results from the navigation of the Severn, from the hemp and flax-dressing business, and from the Pin Manufacture; the latter is carried on here to a far greater extent than at any other place in England. The Severn is navigable to the wharf near the bridge, for trows, sloops, and brigs; but vessels of more considerable burthen can only get up at spring tides, the narrow channel of the river near the city being obstructed by rocks and sandbanks. To remedy this inconvenience, a canal was projected, and commenced, between Berkeley and Glocester, sufficiently capacious to admit the passage of ships of 400 tons burthen. But war, the common enemy of the human race, has prevented the accomplishment of this great design; on which 120,000*l.* has already been expended, and only 4 miles, out of 17½ completed.

A Bell-Foundry was established in this city before the year 1500; and about that time, was conducted by William Hanshaw, who served the office of mayor 4 times between 1500 and 1520: for the last 150 years, this business has centered in the Rudhall family, who, in that period, have cast upwards of 3000 bells. The Clothing Trade, from which the inhabitants of Glocester formerly derived their chief support, is now completely lost; one fulling mill only remains. The principal tradesmen of Glocester are associated into 12 Companies: that of the Mercers, includes apothecaries, grocers, and chandlers; the Smiths, and Hammer-men, include iron-mongers, cutlers, sadlers, and glaziers; to the Metal-men, belong goldsmiths, braziers, pewterers, and pin-makers: the remainder are distinct, and consist of weavers, tanners, butchers, bakers, joiners, and coopers; shoemakers, taylors, barbers, and glovers. The public business of the city is transacted in the Tholsey, an appellation supposed to have been derived from the Toll which was received in it, by the lords of the manor, from the fairs and market. The present building was erected about the latter end of the reign of George 2, but has since been altered. The Booth Hall, situated behind the inn of that name, and appropriated to the holding of the assizes, and other county business, is an ancient building; the interior contains 2 ranges of timber pillars, apparently of the time of Elizabeth.

Very considerable improvements in the appearance and buildings of this city, have been made within the last 60 years. The streets are now well paved and lighted; and various edifices, or projections, which obstructed the free passage of carriages, have been removed. Formerly the houses were chiefly of timber, which at several periods occasioned the destruction of a large proportion of the city by accidental fires: they are now principally of brick. From the intersection of the 4 chief streets, the buildings occupy an easy descent each way, a circumstance that greatly contributes to health and cleanliness. The city receives it's supply of water from springs which arise on lord Sydney's estate at Matson, about 2 miles southward; and, as appears from ancient records, an aqueduct was carried thence to Glocester, for the same purpose, upwards of 400 years ago. The public amusements are similar to those of most other respectable cities; and recreation is sought in the attractions of a Theatre, Assembly Rooms, &c. A more local amusement, connected with the purposes of benevolence, is the Musical Festival, established by the members of the choirs of Glocester, Worcester, and Hereford; but aided latterly by the first performers in the kingdom. The profits are applied to relieve the necessities of the widows and orphans of clergymen; and arise from collections made at the Cathedral door, where the Festival is celebrated. The meetings are held yearly, and alternately, in each of the above cities, and continue for 3 days.

On the NW. side of Glocester is the *Isle of Alney*, a small tract, formed by the separation of the stream of the Severn into 2 channels. This was the scene of contest between Edmund Ironside and Canute the Dane, after the battle of Assindune, in the year 1016: Edmund had retreated to Glocester, where forming a new army, he awaited the coming of Canute; but being desirous of preventing unnecessary slaughter, he challenged the Dane to decide the war by single combat. Canute accepted the proposal; and, after a hard fought battle, felt himself on the eve of being worsted, when the suggestions of a subtle policy prevented his overthrow. "Bravest of youths," he exclaimed, in an interval of the combat, "why should our ambition covet each other's life? Let us be brothers, and share the kingdom for which we contend." The gallant Edmund acquiesced in the proposition; the rival Princes exchanged arms; and, after a conference between the chiefs on either side, it was determined, that Canute should reign in the N., and Edmund in the S. The greatness of soul, thus displayed by Edmund, had not it's deserved reward; for the same year, the wily Dane effected his assassination. The Isle of Alney comprehends many acres of fine rich pasture.

The *Vineyard Hill*, about one mile W.

from Glocester, was the site of a large House, belonging to the abbots of St. Peter's, and to which they frequently retired. This edifice was demolished during the civil wars, as well as another, called the Newark, built in emulation, by a prior of Lanthony, on a fine eminence s. of Glocester. The moat surrounding the Vineyard House is yet visible; the summit of the Hill commands a fine view of the city, the river Severn, and the Vale. Inns; the Bell, the King's-head, Booth-hall, the Swan, the Bolt. [See a well digested and enlarged historic and descriptive account of Glocester, in Brayley and Britton's "Beauties of England and Wales," whence the principal part of the foregoing extract has been obtained. See also the "Glocester New Guide."]

Across the Severn from Glocester a delightful ride is on it's western bank, TO NEWNHAM, commanding views of the city and it's surrounding vale, with the long range of the Cotteswold hills, finely distinguished, and perpetually varied by every turn of the road. The tufted eminences of the forest of Dean hangs over on the right, and sometimes in their transient openings present a succession of rural vallies sweetly decorated with villages and enclosures. Advancing, the Severn unites it's 2 branches, increases in magnitude, and begins to sweep the vale in bold irregular curves, every reach of which, more and more influenced by the tide, and studded with sails, adds new beauties to the landscape. At the bottom of the principal swell is found the little picturesque town of Newnham.

A *walk* TO NEWNHAM is described by the author of the "Cambrian Directory," as interesting; the country studded with half-distinguished villas, and enlivened by churches; while the retrospect commands a fine view of Robin-Hood's hill, and the dark tower of Glocester cathedral. At *Westbury* is the seat of Maynard Colchester, esq. The church, with a detached spire, stands close to the house. Near this place mineralogists will be highly gratified by a visit to a cliff, called *Garden* or Golden-cliff, most curiously encrusted with mundic and crystals. This rock, standing close to the Severn, is only accessible at the reflux of the tide; when illuminated by the sun it exhibits a most beautiful appearance. Between Westbury and Newnham, in an extremely delightful valley, bordering on the forest of Dean, is *Flaxley-Abbey*, the seat of sir Thomas Crawley Bovey. This was once a monastery for cistercian monks, founded by Roger, 2d earl of Hereford. The abbey was standing till the year 1777, when part of it was destroyed by fire. A considerable portion of building has since been added, which has rendered it a desirable summer residence. The views from the park, behind the house, are very extensive, commanding the vale of Glocester, and the river Severn, gay with vessels; while the extensive forest of Dean and Flaxley-abbey, form nearer objects for admiration. This wood abounds with the most charming walks; and, while it affords refreshing shelter from a summer's sun, admits partial views of the adjacent country. It lies between the 2 rivers Severn and Wye, and contains 30,000 acres. The immense quantities of wood annually felled for the use of the navy, have so thinned this forest of it's timber, that it is now preserved till a certain growth, by act of parliament. Iron-works have long been carried on in this forest, and immense beds of iron cinders are found, left by the Romans. These cinders, not half exhausted of their ore, are wrought over again; a proof that the Romans knew only a weak power of the blast. On approaching Newnham, the Severn became more considerable.

Advancing into Wales from Glocester TO HEREFORD, a little beyond the 10th mile stone, on an eminence, about 40 or 50 yards up the bye-road which leads to *Linton*, is an uncommon prospect. Over the neat little spire of the *Lea*, in the bottom, the copious brook of which separates the counties of Glocester and Hereford, and the respectable tower of *Weston* Church standing upon a knoll enriched with orcharding, *Penyard* Coppice Wood appears. It is distinguished by rising to the sw. with a bold head of grey rock towards it's extremity, gracefully clothed with foliage; and is the highest object in that direction. To the left, there is another nearly as prominent, now the northermost extremity of the *Forest of Dean*, called the *Lea Bailey*, adjoining to private coppices, and an extensive range of woodland, called *Bishop's-Wood*. In this picturesque opening, which conducts the eye to the counties of Monmouth and Pembroke, GOODRICH CASTLE stands scarcely out of view on the left. Behind, and rather to the right of the highest part of Penyard, is the town of Ross; and nearly in a line over it, at the furthest part of the vale, lies the city of HEREFORD. Passing through *Weston-under-Penyard*, the road enters Ross, without any previous view of the town, except that of the church steeple. A NIGHER WAY, by 3 or 4 miles, TO GOODRICH ferry-boat and castle, than first going to Ross, is through the pass just described. Leaving the main road, the second turning on the left, after passing the 12 mile-stone, cross *Ponsill's Marsh*, by *Billmill Lodge* and paper-mill, through the village of *Walford.* In this route, *Penyard park* and chase are on the right, and *Bishop's-Wood* on the left. The whole ride is diversified by rich and varying objects.

To Newnham, 12 miles, Skrine.
To Chepstow by way of Newnham, 28 miles.
To Ross, 18 miles.
Mr. Barber terminates his excellent account of "A Tour throughout South Wales and Monmouthshire," with this city.

* * *

From Monmouth, 6 miles, Coxe.
—— the Wye, Barber.

GOODRICH CASTLE and PRIORY are the first objects which arrest the attention of the traveller in passing down the Wye, who may land at a ferry-house at the foot of an eminence crowned by the picturesque ruins of the castle. The earliest authenticated accounts of this castle, are dated 1204; when Wm. Marshall, earl of Pembroke, had a grant of it from king John. It afterwards was inherited by the Talbot family. During the civil wars, the king's party, and parliament's forces alternately obtained the possession of it. At present, it belongs to George Griffin, esq., having been purchased with the manor, by his father from the duke of Kent's trustees. This castle stands upon a small promontory near the SE. extremity of the county of Hereford. When looked up to from the Wye, it bears a proud and formidable aspect. A deep trench, 20 yards wide, is cut in the rock round the walls, leaving a narrow ridge which crosses the moat at the grand entrance. On entering the gateway, a small apartment to the left, with an ornamented gothic window, and a stone chalace for holding holy-water, appears to have been the chapel; or considering it's small size, rather an oratory. A curious octagon column rising from a mass of ruins opposite has belonged to a principal apartment, and most probably the baronial hall. A large square tower was the keep, which is said to have been built by an Irish chieftain named Mackbeth, as a ransom for himself and his son, who were held prisoners in the castle. There is no doubt but this was a frontier post held by the Saxons; and many parts of the ruin still bear a saxon or early norman character.—J. T. Barber.

Flanesford (now called Goodrich) Priory, is situated in a fertile vale, about a quarter of a mile below the castle. It was a monastery of black cannons regular of st. Augustine, founded 1347, by sir Richard Talbot. It is now used as a barn.

At the FERRY-HOUSE may be had good wholesome refreshment, a guide to shew the castle, and a pleasure-boat, for viewing the picturesque situations of the castle from the water. Previous to crossing the water, it will be well worth the time and trouble of walking along the meadows, up the stream, about half a mile; whence may be seen to the greatest advantage the elevation and aspect of the castle. [See some excellent views of the castle, abbey, &c. in Bonner's "Itinerary." No. 2, price 7*s.* 6*d.*]

After contemplating the venerable remains of this castle, the beauties of the surrounding country are worth exploring, and may be accomplished in an easy walk. By descending thence to the river, and bending a course along it's banks, for about three quarters of of a mile, *Copped-Wood Hill* is presented. The ascent will be relieved by a perpetual change of scenery. The northern extremity should be first attained where the current of the river dashes against the base of the rock; whence it glides in a horse-shoe course of 5 miles; and revisits the hill again at it's southern extremity, at the distance only of one mile across the neck of land. *Penyard Park and Chase*, form a noble back scenery; and *Bishop's Wood*, intersected with small groves and thickets, diversified with rocks, neat cottages, and detached enclosures, presents a striking peculiarity of style. IF YOU PROCEED a little further, to a small white building, formerly the residence of a rabbit warrener; you command a view of the counties of Hereford, Monmouth, Salop, Worcester, and Glocester, in England; and those of Glamorgan, Brecon, and Radnor, in Wales. The less distant parts of the picture are enriched by the village of *Ruardean*, 3 miles to the E., in the Forest of Dean, appearing hence on the summit of a beautiful lawn, winged by firs and forest oaks, with the river at it's foot. To the N. appears the spire of Ross, rising out of lofty elms. In the circle, nearer to view, are the villages of Whitchurch, Goodrich, Croose, Pencreek, and Walford. For a mile in length the surface of this hill is nearly level, exceedingly pleasant, and safe, whether on foot or on horseback. Proceeding along the path, you have in view the old mansion, venerable woods and hanging gardens of *Court-Field*. Henry Prince of Wales, born 1388, at Monmouth Castle, and therefore called Harry of Monmouth, was nursed here. The cradle is now in the possession of —— Whitehead, esq. of Hambrook, French Hay, near Bristol. From the excellent quarry of this place, the stone was supplied for building the bridge at Bristol; whence an interesting view may be seen of *Bishop's Wood Furnace*. Here, and at the New-Wear, business seems to have found a convenient situation even in retirement. The village of *Lidbrook*, whence the city, and greatest part of the county of Hereford, are supplied with coal; the churches of *Welsh* and *English Bicknor*, and *Stanton*; and Forest of Dean, contribute to the inrichment of the view. When arrived at the extremity, which is bounded by the river, a range of massy and stupendous rocks, on the summit of the opposite shore, excites an awful admiration. The largest and most elevated of these rocks is called *Symond's Yat* or Gate; and is often visited by large parties, in the summer months, for the sake of the extraordinary prospects from it. *Welsh Bicknor church*, lies at the distance of about half a mile from Court-field, and is visited by the antiquary on account of a sepulchral effigy, said to represent the countess of Salisbury, who nursed Harry of Monmouth, or Henry 5. Mr. Coxe concludes his history of the proprietors of this manor with the following anecdote of the vigourous old age of an ancestor of the present proprietor. Walking one day with his son, who had been long married without issue, he challenged him to leap over a gate. The son attempted it without success; on which the old gentleman vaulted over it with great agility, adding, "As I have cleared the gate for you so I must e'en provide you with an heir." And he fulfilled his proposal by espousing at the age of 75, Agatha, daughter of John Berrington, esq., of Cowame-court, Herefordshire, by whom he left a son and three daughters.

In proceeding TO ROSS, the first 2 miles traced by mr. Barber, was a bridle road, which he says might with equal propriety be called a ditch; but he had frequent views of the proud ruin of Goodrich Castle, towering above it's incircling groves; which, variously combining with the surrounding landscape at each succeeding station, proved a new and delightful object. "Crossing the Wye at Wilton bridge, at a short distance above, on the low western bank of the river, appear the mouldering towers of *Wilton Castle*, a norman structure, once the baronial residence of the Greys. Several pleasure-boats, with awnings, handsomely fitted up for the reception of company that would navigate the Wye, are moored by the bridge. The distance from Ross to Chepstow, in a straight line, is not more than 16½ miles; but, owing to the sinuosity of the river, the voyage by water is nearly 38 miles. The boats descend with the current, and are towed back by men: this laborious task may account for the expensive hire of a boat, which I understood, says mr. Barber, to be three guineas. I earnestly advise every traveller of taste and leisure, proceeding by the way of Ross to Monmouth, not to neglect the beautiful scenery of the river. He may take one of the boats; or, if he prefer riding or walking, he may enjoy it's principal charms by severing my journey from Goodrich; whence crossing Hensham ferry, he will proceed among pleasant meadows on the margin of the stream in front of the sublime grandeur of the *Caldwell rocks*; then ascending the isthmus of an immense peninsulated rock called *Symonds-Gate*, at the height of 2000 feet above the surface of the river, he will enjoy a superlative prospect of it's mazy extent and the grand scenery around. From the vicinity of Goodrich the Wye urges it's course through a narrow valley inclosed by towering woody mountains, or struggles in more limited confines, where protruding rocks plunge their naked perpendicular sides into the body of the stream. Descending from the lofty neck of the peninsula, which is but 600 yards across in a direct line, although the circuit of the river round the rock is upwards of 4 miles, he will find himself in a deep valley of astonishing grandeur, formed on one side by the romantic precipices of the peninsula, and on the other by the great Doward, a huge stratified limestone mountain, studded with lime-kilns and cottages, At the *New-Wier* he will recross the river, and soon join the turnpike to Monmouth."—J. T. Barber.

To Tintern-Abbey, down the Wye, 9 miles, Coxe.
— Ross, 4 miles, Barber.

From Chester, 8 miles, Wyndham.
—— Wrexham, 4 miles, Skrine; Pennant.

GRESFORD, or Croes-ffordd, a village of Denbighshire, is remarked chiefly on account of it's beautiful church, which has 6 bells. It is placed upon rising ground at the end of the village, built of free stone, in length 123 feet, in breadth 59. The tower is quadrangular; it's height 90 feet. Upon it's side is a fine statue of Henry 7. The E. window, which measures 21 feet by 14, has been ornamented with beautiful groupes, appearing to contain the history of several saints, with some figures of the Virgin Mary in the centre; under each group are sentences in her praise. The Virgin's history ornaments the east window of the north aisle.

In the S. aisle is a figure completely armed with mail, a surcoat and round helmet, with a lion at his feet. His shield has also the figure of a lion upon it. The following inscription is upon the ledge of the tomb: "Hic jacet Madoc ap Llewelyn ap Gruffydd." There is a similar figure in the N. isle.

In the neighbourhood of Gresford stood the *Lower Gwersilt*, a house burnt down April 20, 1788, by which the country lost the worthy and respectable family of the Shakerlies, who settled there soon after the restoration. At the extremity of the lofty slope which impends over the plains, affording an extensive view to the N. and N.E. is a pene insulated field called the *Rofts*, which once formed a british post. It is defended by 3 strong dikes and fosses, cut across the narrow isthmus which connects it to higher parts of the parish. In one corner of this post is a vast exploratory mount. On the right of the road, within a mile of Wrexham, upon an elevation, lies *Acton-Park*, the seat of Foster Cunliffe, bart. Several paintings by Barker of Bath, are much admired.

To Wrexham, 4 miles, Wyndham.
— Chester, 7 miles, Skrine.
— Llangollen, 14 miles, Pennant.

From Monmouth, 11 miles, Barber.

GROSMONT, Monmouthshire, is a pleasing little village, situated in an undulating valley, diversified with wood and pasture, and beautifully accompanied by the meandering *Monnow*. On an eminence near the village, and swelling above the river is the picturesque ruin of it's Castle; a pile of no great extent, but well disposed, and profusely decorated with shrubs and ivy. The form of this structure is irregular: large circular towers cover the angles of the ramparts; within which are traces of the baronial hall, and other apartments, and beyond the mount are some remains of the barbican, or redoubt, and several entrenchments. All the door and window arches are pointed Gothic, and of the proportion in use about the 13th century; but the foundation of the castle is supposed to be coeval with that of Screnfrith's. The church is a large gothic structure, in the form of a roman cross; and, with it's octagon tower, and high tapering spire, is a conspicuous ornament to the village. Grosmont was formerly a town of some note. Many exterior traces of buildings, and raised causeways, constructed like roman roads with large blocks of stone diverging from it, prove it's antique extent and importance to have been considerable. The legend of this place recounts with voluble earnestness the exploits of their reputed necromancer, *John of Kent*.

Back to Monmouth, Barber.

From Plâs Newydd, 14 miles, Bingley.
—— Holyhead, 12½ miles, Pennant.

GWYNDY, (the whitewashed house) is a comfortable inn, in Anglesea, standing on the road from Bangor to

Holyhead, near the centre of the island. In the reign of Edward 4, and subsequently, parties met here to exercise in wrestling, tournaments, and other feats of activity. Near this place, on the great road, is *Bodychan*, an ancient building, once the seat of *Rhys ap Llewelyn ap Hwlkyn*, a potent man in the time of Henry 8. He was first sheriff of the county, and made his house, (now converted into a barn) the county jail. The dungeon yet remains.

To BANGOR, continue to Porth-aithwy ferry, thence up a steep road.

To Holyhead, 12½ miles, Bingley.
— Bangor, 16 miles, Pennant.

From Pont y Monach, 4 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.
—— Rhayader, 17 miles, Malkin; Warner's two walks.

HAFOD. This charming place occupying a deep narrow valley, watered by the Ystwith, is the creation of *Thomas Johnes*, Member of Parliament for Radnor, whose persevering genius has compelled a mantle of wood to grow on rocky precipices, where nature seemed to deny the access of verdure, and who in his elegant and useful projects of further improvement, gives employment to the country around. A handsome park-gate announces the entrance to these delightful grounds, and the thundering of an unseen waterfall forms a grand symphony to the ensuing spectacle, which discovers such an assemblage of beauties, of cheerful walks, and silent glens, of woody precipices, shadowy glades, garden thickets and waterfalls, that, compared with the barren wilds of the surrounding country, it seems a second paradise rising from a newly subdued chaos. Upon a spot judiciously chosen, where the banks of the valley gently incline, and the coverture of lofty woods afford a shelter from the north-eastern winds, stood the Mansion, with a sloping lawn in front, commanding a comprehensive view of the enchanting valley. On putting ourselves, says mr. Barber, under the direction of the gardener, we were first led to the kitchen-garden, furnished with extensive forcing houses, and replete with every necessary appendage. The flower-garden, also, displayed appropriate charms; but from these atchievements of art we turned, without regret, to where the bold hand of nature reared the scene in stupendous majesty.

——" Along the dale,
with woods o'erhung, & shag'd with mossy rocks,
where on each hand the gushing waters play,
and down the rough cascade white dashing fall,"

we passed, enamoured with the incessant tho' congenial variety of our subject. After visiting the cold bath, a small sequestered building, a mazy walk romantically traced by the side of a brawling torrent, and amid tangled shrubberies, led to a small cascade; and soon after a superior waterfall engaged our attention, where the whole volume of the Ystwith bursts over a ledge of rocks in a composition truly grand and picturesque. But a scene of awful sublimity disclosed itself on exploring a dark cavernous passage in a rock, and reaching it's extremity, where a lofty cascade of transcendent beauty, throwing itself over a strata of black rocks, bounded close to the opening of the cave, and shrouded the aperture with it's spray, as it became engulphed in a dark chasm beneath. The towering mountains, clothed with myriads of oaks, which environ this remarkable valley, afford a diversity of walks and combinations of view, to describe which words would be inadequate, and prove at best, but tedious. We were told that a walk of twelve miles scarcely comprises a complete survey of the grounds. Being limited to time, our perambulation was confined to a much smaller space, yet enough was seen to convince us that this is one of the most delightful rural retreats in the kingdom. The mansion was a handsome modern edifice, in the gothic style of architecture, and the general outline of the building pleasing, but we had read of it in one place, as built "in the most *correct* taste," and in another as "a mansion in the *Italian* style," yet found it a heterogeneous jumble, wherein a bastard sort of greek and saxon architecture was blended with the prevailing gothic. We understood the house was internally richly fitted up, and furnished with an excellent library, but did not visit it, for tho' what amounted to a *demand* of 5 shillings for the gardener's attendance was willingly paid, yet another such sum, which we found would be required by the housekeeper, we suspected might be more than the exhibition of any welch house was worth." There is something unworthy of a great character; in allowing a servant to have unlimited expectations from strangers. This imperious tax on the curiosity of the public has been apologized for by the circumstance of it's acting as a bar upon the lower ranks of society, who might incline to intrude. A servant might place as strong a bar as he might choose, upon the stranger whose appearance he disliked, tho' a pecuniary consideration was not in question. A plan far more becoming a liberal mind in possession of a splendid fortune, would be to appoint one servant, as a Guide, with reasonable wages, on condition that he never accepted of money, or whenever a discovery of such breach of contract was made, it should be the certain token of an ensuing dismissal. The attention of such a person to strangers could not occupy more than a small portion of time. These remarks are not intended to apply invidiously to the worthy proprietor of Hafod, but as objections to this prevalent indulgence of servants, by gentlemen of large possessions.

The following account of Hafod, is abridged from Mr. Malkin's excellent work on the Scenery. &c. of S. Wales." The entrance to Hafod at the shepherd's Cot, after a steep descent from *Pentre Brunant Inn* (as described under RHAYADER), is the least striking of all the entrances, and therefore perhaps the best. For some little way appears the roughness and disorder of a new creation. High as the ground is on which we stand, the ulterior prospect is intercepted by a massy rock of great compass and elevation, This barren rock has been submitted to the planter's hand, with praccal success. The road winding round this promontory, and escaping from it's obstructions, suddenly opens on such an assemblage of beauty and grandeur, stretched out to the very limits of the perspective, as few spots in this island can equal with respect to singularity, and the surprise which is excited. After travelling at the foot of Plinlimmon, to find the bed of the *Ystwith*, with it's groves and meadows, still far beneath the level on which we are standing, is so unexpected a circumstance, that we rather start, as at the withdrawing of a curtain from before a picture, than believe it a reality. The winding of the river, here foaming impetuously over rocks, there spreading, it's broad and glassy surface, like a lake; the endless woods, hanging on the mountain sides, in long array, sometimes rising to the top, but oftener contrasted by the naked ridge; some planted there by nature, yet more owe their luxuriance to the well-directed efforts of their owner; tracts of cultivation, picturesquely circumstanced, breaking out in the distances, and destroying the uniformity. This point of view is still further adorned by the elegant spire of a beautiful new-erected little church designed by Wyat, embosomed in the highest woods of the opposite hill. The ascent to the church is steep, but the path secure and smooth. Descending by another richly sylvan path through the hanging wood, we come out at the bottom of the Mill Cascade. Here a simple alcove adds an unobtrusive decoration to a spot frowning upon the higher pretensions of art. The fall is seen most advantageously from the building, at the distance of some hundred feet. Between it and the alcove there is a rustic foot bridge, which assists much in the composition of the picture. A path leads through the woods, with occasional spots of pasture and tillage, seen through the opening vistas, to the carriage road to the house. A sudden turn, most judiciously managed, brings the stranger unprepared, almost before the portico of an elegant mansion, built in the modern gothic style, by mr. Baldwyn of Bath, the situation of which was admirably chosen. The lawn slopes elegantly, but naturally, down to the water; and immediately behind it rises a most beautifully wooded hill. Majestic woods, reaching to a great extent along the acclivity, at once protect and adorn the chosen spot; while the sheep-walks on the other side the Ystwith, topped by rocks, which jut into the clouds, add to the uncommon style of nature by which we are surrounded.

But the principal walks, and those of great extent, are on the opposite side of the river. On crossing the lawn from the house, there is an appropriate wooden bridge over the Ystwith. Keeping along the road to the farm, you soon begin to rise from the valley in which the house and gardens are embosomed. The road leads to the top of the mountain; but after having ascended some time, a narrow path to the left, carried upon a very high level, cut with great labour out of the solid rock, leads through the most romantic recesses of this interesting place. Suddenly a mass of rock seems to stop all further progress, but on approaching it, the solid mountain is found to be perforated. After this dark chasm, the path winds round the front of a mossy promontory, which unfolds, from it's awful heights, a full view of the beautiful and sublime effects combined in this extraordinary domain. Standing on a narrow ledge, half way up the rock, with a perpendicular precipice below and another of equal height above, we have on one side, the river sweeping through the valley, and dividing it into equal parts, harmoniously corresponding as well in magnificence as extent: on the other side, the largest of many of those mountain torrents which embellish or make grand this glorious scene, forces it's way down to join the Ystwith, it's roar loud and incessant. Cultivated fields, intermixed with all this wild beauty, a range of opposite hills, the elegant church spire, and their concomitant objects carry admiration from point to point, causing us to hesitate whether to prefer the nearer or more distant objects, the ruder aspect of nature in her majestic mood, or the judicious efforts of sensible and modest art, to graft convenience and improvement on the peculiarities of mountain scenery, without fighting tastelessly against it's character. On emerging from the forest, we soon arrive upon a tumulously formed knoll, lofty, verdant, and unincumbered, which commands a still more extensive prospect of the valley, and takes in nearly the whole of Hafod. Continuing round the brow of this majestic hill, we suddenly close in upon the brook, which forms a remarkable feature in these grounds. A cascade of great force announces itself. A dark hollow in the rock attracts our notice on the right. The termination forwards of the passage seems to disappoint our hopes, when, on turning suddenly to the left, a rude aperture admits the light, and a sparkling shoot of water in front, urges it's perpendicular fall from the rock above into a deep hole below the cave. The most striking feature, is the luminous appearance of the foaming element, seen from so dark a station, glittering as if with gems. " After descending, by steps of loose slate, from the eminence at which the first jet of the whole brook is seen, a rude bridge leads across the channel of the torrent. In front of the bridge at a little distance, the stream comes tumbling over in a continued fall of about 100 feet, including that part of it which has already been described. The portion here presented to our admiration, is where the over-flowing of the deep boiler projects itself angularly over the smooth rock, and leaps down the ledges of it's rugged and precipitate descent, in a broken shower of stormy foam. After having crossed the torrent, at the bottom of it's perpendicular fall, and exhausted the topics of contemplation upon it's brink, we may follow it's steep declivity on the northern side, till it joins the main river. The path is commodious and agreeably diversified. After descending a few paces, a resplendent little rill trickles down the rock above our heads, and contracts it's diminutive beauties with the great cascade. The scene is narrow and tortuous, lofty, and overshadowed; a little fall, at every angle, arrests attention; below, the rugged bottom seems yawning to receive us; behind, the crag projects above our heads. At length the dingle joins the more extended valley; a long and steep descent of rude steps, conducts us to the artificial dam. A piece of grazing ground, renews our acquaintance with the impetuous Ystwith. After crossing it by the stone bridge and again crossing the other mountain brook below the mill-cascade, we decline into a sheltered walk, level with the river, which leads us to the flower garden. There is another flower garden, to which strangers are not admitted. Almost behind the wall of the lower garden, there is a very grand rock. The top is a natural platform, on which is erected a column to the memory of the late duke of Bedford. The cold bath is the only object, to detain the attention, in the sequestered path from the lower flower-garden to the lawn: but there are many other walks of large compass and extensive variety, about the grounds, not to be explored in a single day. In particular the road towards *Yspytty Ystwyth*, which is eloquently described by Mr. Cumberland in his successful "Attempt to describe Hafod," a pamphlet of 50 pages, well worth consulting by those who intend to explore Hafod in every direction. Respecting the grounds at Hafod, one pleasing reflection may be made. Whilst most of the fine residences are finished or going to decay Hafod is in it's infancy. In 1783 when mr. Johnes determined to settle here, it was a wilderness. In 1803 Hafod was as here described. From October 1795 to April 1801, the number of trees planted on this estate amounted to 2,055,000, of which 1,200,000 were larches, without including the land sown with acorns. The agricultural plan here pursued has been given to the public, in a small pamphlet called "A Caerdiganshire Landlord's Advice to his Tenants." The number of labourers employed about the farm is very great, and their comfortable cottages interspersed among the woods, with the houses of the bailiff and gardener, aspiring even to elegance, convey more the idea of a flourishing colony, than of a private gentleman's residence.

The compiler, in common with every friend to learning and the polite arts, joins in lamenting the total loss, by fire, of the elegant and magnificent mansion of Hafod, the residence of a man whose name is the rapturous theme of every traveller who has visited this part of the principality. This dreadful accident occurred on Friday the 13th of March, 1807, at a quarter past 3 in the morning, when mrs. Johnes was awakened by the fire, and immediately alarmed the family. Mr. Hanbury Williams, of Colebrook, near Usk, in Monmouthshire, was at the house on a visit. Mrs. Johnes and her daughter attempted to save some of the principal books in the gallery, but could not remain there long enough to render much service. Mr. Williams and his servant completely cleared four book-cases below of their contents, at which time, the lead pouring down in showers, drove them thence. The plate and some furniture, pictures, china, and glass, were saved, but the major part of the books, furniture, including magnificent French glasses, wine, linen, stores, marble busts, mosaic, musical instruments, ornaments, mrs. Johnes's private library, dressing-plate, jewels, trinkets, lace, and all her wardrobe, together with the mansion, were consumed. From the period of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, no greater loss, perhaps, has befallen literature than the conflagration at Hafod, by which was consumed a collection of many very rare and expensive volumes, a fine collection of welsh manuscripts, and other invaluable articles, forming a rich collection, the fruit of 40 years' pursuit. No catalogue of this treasure was ever made. Mrs. Johnes and mr. Williams think that the flames were upon the garret floor when they arose. Mrs. Jones attributed the misfortune to the careless use of a warming pan, in the housekeeper's chamber; the house-keeper charges the house-maids with taking hot ashes from under the grate and leaving them in scuttles under the stairs, instead of emptying them in the proper place. The secluded situation of Hafod prevented assistance; none could be obtained but from the inmates, 3 men, and the gardener, 9 ladies, and about 8 female servants. An engine was indeed upon the premises, but no one present could work it; the flames therefore, were uninterrupted in their progress; so that in the short space of 3 hours, except the turrets at the corners, the bare walls only remained, a melancholy memento of the former splendour of the place. Mr. Johnes was in town attending his parliamentary duties, and did not arrive to the solace of his family, till Wednesday the 18th instant. The conduct of mr. Johnes, who has suffered severely by this melancholy event, is in the highest degree honourable to his character; nor is that of the directors of the British and Imperial Fire-offices less entitled to the praise of liberality. The extent of the loss, as far as it has been possible to ascertain a loss of such vast and various magnitude, has been estimated by mr. Abbott, who acted as agent for both offices, with great ability, perspicuity and judgment. It was finally adjusted at 20,584*l*. With that enthusiasm which led mr. Johnes to devote his life and fortune to the creation of a paradise out of a wilderness, he intends still to inhabit his Eden, in spite of this flaming minister, and still to divide his rural leisure between agricultural improvements and literary labours. Most men would think it too late in life to set to work a second time; but let us hope to see a Phœnix rise from the ashes, and and to possess Monstrelet and Comines from the same press which has already produced Froissart, Joinville, and le Brocquiere.—Gen. Mag. for April, Univ. Mag. for May, and the Athenæum.

The following description will serve to shew what this building was, but what it is no longer. In the hall were two large pictures by Hodges, from passages in the life of captain Cook. A Newfoundland Dog by Opie. A horse and a spaniel by Gilpin. A fruit piece by Michael Angelo Caravaggio. Still Life, probably by Roestraeben. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a copy from Mengs. The portrait of a lady. A bust of Caracalla. Lava from Vesuvius. In the Music Rooms, the Holy Family by Baroccio. The Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and R. P. Knight, esq; the latter by Laurence. Heroditus with John the Baptist's head by Michael Angelo Caravaggio. A ruined alchymist, by Salvator Rosa. Portrait of Mr. Johnes of Llan Dair, by Sir Godfrey Kneller. The bridge of St Maurienne by Deane. The assumption of the virgin, by Benedetto Lutti. Elijah by Rembrandt. A sleeping beauty by Elizabetha Sirani. A Descent from the Cross by Vandyck, in the style of his master Rubens. Two landscapes by Berchem and Both, with several other pictures. A Salvator Hominum by Muralez, a Spanish painter surnamed El Divino. Two views of Matavai Bay in Otaheite and Funchal, one of the Azores, by Hodges. Two pictures by Claude; in one of them is introduced the arch at Ancona. Tables of verde antico and alabastro antico, with corners of phorphyry, a studio of different marbles, and a bust of miss Rose, daughter of Geo. Rose, esq. by Banks, made up the remaining ornaments of this elegant and classic room. In the Dining-room there is a family picture by Romney. The persons introduced were mr. mrs. and miss Johnes, major general J. Lewis, and doctor Stevenson, of Llandyssul. The chimney-piece was from the classical chissel of Banks. The heads of Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Sappho, and 3 other ancient worthies formed it's principal ornaments. In the Winter Dining room was a Cleopatra by Guercino. The Vale and Cascatella of Tivoli, by Delany. Elijah fed by ravens, which came from the monastery of Talley, Caermarthenshire, supposed to be the performance of one of the earliest masters, as Cimabua, Giotto, or John Van Eyck, the first painter in oil. The Lower room contained a sketch by Vandyck. A view of Newcastle in Emlyn by Ibbetson. A portrait of mr. R. P. Knight, by Webber. A view of Aberystwith by Ibbetson. A portrait of mr. Robert Liston, by Wickstead. Four coloured drawings of scenes within the precincts of Hafod, by Jones, the cambrian artist. A bust of the late duke of Bedford, by Nollekens. The Anti-library was arranged in the form of a chapel, in which were placed some very curious painted glass. A bust of lord Thurlow, by Rossi.

The Library was an octagon, surrounded by a gallery, supported by pillars of variegated marble, of the doric order. Over the chimney was an antique head of Isis, in red granite, and an antique Mosiac, from Adrian's villa. On the mantle, were busts of mrs. and miss Johnes, by Banks; a petrifaction found in the old bed of the Nile; and a fragment of the base of Pompey's column at Alexandria. In the adjoining Conservatory was an exquisite piece of sculpture by Banks; the subject Thetis dipping Achilles in the river Styx. The Drawing-room was completely furnished with gobelin tapestry, of great beauty and brilliancy. The colonade front was occupied by another suite, but never shown to accidental visitors.

ON THE ROAD TO PONT Y MONACH, is crossed *Maen Arthur*. The hill is bold, rugged, and barren. On gaining the top, the ground continues high, and seems to justify the opinion that this is a country of excavations. Llanidloes road then opens a partial view of that mighty dingle, where the rivers Mynach and Rhydol unite their torrents. In front is the great fall of the Rhydol, shrinking apparently into a cascade of small dimensions. A gentle descent gradually unfolds the scenery to view, till at length it breaks upon the sight in full display at Pont y Monach.

TO TREGARON, mr. Evans passed the unsculptured stone, a short distance from Hafod, called *Maen Arthur*, and passing the dreary cwm, *Ispitty Ystwith*, reached *Istrad Meirig*, where formerly stood a castle. At this place is a grammar school, well endowed. This district is very mountainous. Here is the remarkable *Cragnaullin*, mentioned by Leland, whence may be seen 9 lakes; i. e. *Llyn Helign*, *Llyn Teifi*, *Llyn Hir*, *Llyn Gorlan*, *Llyn Gronv*, *Llyn Verydden Fychan*, *Llyn Verydden Vawr*, *Llyn Ynigen Velin*, and *Llyn Dû*. The mountains from Cragnaullin form a magnificent amphitheatre, but with one apparent entrance, which is *Nant Teifi*.

In one of the contiguous valleys is Ystrad Fleur or the abbey of STRATA FLORIDA, in the parish of TREGARON, distant 3 miles. Following the course of the river, the poor but populous village of *Rhydfendigaid* (the blessed ford) is reached. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in lead mines, and the principal part of them are of the methodist persuasion. Religion has influenced this athletic race much, in surpressing their habit of having a community of wives. The sides of the hills in this district appear clothed with woods, which abound with the vaccinium myrtillus, rubus cœsius, & r. idæus. In a large meadow in one of these bottoms is *Ffynnon Elwad*, a water celebrated for curing all complaints of the female breast. The land hence from the Teivi to *Llyn y Maes*, or the Lake of the Field, (where tradition says once stood a town) is one continued marshy bog, abounding in turbaries, till you reach TREGARON.

Travellers from the metropolis, who are desirous of ascending to fine places in a regular scale, mr. Cumberland advises them to begin at the village of TINTERN, near CHEPSTOW, which, tho', little noticed, even by those who magnify the pretty landscapes near the Wye, is yet abundantly picturesque and rural; and where an artist possessed of the rare talent of knowing how to choose, might soon fill his portfolio. He should next devote 3 or 4 days to PIERSFIELD, and then ascend the Wye from MONMOUTH, up as far as HEREFORD; next follow it by BUALLT, and the HAY, to RHAYADER bridge, taking the *Falls of Elan*, on the way; thence passing by the picturesque lake and torrent of *Llyn Gwyn*, which is about 2 miles from Rhayader bridge, it is easy by turning a little over to the right to regain the high road to Hafod and Aberystwith.

From Hafod TO RHAYADER, mr. Skrine passed through the miserable village of *Cwmystwith*, which almost lies buried beneath high hills, and entering Radnorshire, coasted the river Elan for several miles. Having gained the summit of the *Cwm-tythen hills*, he had an uninterrupted retrospect over the dreary expanse he had passed. On the banks of the Elan, mr. Grove has built a house, and formed an ornamented domain. [see RHAYADER.] Except this place the whole track appeared bare and uncultivated; "nor do I ever remember," says mr. Skrine, "a more dreary solitude than that which prevailed on the Cwm-tythen hills, where not a single tree or human habitation varied the scene. At last, however, a glorious view was disclosed over the spacious plain in which the Wye flows, besides the town of Rhayader; which place he entered over a bridge of a single arch.

To Tregaron, 18 miles, Barber; Evans.
— Pont y Monach, 4 miles, Malkin; Warner's two walks.
— Rhayader, 17 miles, Skrine.

From Maentwrog, 9 miles, Bingley; Skrine.
—— Maentwrog, 12 miles, by way of Rhayader du, 12 miles, Wyndham.
—— Barmouth, 10 miles, Pennant; Evans.
—— Penmorfa, 7 miles, Warner.

HARLECH, or Harddlech, (a bold rock) is an inconsiderable town, in Merionethshire, situated upon a bare rock, containing 4 or 500 inhabitants; once the principal town of this district. It's name is derived from it's situation; originally called *Twr Bronwen* and afterwards Caer Colhwyn, from *Colhwyn ap Tagno*, who resided there in the time of prince *Anarwyd*, anno 877. Harlech, is in the parish of Llanfair, built with it's castle, upon a cliff, which overhangs the marsh, on the sea coast, near Caerdigan bay. The Castle which is tolerably entire, is a square building, each side measuring about 70 yards, and has at each corner a round tower; to which once were annexed round turrets. The entrance is between two great rounders, like Caernarvon, and the principal apartments appear to have been over the gateway, in a part of the building which projected into the court; and at each angle is also a large round tower. The castle was defended, on the E. side, by a deep foss. According to ancient history, this castle was built by *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, prince of N. Wales, about the year 530, and Edward the first founded the present fortress upon the ruins of the old castle. It was completed in 1283. In 1404, this castle, along with that of Aberystwith, in Caerdiganshire, was seized by the ambitious *Owen Glyndwr*, during his rebellion against Henry 4. They were both retaken about 4 years afterwards by an army which the king dispatched into Wales. *Margaret of Anjou*, the spirited queen of Henry 6, after the king's defeat at Northamption in 1460, fled from Coventry, and found an assylum in this fortress. Edward 4, expected to make himself master of every part of the kingdom, but *Dafydd ap Ifan ap Einion* a friend to the house of Lancaster held out in this castle till 1468. The castle was however at last surrendered to an army under the command of *William Herbert*, earl of Pembroke. In the civil wars of Charles 1, Harlech castle was the last in N. Wales which held out for the king. From the castle, if the atmosphere happen to be clear, may be seen the peaked summit of Snowdon, elevated much above the other mountains; the promontory of Llyn, CRICKAETH castle, and the entire bay of Caerdigan. Near the castle grows the juncus acutus, brassica oleracea, and within circæa lutetiana. Near this place is a curious antique monument, called *Coetan Arthur*, consisting of a large flat stone, lying horizontally, supported by 3 others. The supporters are about 20 inches square, two of them are 8 feet high, and the incumbent stone, inclining to an oval is 11 feet in length. About 1692, an ancient golden Torquis was dug up in a garden near the castle, which is described as a wreathed bar, or 3 or 4 rods twisted together, and about 4 feet long; flexible, but bent in the shape of a hatband, with hooks at each end, neither sharp nor twisted, but plain, and cut even, of a circular form, about an inch in circumference, and weighed 8 ounces. This valuable relict of antiquity was in the possession of sir Roger Mostyn, bart. Several roman coins have also been found in and near the town. Not far from the castle, is an old roofless building, once the town-hall, in which it is said the Members of Parliament for Merionethshire continue to be elected. In the winter of 1694, this neighbourhood was much alarmed by a kind of fiery exhalation, or *Mephitic Vapour*, which arose from a sandy marshy tract of land, called *Morfa Bychan*, (the little marsh) across the channel, 8 miles towards Harlech, and injured much of the country, by poisoning the grass in such a manner as to kill the cattle, and firing hay and corn ricks for near a mile from the coast. It is represented to have had the appearance of a weak blue flame, which by any great noise, such as the firing of guns, or the sounding of horns, was easily extinguished. All the damage was done invariably in the night, and in the course of the winter not less than 16 hay-ricks and 2 barns, one filled with corn and the other with hay, were burnt by it. It did not appear to affect any thing else, and men could go into it without receiving any injury. It was observed at different times during 8 months. The occasion of this singular phenomenon has not been accurately conjectured. The principal public house at this place is kept by a civil man of the name Anwyl, where a clean and comfortable double-bedded room may be had. An intelligent man named John Richards undertakes to conduct the traveller either among the mountains, or over the sand to Beddgelart, but it is highly dangerous to attempt the latter course over *Traeth Mawr*, when the sands have been observed to shift, as is sometimes the case. [See a very interesting memoir of Richards in the rev. J. Evans's intelligent Letters written during a Tour in N. Wales, 8vo. 3d edit. page 128.]

When at Harlech, mr. Bingley made AN EXCURSION to *Cwm Bychan*, (the little hollow) about 4 miles distant. One mile from the town, Richards, who was his guide, pointed out a circle of stones 30 yards in diameter, probably one of those druidic circles in which were held the Gorseddau, or bardic meetings. Cwm Bychan is a grassy dell, about half a mile in length, surrounded by black and dreary scenery. On the right, at it's entrance, is the small pool called *Llyn y Cwm Bychan*, from the edge of which *Carreg y Saeth* (the rock of the arrow), towers in dismal blackness; yet the landscape extends hence in great magnificence. Descending into the hollow, past an ancient mansion, and ascending on the other side, a deep mountain hollow occurs called *Bwlch Tyddiad*. Passing upon this rocky cleft beyond the higher mountains, on a sudden, a fine prospect of all the country eastward opens, bounded by Cader Idris, the 2 Arrennigs and other mountains. Hence making a turn to the right, over a wretched horse path, and soon afterwards another to the right, the deep glen of *Drws Ardudwy* (the pass of the maritime land) is entered, the sides and bottom of which are almost entirely covered with loose fragments of stone. After this dreary scene a more wide and fertile vale, called *Cwm Nancoll*, (the hollow of the sunken brook) occurs. Out of the track, 2 miles s. of Harlech is a *Cromlech* in a farm called *Gwern Einion*. On the side of the hill on which the road passes, in a wood, is a considerable cataract. [Mr. Thomas Evans, in his "Cambrian Itinerary," calls this cataract *Rhaiadr-du*, or the Black Cataract, and describes it as follows. "In this cataract, surrounded with dark impending scenery, the water is thrown with vast impetuosity over 3 black and smooth rocks, each in a different direction. Of it's height, no idea can be formed, as the top of the upper fall, by the winding of the rocks, is rendered invisible from below, yet forms a fine object for a landscape. The sides are also very steep and slippery, consequently too dangerous to think of clambering up, and in many places so extremely dark, from the thick foliage which surrounds the fall, as to appear mouths of deep dungeons, the abodes only of damp and horror."] Between the cromlech and the town of Harlech is another druidic circle. At the ebb of the tide part of a long stone wall which runs out into the sea from Mochras, a point of land a few miles s. of Harlech, may be seen. It extends in a w. s. w. direction for nearly 20 miles. It is called *Sarn Badrwyg*, (the shipwrecking causeway) an astonishing work, being throughout 24 feet thick. *Sarn y Bwlch* runs from a point N.W. of Harlech, and is supposed to meet the end of this. The space between these, formed, several centuries ago, a habitable hundred of Merionethshire, called *Cantref Gwaelod*, the lowland hundred. Those walls were built to keep out the sea.

The road TO BARMOUTH is even and good, but dull and uninteresting, except the continual exhibition of the unbounded ocean. In a field by the road side, near *Llanbedir* are two upright stones, standing near each other, the one about 10, the other 6 feet high. They are probably what the British called *Meini Gwyr*, (the stones of the heroes), or funeral monuments, to the memory of their ancient deified warriors. A few hundred yards beyond the 5th mile-stone, and at a little distance on the left of the road, are *two Cromlechs* very near each other, placed on barrows, or heaps of loose stones. The largest is 12 feet by 9, and the quoit or upper stone about 20 inches thick.

Within about 4 miles of Barmouth is *Cors-y-gedol*, the ancient family seat of the Vaughans, but now the property of sir Thomas Mostyn, bart. [See p. 36.] *Llanaber* at the distance of nearly 2 miles, is the parish church of Barmouth.

The road TO MAENTWROG lies up a difficult stair-case path, on the side of a craggy mountain, in a north-easterly direction over a trackless plain, known to guides by upright stones called Maen hirion, and concentric circles of stones. A tumulus and carnedd, larger than the rest, is distinguished by the title of *King Ingo's Tomb*. The place is also called *Bon-leff Hir*, or the loud shout to Battle. About the end of the 6th mile is the small lake called *Llyn Tegwyn isa*, and near it the little village and church of *Llan Tegwyn*; a little farther, surrounded by lofty mountains, is the fine lake of *Llyn Tegwyn ucha*; (the fair and lovely) a name which this secluded and enchanting scene well deserves. The road is a narrow path along the shelf of a rocky declivity, after which it descends into a deep glen, thick with trees. Passing over a black stream called *Velyn Rhyd* (the yellow ford), the turnpike is passed near the village of MAENTWROG, where there are comfortable accommodations. The inn of TAN Y BWLCH lies over a bridge of 3 arches across the *Dwyryd* at the distance of a mile.

To Cwm Bychan, &c. and back to Harlech, 20 miles; thence to Barmouth, 10 miles, Bingley.
— Tan-y-bwlch, 10 miles, Evans.
— Barmouth, 10 miles, Warner.
— Maentwrog, 9 miles, Pennant.
Back to Tan-y-bwlch, 13 miles, Wyndham; Skrine.

From Milford, 6 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.
—— St. Davids, 14 miles, Malkin.
—— Pembroke, by water, 15 miles, Wyndham.
—— Pembroke, by the turnpike road, 10 miles.

HAVERFORDWEST, in Welsh, Hwlffordd, is irregularly built on the steep bank of the river Hiaog, or Western Cleddy, or Cledhou. It may now be considered as the capital of Pembrokeshire; as well on account of it's superior extent and opulence, as from it's having lately become the place of the grand session. But the streets are narrow and dirty, and so steep as to be dangerous to carriages and horses. A few good houses, among which is a residence of the dowager lady *Kensington*, appear here and there; but in such situations, as to convey no look of importance to the place. It is a county corporate of itself, governed by a mayor, sheriff, town-clerk, two bailiffs, and a sergeant at mace; and sends one member to parliament. However commerce may have diffused wealth through this town, and proclaimed it the successful rival of Pembroke; yet, compared with the clean, placid, and respectable appearance of the latter, it ensures no pre-eminence of esteem. The market is one of the largest in Wales, especially for fish. The sect of Moravians are here very numerous. The rev. *John Gambold*, one of their bishops, was a native of this county, and died here in the year 1771. There is a cotton-mill contiguous which employs about 150 persons. The Castle, seated on a cliff adjoining the town, is said to have been built by Gilbert earl of Clare, in the reign of king Stephen, and was occupied by the Flemings. Tho' still possessing considerable portions of it's former importance, yet, engrafted with modern additions to fit it for the present county jail, it has little picturesque attraction. A wall connected with the castle, which once surrounded the town, is still in part standing. A good quay, a custom house, a free school, a charity school, and an alms-house, are among the public concerns of the town. Of the three Churches that of St. Mary is a neat building; and it's spire, covered with shingles and warped from the perpendicular, has a singular effect. It's gothic architecture is light and elegant, has only one asile, in which there is a carved roof. The arches are supported by clustered columns. A large gothic arch divides the nave from the choir. Some sepulchral memorials of the Milford family remain, and an old effigy in stone. St. Martin's Church stands upon a hill near the castle, and contains nothing particular except 3 old stalls, and a niche for holy-water. Saint Thomas's Church, is upon an eminence above the Priory. At a short distance southward from the town, are some remains of a priory of Black Canons, endowed, if not founded by *Robert de Haverford*, lord of this place. The chapel is the most perfect part. The walk to it, called the Parade, is the frequented promenade of the place. A large and capacious Jail for the county of Pembroke is about to be erected here.

INNS. Castle; Blue-boar.

An Excursion of 5 miles leads the tourist to *Picton Castle*, the noble seat of lord Milford, whose extensive domains include a great part of the surrounding country. This may be considered one of the most antique residences in the kingdom, having been built by William de Picton, a norman knight, in the reign of William Rufus. On the extinction of his line, it descended to the Wogans, then to the Dones, and afterwards to the Philipses of Kylsant. During the civil wars, sir Richard Philips made a long and vigorous defence in it for king Charles. It is one of the very few castles which escaped the dilapidations of Cromwell, and is remarkable for having always been inhabited: yet the alterations and additions of successive occupiers have not deprived it of it's embattled figure. The extensive and delightful plantations of this seat unite with those of *Slebatch*, a handsome house built by the late Mr. Barlow, and now in the possession of Mr. Philips.

Having advanced 2 or 3 miles on the direct road TO CAERDIGAN, Haverfordwest appears as if it's houses were piled one upon the other; accompanied by a fine river well furnished with vessels. At some distance westward, the lofty tower of Roche castle was conspicuous, and partly in the same direction, the *Trogan rock*, rising from verdure in abrupt crags, so as to be mistaken for tremendous ruins. Turning to the E. within a short distance appears an ancient encampment called *St. Leonard's rathe*, crowning a bold eminence; this work is circular, and, from the height of it's vallum and depth of it's ditch, may be attributed to the Saxons. Advancing from this spot, the beauties of the country disappear, and no objects of interest occur. The unadorned views became compressed into narrow limits, and, at length are shut up in mountainous hollows. In this dreary track stands a poor solitary house called *New Inn*, half way between Haverford and Caerdigan.

On the road to ST. DAVID'S occurs, at the distance of about 6 miles, the elevated ruin of *Roche castle*. Beyond, the road passes near the border of *St. Bride's* dangerous bay, and crosses the romantic creek and little harbour, of *Solvach* on the left, through a wild dreary country.

The *province of Ros*, in which the

town of Haverfordwest is situated, was peopled by a colony of *Flemings* who came into England about the year 1107, and by permission of Henry 1, inhabited a district on the E. part of the river Tweed, but 4 years afterwards they were removed into Pembrokeshire, in order to assist the English against the Welsh. See Hollinshed, ii, p. 34.

The country on the road TO MILFORD-HAVEN, is flat beyond *Merlin's Bridge*, but, on the whole, pleasing. There are a number of gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood, but the scenery abounds so little with what is uncommon that their names may suffice. *Cinnamon Grove*, and *Bolton Hill*, are both agreeable residences. *Johnston* is an ancient seat belonging to lord Kensington, which merits a visit. About a mile beyond *Tiers Cross* on the other road, is *Robertson Hall*, on leaving which you catch some fine water views, before you reach *Hubberston Priory*, which is not far from the water side. A part of the principal gatehouse is all that remains. *Hakin* is separated from Milford by one of those creeks which run up the country out of the haven. The packets from Ireland sail from this place,

From Haverfordwest, mr. Skrine made AN EXCURSION merely to *Hubberston*, a fishing town on Milfordhaven. After his return proceeing on the way TO ST. DAVID's, he passed by the ruins of *Roche castle*, over a dreary country. Scarcely a single tree decorated this wild extremity of the Pembrokeshire coast; the habitations of man were also mean and thinly scattered. On approaching the city of St. David's, it bore the aspect of an insignificant village.

About Harlech grows the Eryngium maritimum; near the castle, Sambucus ebulus, and Brassica oleracea; upon the walls, Sisymbrium tenuifolium; among rubbish on the Marsh, Borago officinalis; in the marsh, Anthemis nobilis; upon banks by the road side near the town, Astragalus hypoglottis; on on the coast Juncus acutus.

To Caerdigan, 24 miles, Barber.
— St. David's, 16 miles, Barber; Evans;
— Milford, 6 miles, Malkin.
— St. Davids, (by way of Solvach) 18 miles, Wyndham's 1st tour.
— Narberth, 10 miles, Wyndham's 2nd, tour.

* * *

From Chester, 7½ miles, Bingley; Warner.
——— Northop, 6 miles, Wyndham.
——— Euloe castle, 2 miles, Pennant.

HAWARDEN is a small clean looking market town in Flintshire. The surrounding country is pleasant, and the Castle, called in Welch Pen-y-Llwch, or vulgarly Pennard-y-las, which stands at the E. end of the town, commands a fine and extensive prospect towards the river Dee and the county of Chester. This building, which consists of little more than fragments of the walls and keep, is situated in the grounds of sir Richard Glynn, bart. It has been an extensive building of great strength, and surrounded by a double ditch. At present it forms a grand object, soaring above the woods. The late sir John Glynn took much care in having the rubbish removed from the ruins; and in one place was discovered a long flight of steps, at the bottom of which was a door, and formerly a draw-bridge, which crossed a deep long chasm, neatly faced with free stone, to another door leading to 2 or 3 small rooms, probably places of confinement, where prisoners might be lodged with the utmost security, after pulling up the bridge over the chasm that intervened between them and the open day. The circular keep, which is more elevated and perfect than the other parts of the building, has, within the last few years, been judiciously repaired. This castle was built soon after the norman conquest, and has been very strong. Henry 6 granted it to sir Thomas Stanley, in whose family it continued till the civil wars; but after the execution of Thomas Stanley, earl of Derby, it was purchased by sergeant Glynn, whose descendents are now it's possessors.

West of the church, by the road side, is a mount called *Truman's Hill*, upon which is a cavity like a small camp.

In proceeding TO MOLD, the Chester channel is on the right, and in front the mountains of Flintshire. At the distance of 3 miles is *Buckley Hill*, upon which are carried on very extensive potteries. Descending the north-western side, the prospect of the vale is richly embellished with woods, villages, and elegant mansions.

In a copse by Euloe Castle, grows Euonymus europæus; by the road side to Chester, the Atropa belladonna.

To Euloe Castle, 2 miles, Bingley.
— Mold, 6 miles, Warner.

To

To Chester, 6 miles, Wyndham; Pennant.
— Flint 7¼ miles. 1½ New Inn bridge; a little beyond are the ruins of EULOE CASTLE, in a copse, about ¼ of a mile on the right; 1¼ Pentre bridge; 1½ Northop; 3 Flint.

From Shrewsbury, 10 miles, Skrine.

HAWKSTONE, is the delightful seat of sir *Richard Hill*, in the county of Salop. This elysian residence was formed out of a sandy waste, and has been embellished, at an enormous expense, but with so much taste that the particular features which adorn it, can scarcely receive justice from the most vivid description. "Rich lawns," says mr. Skrine, "extend through the whole of this delightful territory, encircling high, insulated hills, on which the red rock appears finely intermixed with that profusion of timber, which clothes them from the summit to the base. On one of these, the fragments of a castle display themselves, and in ascending another, the visitor is conducted through a dark, subterraneous passage, of great length, into a spacious cavern, highly arched, and illuminated with painted glass, of various colours. This may indisputably be called the first grotto in the kingdom; nor is the effect lessened, when the opening of the folding-doors introduces the grand burst of daylight, and astonishes the sight with a most enchanting landscape, comprehending most parts of the place and it's environs, with the distant country, from a precipitous height, encompassed by broken pillars of the rock, and arches of this extraordinary building." Pursuing the course of the walks, by another succession of steps, cut in the friable rock, we wound through the thickest part of the woods, and ascended to the high terrace, which extends in a bold curve along the summit of the ridge for more than 3 miles. The shade and the verdure of this walk are most delightful; and from the seats, which occasionally recur, are landscapes of the richest variety, and most extensive compass. Upon an elevation, at the back of the terrace, stands a magnificent, open column, round the top of which is a gallery, affording a boundless view over some of the most striking, natural objects, both in England and Wales. Immediately beneath the N. end of the terrace, under a pendant grove of oaks, stands the Mansion, a large, brick building, with spacious wings. The style of it's architecture is rather grand than elegant; but the accompaniments are such as reflect much lustre. The Park extends far in front, and is intersected by a considerable sheet of water. From the village, which abounds with the taste and munificence of sir Richard Hill, the whole domain appears to great advantage. A neat, modern Church, in the gothic style, has been built here, and an inn established, which in point of situation and appearance, is equal to many gentlemen's seats. But these grounds cannot be more than partially examined without the attendance of the gardener, whose expectations amount to gold of some description. One of his labourers can however be had to open the locked wickets, gates, and doors, for 5*s*. An enlarged "Description of Hawkstone," by T. Rodenhurst, may be had of Wood, Shrewsbury, or at the Hawkstone-inn, price 1*s*. 6*d*.

To Oswestry, through Wem, 22 miles, Skrine.

From Crickhowel, 18 miles, Malkin; thence to Bualt on the western side of the Wye, 15 miles; back to Hay; thence on the eastern side of the Wye for 3½ miles, thence forward to New Radnor, 12 miles.
— Radnor, 14 miles, Wyndham.
— Bualt, 15 miles, Skrine.

HAY is a small town of Brecknockshire, situated upon the confines of Radnorshire and Herefordshire, and on the southern banks of the river Wye. Some vestiges of a Roman Fortress are upon the bank of the river near the church. The more modern Castle is upon the summit of an eminence on which the town stands. A dwelling house has been built out of the remains; but a gothic gateway is still preserved. The view from the church-yard is very rich, and variegated. A considerable extent of the old city walls are still visible.

At a short distance from the town are the remains of *Clifford-castle*.

INN; the White Swan.

On a wide CIRCUIT TO BUALLT, nothing very striking occurs till you reach *Aberllun*, where the scene is uncommonly gay, luxuriant, and beautiful. The meadows by the river side, the trim lawn of *Maeslough* opposite, on a rising slope, fields, orchards, &c. detain the feasted eye. Mr. Morgan, a woolstapler, has here a genteel house. The Lunwy falls into the Wye at this place. A little further is the decent public house called the Three Cocks, where the river makes the largest horse-shoe bend in the whole extent of it's course. *Llangoed Castle*, on the banks of the Wye, was purchased from sir Edward Williams, bart., by John Macnamara, esq., barrister at law. This place is capable and perhaps will be made one of the finest in Wales. It consists of 54,000 acres. Amid numerous natural beauties, there is a tremendously grand dingle, lying far from any thoroughfare, and therefore little known.

While at Hay, mr. Skrine paid a visit at *Clyro*, to the rev. mr. Edwards, rector of this place, and archdeacon of Brecon. Of this gentleman, mr. Skrine speaks in the highest style of eulogium, and acknowledges the advantages which he has reaped from his experience, his society, and friendship, in the most pleasing, honourable, and grateful manner. The village of Clyro is concealed beneath the radnorshire range of hills, possessing no natural or acquired beauties by which it is distinguished. Returning to the Hay, mr. Skrine, in passing over the little brook close to the town, quitted the principality.

IN A ROUT ON THE EASTERN SIDE OF THE WYE TO NEW RADNOR, Mr. Malkin visited the following places. *Clyro*, where on a head-stone in the church-yard appears the very great age of 219. The village of *Llowes* near the Wye. *Glasbury-bridge*, whence you see the grounds of *Maeslough*, *Aberllun*, and the Brecknockshire hills. Maeslough looks best at a distance, seeming to affect the style of a villa. This road is not adapted for carriages, but to horsemen and foot travellers is more interesting than the other side of the river. Those who wish to examine both sides may have frequent opportunities of crossing in stationary ferry-boats. *Boughrood* is beautifully embosomed in wood. It is worth while to pass here to the opposite side of the river, which exhibits one of the finest scenes upon the Wye. At this place the *Cletur* enters the Wye from Brecknockshire, and the *Matchway* from Radnorshire, each directly opposite the other. Few scenes are more uncommon than the *dingle of the Matchway*, but it can only be found by a guide. Mr. Macnamara's servant was mr. Malkin's guide. The dingle is terminated by a tremendous rock, on the top of which are the remnants of some ancient and rude structure, to which vulgar report attaches a monstrous tale. History is silent respecting it. This spot is described at length and with extraordinary descriptive powers, by mr. Malkin, page 273, &c., of his work. Regaining the banks of the Wye, the next object is a pleasing spot called the *Skreen*. *Llandilograban* is a small chaplery, close by *Llyn Llanbychllyn*, the largest lake in Radnorshire, but smaller than Llyn savaddon by one third. *Aberedwy Castle* and village, appearing in a pretty valley on the right, much noticed in Cambrian annals, afford very attractive objects. After having passed the bridge, just by the confluence of the 2 rivers, a path on the right leads up a hill, and to the top of a rock above the Edwy. Here is an uncommon romantic scene. Almost close by the foundations whence the general view may be taken, are the church and it's yard. The view from the latter is exquisitely beautiful. The village is mean, but it's situation is delightful. After winding down the steep descent of it's little street, to the water's edge opposite the mill, a favourable subject for the pencil is presented, of which mr. Malkin's artist has availed himself in a rough but masterly aquatint. This place gave birth to Thomas Jones, pupil of Wilson, and friend of Mortimer. He died on his family estate in May 1806. After passing a considerable way up this very interesting valley, at a bend of the river, the traveller, instead of pursuing it's circuitous course, mounts the hill before him, which leads to the village *Cregrina*, where there is nothing remarkable. A bad road leads to *Colwyn Castle*, overlooking the Edwy from an eminence. On coming into the high road from Bualt to Presteign, on the top of a very high hill, is *Llyn-Llanillyn*, a large pool of circular shape, about a mile in circumference. So large a body of water collected in such a situation is rare, yet there are phenomina in Caerdiganshire of the same kind, and of much greater magnitude.

At *Harpton*, between Old and New Radnor, there is a large oak, girth 27 feet.

From the Hay to Abergavenny, mr. Wyndham took the nearest road. The track over the *Hatterel* mountains for 5 miles, was intricate and boggy, till he reached the source of the Hodney, near *Chapel y Fine*, situated in the very inmost recess of the vale of Ewyas; the current of which he followed TO LLANTHONY ABBEY.

On the left of the road from Hay TO BRECKNOCK, a stately round turret announces the ancient retreat of the Clifford family, where *Mahel*, the unfortunate son of Milo earl of Hereford, lost his life.

To New Radnor, 12 miles, Malkin.
— Llanthony, 11 miles, Wyndham.
— Mr. Skrine ended his Tour in S. Wales at this place.
— Builth, 15 miles, Malkin.

From Wigmore, 23 miles, Warner.
—— Leominster, 12 miles.

HEREFORD. The era of the origin of this city, has not been ascertained. According to Gale it existed previous to the year 676, according to Godwin in 610, when Peada, king of Mercia held a synod at this place. It was called by the Britons, Trefawith, from the beech trees; and Hên-with, from the old road. Mr. Gough says it was called Hên-fordd. Probably from these the Saxons formed it's present name. Whatever was the origin of Hereford, it's having been made the seat of a bishop, was the means of enlarging it's consequence. It became a principal town of the mercian kingdom, and according to Polydore Virgil, had a magnificent church as early as the reign of Offa. Under the West Saxon kings it's progress was equally flourishing; and in or about the time of Athelstan, the city was enclosed by Walls, which now imperfectly remain, tho' improved and strengthened at various periods. In the year 1055 a formidable army under the command of Gryffyth, a sovereign of Wales, and Algar earl of Chester, entered the city, whereon a dreadful carnage ensued, and the Cathedral was burnt. Soon afterwards Harold returned to Hereford, rebuilt the walls and founded the Castle. The latter occupied a part of the S. and E. sides of the city, having the river Wye on the S. and defended by a large and deep moat on the N. and E. sides, to the angle of which the wall of the city extended. The entrance was on the N. side of the eastern ward, over a great bridge of stone arches, with a draw-bridge in the middle. It is now almost obliterated, the only vestage of any part of the building, being a fragment of the SW. corner, now converted into a dwelling. After the conquest, king William held Hereford in his own demesne, and the English inhabitants remained subject to various stated customs; but the French inhabitants were almost exempted. The 1st earl of Hereford, after the norman invasion, was William Fitz Osborne, who assumed extensive power both here and in the Isle of Wight. In the reign of of Henry 1, Walter, constable of England, held the castles of Gloucester and Hereford in his custody. King Stephen disposed of the whole county to Robert de Bellamonte, earl of Leicester, on creating him earl of Hereford. The castle was afterwards seized by William Talbot, who advanced Milo, son of Walter to the earldom. In 1141, the King invested it in person, to whom it was surrendered. The castle was afterwards usurped by the barons, seized by the earl of Leicester, and possessed by Edward 1, in consequence of his subjugation of Wales. At the time that hostilities commenced between Charles and his parliament, this city was surrendered to the latter. See further, Duncumb's "Collections," v. i, p. 227, &c. Among the public buildings of Hereford, the Cathedral, tho' deprived of much of it's venerable appearance by the fall of the W. front in the year 1786, still stands pre-eminently conspicuous. This structure owes it's origin to the murder of Ethelbert, king of the East Angles, by the mercian king Offa, whose many valuable donations to the church which previously occupied the same site, and had been dedicated to saint Mary, has occasioned him to be sometimes considered as the founder of the New Cathedral (in the construction of which those gifts were applied) erected by Milfrid, a viceroy, or provincial governor under Egbert, about the year 825. Within less than 200 years, however, it appears to have fallen wholly to decay, and was rebuilt by the munificence of bishop Athelston, or Ethelstan, who had been appointed to this see in the year 1012, and presided till the time of his decease in 1055. In this year, the cathedral was destroyed by fire as before-mentioned. It continued in ruins till about the year 1079, when Robert de Lozing, or Losinga, was made bishop of Hereford by William the conqueror, and soon after commenced a new structure on the model of the church of Aken, now Aix-la-Chapelle, in Germany. Lozinga died in June, 1095, but his design was afterwards completed by bishop Raynelm, chancellor to the queen of Henry 1, who was invested by the king with the ring and crosier about the year 1096. He held this see till his death in Oct. 1115. The central tower was built about a century after by bishop Engidius de Braose, or Bruce, who possessed the see from 1200 to 1216. The tower over the centre of the ancient w. front appears to have been the next addition, and may be referred to the time of Edward 2, or beginning of Edward 3. Further alterations were made at subsequent periods: the great w. window in this front was made under the superintendance of William Lochard, a canon, who died in 1458; and a beautiful N. porch was built by bishop Booth, between the years 1516 and 1535. The choir was fitted up and decorated by Dean Tyler, about the year 1720; but the last alterations of any considerable importance are of very recent date, and have been effected since 1786, when the tower over the w. front gave way, and fell to the ground, destroying all the building immediately beneath it, together with the adjoining parts of the nave. The w. end has since been rebuilt under the direction of mr. Wyatt, and the whole cathedral repaired.

The general plan of Hereford Cathedral is that of a Cross, with a lesser transept towards the E. and a Chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary, beyond it. From the intersection of the nave and transept, rises a square stone tower, which had formerly a spire of timber upon it, cased with lead, and rising 92 feet in height above the battlements; but this was pulled down during the late repairs, in order to relieve the arches of the tower from so much of the superincumbent weight. The greater transept is not uniform, it's N. end being more spacious than the S.; yet an additional building, now used as the Chapter House, but originally employed as the Treasury, gives it's appearance an air of symmetry. The exterior parts of the cathedral are very dissimilar in appearance, and particularly since the construction of the new w. front the architecture of which is extremely incongruous to the principles of the style it pretends to imitate. Whatever was the cause of this departure from the ancient character of the building, whether it arose from inadequacy of the funds, or from the want of skill in the architect, it's effects are certainly to be lamented, inasmuch as they detract greatly from the sublimity of the original design. The great door, as it now appears, can hardly be compared to any thing else than a very ill-formed niche, with an obtuse arch, bounded by two butresses, and surmounted by battlements; the great window is in the high pointed style; and the centre terminates with battlements, and has an empty niche. Besides the buttresses above mentioned, the facade has 2 five-sided and 2 common buttresses; the niches over the side doors are paltry in the extreme. The exterior of the nave on the N. side presents much of it's original character, tho' the tops of the buttresses, clerestory windows, parapets, &c., are modern: the principal windows correspond with those of the S. side. The Porch, which forms the grand entrance on this front, and was built by bishop Booth, about the commencement of the 16th century, is "constructed with 4 clusters of small pillars, supporting as many pointed arches, 3 of which are open to the church-yard, and the 4th leads into the cathedral. The columns are 6 feet in height, and rise 12 feet from the level of their capitals to the crown of the arch, making it lofty and pointed. The capitals are plain and circular, divided into several laminæ, gradually decreasing in their circumference from that which is uppermost. The 3 principal mouldings of the arch leading into the church are curiously sculptured. The roof is vaulted with stone, and divided by ribs into angular compartments, with quatrefoils, and other foliage, at their intersections. On each side of the N. or front arch is an hexagonal turret, having winding stair-cases, which lead to a small Chapel over the porch: these turrets have windows on all sides, except the 2 which attach to the cathedral. On the sides of the front or outer arch are also 3 quatrefoils, in circles ornamented with foliage; above is a window under an arch less pointed than those of the porch, and supported by small circular columns. This porch projects before that which is more ancient of the cathedral, vaulted also with stone, and has ribs which diverge in 3 directions from each corner; those on the sides form the arch of their respective walls; and those in the middle meet in a centre orb, adorned with foliage: similar ribs also meet the orb at right angles from the opposite sides. In the E. wall is a niche, 18 inches high, under a trefoil arch, adorned with crockets. At the SE. angle of the ancient porch is a small circular tower, with a winding stair-case; this reaching above the parapet, terminates in pediments, ornamented with crockets on the sides, and the heads of animals on the top. The N. end of the great Transept is plain, but the summit embattled, and it's sides are strengthened by massive buttresses. On the E. and W. sides are 2 very lofty and narrow windows of 3 lights, under sharp pointed arches, with small circular columns and mouldings; above are corbels; and still higher, on the parapet towards the west, is sculptured a range of trefoil arches. On the E. side are also 2 of the ancient norman windows, with circular arches; together with another small and circular tower, formed in the angle and reaching above the roof of the transept. Between this and the lesser transept is a low Chapel, built by bishop Stanbury, about the middle of the 15th century, having two windows under obtuse arches. The arches of the windows on the N. and E. sides of the smaller transept are also of the obtuse form; and on the northern summit of this transept is a low and plain cross: the buttresses between the windows are very shelving and prominent. On the N. side of the Chapel dedicated to Our Lady, but now used as the Library, are 6 windows, of the lancet form, supported by small circular pillars, similar to those in use at the beginning of the 13th century; and not uncommon in the reign of Edward 1. Between these are circles excavated in the wall, having in the centres human faces, and other devices; above is a series of intersecting arches and columns, the capitals of which are adorned with foliage: a plain parapet surmounts the whole. A porch vaulted and groined with stone, projects on this side, and leads to the vaults under the Chapel: the outer arch is pointed, with a plain round moulding over it; the inner arch is also pointed; but has the zig-zag ornament: the columns are plain and circular, and the capitals have some foliage on them. The E. end of this chapel has 5 lancet windows; those on the sides gradually declining in height from that in the centre: between each, on the sides, are 2 niches under trefoil arches; above are sculptured lozenges, and other ornaments of an oblong form: still higher is a series of pointed trefoil arches, with battlements above, and pinnacles at the angles. The windows on the S. side are also of the lancet form, but are divided into 2 lights by a single mullion: above them is sculptured a range or series of saxon arches and pillars, intersecting each other: still higher is a 2d series of similar arches; these are without columns, and form what is called the Corbet Table. A small Chapel, built by bishop Audley, at the latter end of the 15th century, projects on this side, and forms 3 parts of a hexagon; each part contains 2 windows under the flat or obtuse arch, introduced about that period: the upper windows are divided into 6 compartments, by 2 mullions and a transom, much ornamented; the head is also ramified into many fanciful divisions: the lower windows are smaller, and of more simple construction. The parapet above is embattled and has a row of small clustered pillars, sculptured immediately under it, and supporting trefoil arches. The S. end of the smaller transept has 2 large windows, each divided by mullions into principal lights, with cinquefoil arches; the spaces above terminate in a trefoil in the centre, and another on each side: the E. windows consist each of 4 lights under trefoil arches: on the summit, towards the S. is a small stone cross. The S. end of the great transept has one large window under an obtuse arch; and a 2d in a circular form above it which includes a trefoil. The former is divided into 6 long and narrow lights, under cinquefoil arches; and the head is similarly divided into 12 parts, under trefoil arches: the courses of stone about it plainly demonstrate that this form is an alteration from the original window, and the same is observable in a more pointed window towards the W.. This side has also a smaller window under an obtuse arch, containing 3 principal lights, subdivided by transoms, and each light is terminated by a cinquefoil arch: the ancient form of this modernized window is probably to be collected from the saxon arch, and zig-zag ornaments, of one in the same wall, the use of which has been superseded by that described; but above it is still to be seen a corresponding range of saxon arches and columns. The principal windows on the s. side of the nave, are 7 in number, with strong projecting buttresses between them; they consist, like those on the N. side, of 4 lights under trefoil arches, the head having a cinquefoil in the centre, with 2 trefoils under it: above are corbels, representing roses, foliage, and heads of men and animals. The clerestory windows, which form part of the new work of the nave, are also under pointed arches, with corbels above, designed to imitate the former.

The great or central Tower has lost much of it's primitive character from modern reparations: in it's original state, it was massive and embattled; the whole was richly studded over with nail-head; and it was further distinguished by the round moulding, triangular frette, zig-zag, and other appropriate ornaments in the saxon style: but, altho' the form and decorations were thus strictly saxon, the disposition of these ornaments were in conformity to the pointed style; while each side of the tower contained 2 ranges of lights, 4 in each range, and of the lancet form. The interior of the Cathedral is still very interesting; though it's former venerable appearance has been greatly destroyed by recent alterations, and by the removal of various sepulchral memorials, painted glass &c. The nave is separated from the aisles by a double row of massive columns, sustaining circular arches, curiously decorated with mouldings of zig-zag, nail-head, lozenges, interwoven twigs, and other ornaments: most of the capitals are plainly sculptured, but those nearest to the choir display some well executed foliage. The arch adjoining the s. side of the choir, has, however, been altered from it's original form and stripped of it's ornaments: the arches also nearest the west door, have been rebuilt in a plain manner since the fall of the w. end. Over the arches and immediately below the windows of the nave, is a range of arcades, under pointed arches, sustained on small clustered columns. The whole roof is vaulted, and groined with stone, and divided, by ribs, into compartments of various forms: some of the orbs are adorned with human heads and foliage; and on one of them, in the s. aisle, is a whole length male figure in an oblong shield. The entrance into the s. end of the great transept is under a low and pointed arch, which originally reached almost to the ceiling, but has been partly filled up; and over the door is a niche and pedestal: somewhat lower, on each side, is a smaller pedestal. The N. end of the great transept, called St. Catharine's Aisle, is now used as the parochial Church of St. John the Baptist: this is divided from a smaller aisle, on the east, by 2 arches on small clustered columns, having plain capitals on the side pillars, and a kind of volute to those in the centre; these arches are decorated with ribbed mouldings, in various patterns; that in the middle consists of a series of small quatrefoils, in open work, which has a very light and handsome appearance; the outer moulding rests on human heads as corbels. Above is a range of arcades, under trefoil arches of elegant workmanship; each arcade is divided into three open compartments by small columns, clustered and circular; the head of every arch is ornamented with 3 quatrefoils in circles: the mouldings correspond with those of the arches, having the middle ornamented as before; and those on the sides ribbed. Between the outer mouldings of the several arches, the wall is well sculptured in a mosaic pattern, representing 4 leaves expanded in each square: a cornice, similar to the ornamented moulding, extends horizontally over the whole, which comprizes 6 arcades. The opposite or w. wall, is less decorated; but it contains a handsome circular arch, originally used as a window: the arch is ornamented with a double row of zig zag, resting on circular columns, with square capitals: the base of this window projects, and is marked with the hatched ornament. Before the late alterations, the windows of the nave were adorned with the arms of various noble families, &c. in painted glass. The nave is terminated by a plain screen, through which is the entrance to the Choir, under a pointed arch: above is a large and well toned Organ, over which a noble circular arch extends, and supports the west side of the tower; the arch is decorated with zig-zag and nail-headed ornaments. The choir is lofty, and well proportioned; it contains 50 stalls, with ornamental canopies in the pointed style: these tho' composed of wood, are painted of a stone colour; under the seats are carved various grotesque and ludicrous devices and figures. Above the oak wainscotting on the sides of the altar, are rich open circular arches, with others still higher, in the pointed style. a flight of 7 steps leads to the altar, which has a sumptuous and elegant appearance. The eastern termination of the Cathedral is formed by the Chapel of our Lady, now used as the Library, and containing a valuable collection of books and manuscripts, arranged in classes: most of them relate to ecclesiastical history. One of the greatest curiosities in this chapel, is an ancient Map of the World, on vellum, illuminated with gilt saxon letters, and having inscriptions in black letter. The different places appear to be marked by animals, houses &c. but the whole is so thickly covered with dirt, that the full design cannot be traced. This map is contained within a frame ornamented by foliage in the pointed style, and had originally shutters to preserve it from injury; it was discovered under a pile of lumber some years ago, and is even now sufficiently neglected. The windows in this part of the building are in the lancet form and are separated from each other by receding clusters of small pillars, supporting pointed arches, richly ornamented with foliage and single leaves, in open-work of great elegance and lightness: the capitals of the pillars are similarly ornamented, and quatrefoils in circles are introduced over the windows. Beneath the library is a vault or crypt, which has of late years acquired the name of Golgotha, from it's having been made a place of deposit for the human bones disturbed in the repairs of the Cathedral. The interior of Bishop Audley's Chapel, which opens into the library, has a vaulted roof, groined with stone, and divided by small ribs into various compartments; the ground of which is painted blue; and the ribs red, with gilt edges. The centre orb has a representation of the Virgin Mary, gilt, and surrounded with a glory of the same: on the orb are the ancient and modern arms of the See, and also those of the Deanery; others are decorated with foliage, and various appropriate ornaments. A gothic screen separates this chapel from the library, and is painted and gilt, to correspond with the ceiling: Nineteen saints and religious persons are represented on this screen, in a range above, and others form a series below; they are placed in compartments, or niches, under canopies; and the whole is well wrought in stone, and richly painted in various colours.

In the passage, or aisle, on the N. side of the choir, projecting into the burial-ground, is the Chapel erected by bishop Stanbury; the roof of which is vaulted, and adorned with sculptured niches, cinquefoils, and other devices. Some well executed foliage also ornaments the walls, which, on the N. and W. sides, are also decorated with shields; some of them allusive to scriptural subjects; and others displaying the arms of Stanbury, of the see and deanery of Hereford, &c. The general dimensions of this cathedral are as follow: extreme length, 325 feet; from the W. door to the choir, 130 feet; length of the choir, 96 feet; from the choir to the library door, 24 feet; length of the library, 75 feet; extent of the great transept, 100 feet; breadth of the nave and side aisles, 74 feet; breadth of the nave, 38 feet; height of the body of the church, 91 feet; height from the area to the vaulting 70 feet. The Sepulchral Memorials in this structure are still numerous; tho' many were defaced, and swept away, at the Reformation; others were demolished in the time of the civil wars, when the library, and other parts, suffered greatly; many are concealed by the pews in the N. transept, and more brasses were accidentally sold among the old materials, disposed of after the general repair in 1786; the last, which in a considerable degree might have supplied the want of appropriate decorations in the new part of the Church, were fortunately rescued from the furnace by a friend of the arts, and are now placed in the collection of Richard Gough, esq.

One of the most celebrated of the tombs, or monuments is that to the memory of the bishop, Thomas Cantilupe, who died in the year 1282, and was canonized in 1310. The reputed sanctity of this prelate occasioned his tomb to be visited by pilgrims and travellers from all parts of Europe; and it is still regarded with veneration by the Catholics. It is composed of free-stone, in the altar form, and had originally a figure or effigies of the bishop, inlaid in brass, together with 9 tablets and an inscription round the verge, of the same metal; but these are all lost or destroyed: above, over the whole tomb, is a low stone canopy, supported on each side by 6 trefoil arches, and by 2 at the W. end; the end towards the E. is attached to the wall: the arches rest on low circular pillars, with square capitals. Round the tomb, below these, under corresponding but cinquefoil niches, are small full-length effigies of 14 knights in armour, bearing shields: these figures have been much mutilated. Under a lofty arch, which opens from the aisle of the above transept into the passage next the choir, is an altar monument in commemoration of Bishop Aquablanca, whose effigies, mitred, and clad in episcopal robes, lies on the tomb beneath a stone canopy, supported by 12 light pillars on each side, forming 6 compartments in the lancet form, and terminating in trefoil arches: above are 3 quatrefoils; and still higher, as many trefoils, all in circles, under small painted canopies, ornamented with crockets, &c. The whole is a beautiful specimen of the rich and light effect of the pointed style of architecture. In the N. wall of the Library, under recessed arches, are 2 ancient monuments, traditionally recorded to commemorate Humphrey de Bohun, earl of Hereford, and his Countess; and perhaps with more justice than those attributed to the same persons in Glocester Cathedral. Under an arch in the S. wall, and in which are two basons or cavities, for holy water, is placed the mutilated effigies of a lady wearing a coronet: on her surcoat were painted the arms of England, which are now almost defaced: this figure was dug up some years ago in the entrance to this chapel. Under another arch, in the same wall, lies the effigy of Dean Berew, or Borerue: on the front of the arch are several boars passant, with leaves of rue in their mouths, in allusion to his name. In the passage on the E. side of the choir, in arches of the walls, are altar monuments of several bishops, with their effigies, episcopally habited; and also a large slab, beautifully inlaid with brass in memory of dean Frowcestre, who died in the year 1529. The effigies of the dean is represented under a handsome canopy, richly adorned, and supported by saints: beneath, are latin verses on a tablet; and round the verge of the stone an inscription in black letter. In the S. end of the great transept is an altar monument, of alabaster, in commemoration of Alexander Denton, and Anne, his 1st wife; their effigies are placed on the tomb, together with that of an infant in swaddling clothes. The lady died in 1566, in her 18th year, and was buried here, as appears from the inscription; which also represents this spot as her husband's grave, but erroneously, as he was interred at Hillesdon, in 1576, having married a 2d lady, who was likewise buried at the same place. Against the W. wall of this transept, is a handsome monument in memory of Dean Tyler, who died in July, 1724; and of Sarah, his lady, who died in November 1726. In the choir, and filling up nearly the whole space beneath one of the arches on the N. side, is an elaborate monument to the memory of Bishop Bisse, and Bridget his lady, who was daughter of Thomas, duke of Leeds, and was countess of Plymouth by her 1st marriage: the former died in September, 1721; and the latter in May, 1718. In an arch on the N. side of the altar, is the tomb of Bishop Bennet, who died in October, 1615; and whose effigies lies under a canopy supported by black marble columns of the corinthian order. Near this, on an altar monument, is the effigies of Bishop Braose, episcopally habited, and sustaining the model of a tower in his left hand: he died in November, 1215. In the S. aisle of the nave is an interesting, tho' mutilated tomb, in memory of sir Richard Pembruge, or Brydges, an ancestor of the lords Chandos, who was knight of the garter in the time of Edward 3, and died in 1375. His effigies represents him in close armour, with his hands in the attitude of prayer, and a greyhound at his feet. The right leg of this figure having been broken off and lost, it's place has been supplied by a new one of wood, on which the mechanic has absurdly carved a 2d garter; not knowing that this badge of the order is by etiquette confined to the left leg: the arms of the deceased are repeated round the tomb in quatrefoils. In the opposite aisle, under a pointed arch, with a cinquefoil top rising to a pediment, with gilt crockets and a finial, is the effigies of Bishop Booth, clad in a rich episcopal habit with his head reposing on a pillow, on each side of which is an angel: this prelate died in May, 1535.

Besides the personages already mentioned, many others of eminence have been interred in this Cathedral: among them are numerous bishops. John Philips, the poet, was also buried here, in the year 1708, at the age of 32: an inscribed slab, in the N. part of the great transept, marks the place of his interment. Under the 2d window of the S. aisle, is a curious and very ancient font, recently brought from another part of the church: the diameter is nearly 3 feet, and the sides four inches in thickness, leaving a vacuity sufficiently large for the immersion of infants. On the outside are represented, in relief, the 12 apostles in as many niches, under saxon arches, studded with the nail-head ornament, and supported on pillars with foliaged capitals, and further ornamented with the spiral band, zig-zag, and other corresponding decorations. Over the figures of the apostles, which are 15 inches in height, and much mutilated, is a broad band, encircling the whole, marked in relief with a series of ornament, resembling the letter T, alternately inverted: the whole is of common stone, and supported on the backs of 4 sea-lions.

Almost all the buildings dependent on the cathedral, are situated on it's S. side, where once was a beautiful Chapter-House, and a Chapel of very high antiquity. The former stood at a short distance from the end of the great transept, and was elegantly constructed in the pointed style of architecture. The demolition of this structure was commenced during the civil wars, when it was stripped of it's covering of lead, and exposed to the weather: it's destruction was accelerated about the beginning of the last century by bishop Bisse, (who pulled part of it down in order to apply the materials to the reparations of the Episcopal Palace,) and has been wholly completed in the present, by the Chapter of Hereford, who have lately taken down the interesting remains.

A more glaring example of worse than gothic barbarity of taste occurred here during the prelacy of bishop Egerton, who procured a commission from the archbishop of Canterbury to inspect the condition of the Ancient Chapel, which stood between the S. side of the Bishop's Cloisters and the Palace. This was an interesting specimen of the architecture of remote ages, yet was returned, by the Vandals who examined it under the commission, as 'ruinous and useless,' and orders were given by the bishop for it's demolition; though it was well known at the time that less than 20*l.* would have put it into as good repair as it had been in during 400 years! The Bishop's Cloisters, which form the communication between the cathedral and the Palace, inclose an area of about 100 feet square, appropriated to the purposes of sepulture, and distinguished by the name of Our Lady's Arbour: the arches of the windows are obtuse, but the windows themselves are diversified by various ramifications. The W. side of these cloisters was destroyed in the time of Edward 6, and a Grammar School erected on the site: this also having become greatly decayed, was taken down about the year 1760, and a larger building was erected on the spot by subscription, under an engagement that, in addition to the uses of a school, it should be applied to the triennial meetings of the 3 choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, and to other public occasions: from this application it has been termed the Music Room. The materials of which it is built, are partly stone and partly brick: it's length is 80 feet, it's breadth 40, and it's height the same. This school has the privilege of presenting to 15 scholarships at St. John's College, Cambridge, in turn with Manchester and Marlborough: it presents likewise to 15 scholarships at Brazen-Nose College, Oxford. This school was founded in 1384, under the auspices of Bishop Gilbert. The Bishop's Palace is an ancient building, pleasantly situated at a little distance from the banks of of the Wye: it's outward appearance is by no means prepossessing, tho' many of the appartments are fitted up with elegance; the gardens are extensive, and occupy a gentle declivity contiguous to the river. The Deanery, and Prebendal Houses, the latter of which are generally given to the residentiaries, are situated nearly opposite the NE. angle of the cathedral, but display nothing remarkable. The College is a venerable pile of stone building, surrounding a quadrangle of about 100 feet, and appropriated to the uses of the Vicar's choral. This appears to have been erected about the time of Edward 4, and principally from the benefactions of bishop Stanbury, before which the vicars choral had their residence in Castle-street: besides the apartments for the vicars, it contains a spacious common hall, a small chapel, and a library; but the 2 latter are in a state of dilapidation. The Cathedral-Yard, was long the burial-ground for all the parishes in the city, and for many of the adjacent out-parishes; but since the year 1791, the city parishes have each provided distinct places of interment. The Members of Hereford cathedral, are the Bishop, Dean, 2 Archdeacons, 6 residentiary Canons, including the dean, a Lecturer, a Chancellor of the Diocese, a Chancellor of the Cathedral, a Treasurer, a Subtreasurer, a Precentor, 28 Prebendaries, a 1st and 2d Master of the Grammar School, a Chapter Clerk, 12 Vicars Choral, being priests, including a Custos, an Organist, 7 Choristers, a Verger, and 2 Sextons: the Dean and residentiary canons constitute the Chapter. The episcopal jurisdiction extends over the whole county of Hereford, with the exception of 8 parishes, which form part of the diocese of St. David's; and also includes a very considerable portion of Shropshire, 4 parishes in Monmouthshire, 8 in Radnorshire, 6 in Montgomeryshire, and 21 in Worcestershire. The present value of the Bishoprick is about 2000*l.* per annum. Previous to the civil wars, Hereford contained 5 distinct churches, besides the cathedral, viz. St. Peter's, All Saints, St. Nicholas's, St. Martin's, and St. Owen's; the church of St. John the Baptist appears to have been at all times an appendage to the cathedral. St. Martin's, and St. Owens, were destroyed during the siege in 1645. St. Peter's was founded soon after the norman conquest by Walter de Lacy, (who had attended the Conqueror to England, and was rewarded for his services) with various manors and lands in Herefordshire, and other counties. After the completion of the church, the founder was accidentally killed by falling from the battlements, as he was inspecting the work: this occurrence, according to the Monasticon, happened in the calends of April, 1085. The nave is separated from the aisles by octagon columns on the s. side, and by clustered pillars on the n. On each side of the chancel, are 7 ancient stalls, thought to have been designed for the use of the brothers of St. Guthlac's Priory: these are very elegantly carved into pannels, quatrefoils, &c. and have light and beautiful canopies of fret-work; the seats have carved figures beneath them, similar to those of the stalls in the cathedral. This church was repaired, and partly rebuilt, in the year 1793, at the expense of the parishioners. The rectory of St. Owen's was united to this in the time of Charles 2, but the right of individual patronage was preserved. All Saint's church was given, by Henry 3, to the master and brethren of the hospital of St Anthony, in Vienna, who appear to have formed a small society here to superintend their property, as early as the 22d of Edward 1. This edifice consists of a nave, chancel, and side aisles, with a tower rising from the ground, and terminating in a lofty and well proportioned spire: the tower overhangs it's base considerably on the n. side, but is sustained in it's present situation by 2 new buttresses. The nave is separated from the aisles by circular columns, sustaining pointed arches: the roof is of timber, with ancient projecting angel brackets, pierced pannels, and pendants of foliage and flowers. Here are several stalls, supposed to have been appropriated to the brethren of the above society. Under the w. end of this fabric, and contiguous to it, are several subterraneous passages and vaulted apartments. The s. porch is embattled, and supported by buttresses; the entrance is under an open cinquefoil arch. St. Martin's, which is now annexed to this parish, was originally the mother church; as appears by a valuation made in the time of Edward 1, in which All Saints is distinguished as the Chapel. St. Nicholas's Church is a small edifice, consisting of a nave, n. aisle and chancel; this fabric has been recently repaired, but is still in a state of decay; and the chancel has the singular appearance of falling 2 ways, the n. and s. walls both leaning outwards. Besides the above places of divine worship, Hereford contains a Meeting House for each of the following denominations of sectarists; Dissenters, Roman Catholics, Quakers, and Methodists. Various Monasteries and religious houses existed in this city and it's suburbs, previous to the reformation; but most of them are now down, and the sites are occupied by other buildings. On the n. side of the city beyond the Wide-marsh-gate, are some remains of a Monastery of Black Friars, or Friar's Preachers, who were originally established in the Port Field, beyond Bye-street gate, about the year 1276, under the auspices of William Cantilupe, brother to the bishop Cantilupe, and finished in the reign of Edward 3, according to the original design; and was himself present at the dedication of the church, together with his son, the Black Prince, 3 archbishops, and many of the nobility and gentry. This Friary became very flourishing, and many persons of distinction were buried here. On the dissolution, the site and buildings were granted to John Scudamore, esq. of Wilton; and William Wygmore, gent. of Shoddon; but early in the reign of Elizabeth, they came into the possession of the Coningsby family, from whom the estate has descended to the present earl of Essex. The principal vestiges of this establishment are some decayed offices, and the remains of a Cross, or a stone pulpit, as it was originally built for the purpose of preaching from. The s. side of the Prior's lodgings is tolerably entire; it is sustained by 3 buttresses, and in the basement has 2 oblong windows, each divided by 2 pillars into 3 compartments having cinquefoil arches: at the s.w. corner is a circular tower. The wall on the n. side is supported by four buttresses, but is much dilapidated; here part of the ruins are mantled with ivy. The Cross is constructed in the form of a hexagon, open on each side, and surrounded by a flight of steps, gradually decreasing as they ascend. In the centre is a base of the same figure, with 2 trefoil arches on each side, supporting the shaft of the cross which branching out into ramifications, from the roof of the pulpit, and passing through it, appears above in a mutilated state: the upper part is embattled, and each angle is supported by a buttress. The picturesque effect of this beautiful remain is greatly increased by a large alder, which has forced it's way in 4 stems through the joints of the steps; and one branch twines round the pillar, and passes out through an arch of the hexagon. About 40 or 50 yards s.e. from the ruins of the Black Friars is Coningsby's Hospital, a charitable foundation, began by sir Thomas Coningsby, knt. in the year 1614 on the site of a small Hospital, anciently belonging to the knights hospitallers of st. John of Jerusalem, for 2 of the most valuable characters of society, (altho' generally the most neglected) the worn-out soldier and the superannuated, faithful servant. The adjoining ruins of the Black Friars supplied the materials for the new edifice, which was constructed in the form of a quadrangle, and comprised 12 apartments, a chapel, hall, and suitable conveniencies. Over the door in the centre of the hospital, are 2 small ionic pillars, inclosing a tablet, with the Coningsby arms; gules, 3 conies, argent, impaling those of Fitz-William, lozenges, argent and gules. The front of the chapel terminates with 2 arches, over which is the shaft of a cross: the inside is quite plain: a piece of garden ground is attached to each dwelling. St. Giles's Hospital, stands without St. Owen's gate, and was originally founded in the year 1290, for fryars Grisey, or Savignian monks. It afterwards became the property of the knights templars; and being seized by the crown, was given by Richard 2, to the city of Hereford, and appropriated to the purpose of an alms-house. The endowments are applied to the support of 5 poor men, who are each allowed 4s. 10d. monthly; clothes every 3d year, &c. The hospital was rebuilt in the year 1770, by voluntary subscription: a piece of garden-ground is attached to each residence. St. Ethelbert's Almshouse was erected in the reign of Henry 3d, principally by indulgences and relaxation of penance, granted by the bishops of Hereford, Coventry, Salisbury, and Ely, to those who contributed towards it. The revenues of this foundation, which now amount to 66l. per annum, are applied to the maintenance of 10 poor women, each of whom has also an apartment and garden. The Infirmary is pleasantly situated near the river, a short distance s. from the Castle walks: it was 1st opened for the admission of patients on the 26th of March, 1776. The committee of subscribers, under whose superintendence the concerns of this establishment are conducted, has likewise the direction of the Lunatic Asylum, a building on the n.w. of the Infirmary, erected about the year 1792, for the reception of 20 patients afflicted with insanity: this also was instituted by subscription. The education of the youthful poor is provided for by a Charity School, partly supported by voluntary contributions, and partly by revenues arising from donations and legacies: here 50 boys, and 30 girls receive instruction and clothing; and small sums are given to provide many of them with apprenticeships. The Work-house is a convenient building, without the Eigne Gate, established on a general plan by a union of the parishes, and governed under a system of judicious regulations. The new County Goal occupies the site of the Priory of St. Guthlac. This building was completed in 1797, under the superintendence, and from the designs of the architect, mr. John Nash. It is inclosed within a high brick wall, having a handsome rusticated gateway, with tuscan pillars; the keeper's apartments have also a rustic front and pediment. The prison itself is spacious, having a house of correction, workshop, inspection room, infirmary, chapel, debtor's rooms, &c. together with 4 courts, having gardens in them. The expense of this edifice, which is strong, clean, and well regulated, amounted to about 18,650l. The City Goal bears marks of considerable antiquity, and formerly composed one side of Bye-street-gate. This goal contains one small cell, and 3 very high apartments, with a window in each; the whole very dry and clean; a dungeon beneath, once used for the purposes of confinement, has been converted into a cellar, by the interposition of mr. Nield, whose benevolence of heart has induced him to pursue the plan of the much lamented Howard, and to descend into the depths of misery for the god-like purpose of alleviating distress. The Shire Hall, which stands in the area called the High Town, nearly in the centre of Hereford, is supposed to have been erected in the reign of James 1, by John Abel, the expert carpenter, as he is called in the letter from the governor Scudamore to lord Digby, who constructed the mills on which the safety of the city so much depended during the siege in 1645. This building forms an oblong square, it's length being 84 feet, and it's breadth 34: it is composed principally of wood, and now consists of only one floor, supported on 3 ranges of pillars. Under the Shire Hall, the markets for grain and fish are held: at the E. end is the butcher's market; and at the W. end, the poultry and butter markets.

Very considerable improvements have been made in the appearance of Hereford since the year 1774, when an act of Parliament was obtained for the inclosure of about 150 acres of waste land on the N. side of the city, and which formed part of the tract called Widemarsh; the other part having been inclosed as early as the reign of Henry 8. The situation of Hereford on the banks of the Wye would be extremely favourable also for it's trade, if the navigation of that river was less precarious; but this is so entirely dependant on the state of the weather, that it cannot be made to answer the purpose of regular conveyance. The principal manufacture that is carried on here, is that of gloves, which is tolerably flourishing; and some progress has recently been made in the manufacture of flannels; hats are also made by a few manufacturers. The Wye Bridge was founded as early as the time of Henry 1, and at his particular request, Bishop Richard, who held the see from the year 1120 to 1127, contributing materially to the work. The present bridge is supposed to have been constructed about the end of the 15th century: it consists of 6 arches, one of which was rebuilt after the seige in 1645, the former having been destroyed to prevent the approach of the Scots. The same materials were employed in it's construction, but it's height was considerably reduced, from which cause the bridge has an irregular appearance.

The Theatre of Hereford has some claims to notice, from having been the nursery of a Clive, a Siddons, and a Kemble: it's direction, indeed, was for many years in the Kemble family, who had long been inhabitants of this city. The present Theatre is a very neat modern building, standing on the W. side of Broad street, and having a pediment ornamented with busts, &c. Other sources of amusement are derived from Assembly-rooms, with balls and occasional concerts. The population of Hereford, as returned under the act of 1801, amounted to 6828; of which 3023 were males, and 3805 females: the number of houses at the same period was 1460. Many persons of considerable eminence have been born in this city; among those whose celebrity has been most distinguished, are Roger of Hereford, Bishop Miles Smith, John Guillim, John Davies, Richard Gerthinge, Eleanor Gwynn, gen. Stringer Lawrence, captain James Cornwall, and David Garrick.—From Brayley's and Britton's "Beauties of England," and Duncumb's

"Collections towards the History and Antiquities of the County of Hereford."

Inns. New Inn; City Arms Hotel.

About a mile north-westward from Hereford, at an angle of the road, which in one direction leads to Stretford-bridge, in another towards Hay; is the remains of a stone cross, generally called the *White Cross*. The base consists of an hexagonal flight of 7 steps, measuring 10 feet wide at the bottom, each 11 inches high, and 12 in breadth. The 1st and only remaining stage of the shaft, is also hexagonal, it's height being 6 feet, and the breadth of each face 2 feet, exclusive of a pillar between each. In these sides are as many niches, containing shields bearing a lion rampant: the niches are under pointed arches, supported on small columns. Above is an embattled parapet, with the mouldings and base of a 2d division of the shaft; it's present height is 15 feet. Mr. Duncumb attributes the origin of this cross to an infectious disorder which ravaged this county, and rendered it necessary to remove the markets from Hereford: the spot of waste ground on which the cross stands was applied to that purpose. In memory of this event, dr. Lewis Charlton, afterwards bishop of Hereford, caused this cross to be erected.—"Collections," vol. 1. p. 399.

On the se. side of the Wye, about 2 miles below Hereford, is *Rotheras*, or Rotherwas, the seat of Charles Bodenham, esq. The mansion is spacious and handsome. It was erected by the grandfather of the present possessor. Near it is a decayed chapel, and extensive offices, which belonged to the ancient manor-house. The grounds are pleasant, and contain some fine timber. The prospect on the sw. is terminated by an eminence called *Dynedor-Hill*, on which are vestiges of an ancient *Camp*. From this eminence the views are exceedingly fine; comprehending, on the nw. Hereford, with an easy ascent from the banks of the Wye; beyond stretches a beautiful vale, bounded by the Brecknockshire mountains. On the n. and ne. horizon are the Clee-hills of Shropshire; towards the e., the Malvern-hills of Worcestershire; on the se. and s, is a pleasant and variegated country, enlivened by the meanderings of the Wye. On the sw. appear the *Hatterel-hills*, or as they are more generally called, the Black-mountains. This hill is cultivated even to the verge of the entrenchment, and spotted with cottages: it's parapet is covered with underwood; and it's area is tillage land.

The approach TO ROSS FROM HEREFORD lies over a vale of rich meadows, remarkable for a breed of fine oxen and milch cows; where the bold windings of the Wye are adorned with the ruins of *Wilton Castle*, and a stone bridge of masterly architecture. These are rendered more attractive by the sails of barges playing in the wind. From this spot the famous causeway leads to the base of a rocky eminence, on the brow of which the *Man of Ross's Walk*, a plantation of forest trees, is presented. The broad road from the causeway continues in a graceful sweep, ascending to the opposite side of the hill, and there enters the w. end of the town. The whole of this view is finely diversified, producing an abundant variety of entertaining objects. Those who wish to avoid the ferry at Goodrich, may find a beautiful ride over Wilton-bridge, on the Monmouth road. At *Pencreak-Hill*, at the distance of 3 or 4 miles, an uncommonly fine landscape opens. It presents from an eminence, the river Wye, meandering along the vale, the enchanting windings of which are dignified by the stately appearance of GOODRICH CASTLE on the right. The variety and extent of hill, vale, wood, and water, which compose this view, baffle description. The tourist may pursue his journey along the banks of the Wye, or boats may be obtained. See ROSS, MONMOUTH, and the WYE.

On the road from Hereford TO NEW RADNOR, the traveller will pass immediately by the roman station of *Magna*, now called *Kenchester*. Upon a wooded eminence to the n. called *Credon-Hill*, is a fine british *camp*, commanding a most delightful and extensive view. A few miles further is *Foxley*, the seat of mr. Price, the ingenious author of a work on the picturesque. The labour of ascending his beautiful terrace, and of penetrating his luxuriant wood is always amply repaid, by a variety of natural and unadorned scenery.

To Monmouth. 3½ miles to Callow; 1 Cross-in-hand; 1¼ Wormelow Tump Inn; 4 St. Weonard's; 4¼ Welsh Newton; ½ enter Monmouthshire; 3¾ Monmouth; in all 18¼ miles.

Abergavenny. 1¼ on the right is Belmont,

J. Matthews, esq.; $2\frac{1}{4}$ Goose Pool; 1 on the left, Allensmore, E. L. Pateshall, esq.; 1 Three horse-shoes; $\frac{1}{4}$ Willock's Bridge; $3\frac{3}{4}$ Trelough; $\frac{1}{2}$ Wormbridge, *r.* E. B. Clive, esq.; 1 Howson. [*l.* 2 Kent-church Park, J. Scudamore, esq.;] 1 Kenderchurch; $\frac{1}{2}$ Pontrilas; $\frac{1}{2}$ Penalan; $\frac{1}{2}$ enter Monmouthshire at Langua-bridge; $6\frac{1}{2}$ Llanvihangel Cracorney; 3 Llantilio Pertholey; $1\frac{3}{4}$ Abergavenny; in all $24\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

The Wye, Warner.

To Ross, $14\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

— Glocester, through Ledbury, $32\frac{3}{4}$ miles.

— Hay, 21 miles.

* * *

From Wrexham, 6 miles, Bingley.

—— Chester, 10 miles, Pennant.

HOLT, an obscure little village, on the w. bank of the Dee, in Denbighshire, was once a market town and a place of consequence. Yet it is even in it's degenerate state, governed by a mayor and two bailiffs. The two villages of Holt and *Farnham* or *Farndon*, are separated only by the river and communicate by a bridge of 10 arches, built in 1345. The Dee, at this place, divides England from Wales, Farndon being in Cheshire and Holt in Denbighshire. There is nothing remarkable in the scenery of this neighbourhood. The Castle was placed on a solid rock close to the river, but scarcely any remains of it are visible. It was defended on 3 sides by a trench, 40 or 50 yards wide. Camden calls a situation on the opposite side of the river the ancient Castrum Leonis." Holt castle was garrisoned in favour of Charles 1, in 1643, but beseiged by the parliament in 1645, and with others entirely demolished. The lordship now belongs to the crown, under the direction of a steward. The inhabitants of Holt contribute with those of Ruthin and Denbigh in sending one member to parliament.

The Church or Chapel is built of red stone, and seems ancient.

On leaving Holt, mr. Pennant returned over the bridge; and passing along a portion of Cheshire, with a pleasing view of Broxton hills upon the left, reached the site of *Shocklach castle*, of which nothing except a foss marks the place. Upon the opposite side of the road is a vast mount, commanding an extensive view. At a short distance is *Maelor Saesneg*, a hundred of Flintshire, disjoined from the principal part of the county. *Broughton* is a venerable wooden house. At the back of this building lies the noted common of *Threap-wood*, from time immemorial a place of refuge for the sex who were desirous of being freed from the consequences which the law inflicts upon illict love. Numbers of houses were scattered over the common for their reception. This tract was formerly extra-parochial; the inhabitants, therefore, considered themselves as beyond the reach of the law. They were at last compelled to submit but not without bloodshed. On the right of the road TO BANGOR lies *Emral-hall*, the seat of the Pulestons.

Back to Wrexham, 6 miles, Bingley,

To Bangor-iscoed, 8 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Gwyndy $12\frac{1}{2}$ miles, Bingley,

—— Llanelian, 22 miles, Pennant.

HOLYHEAD or Caer Gybi, the fort Gybi, from it's having been the residence of Gybi, son of Soloman, duke of Cornwall, and pupil of Hilarius, bishop of Poitiers, about the year 380. This town is situated upon a peninsula at the extreme w. point of Anglesea. It is the resort of passengers to and from Ireland, the distance is 20 leagues, being much shorter and considered as far less dangerous than either from Liverpool or Parkgate, which the packets generally "make" in 12 hours. One packet goes out every day except Thursday, and returns next morning. In stormy weather packets have been kept at sea for 2 or 3 days, but in favourable winds and weather the passage is performed in 9 hours, and sometimes even in 6. The church-yard is a rock close to the sea, in a quadrangular form of about 270 feet by 120. Three sides are enclosed by strong high walls, and the fourth is nearly open to the sea, having only a parapet, which is defended by steep rocks. Mr. Pennant thinks it has been a roman fort. The Church is a handsome cruciform embattled edifice, and is supposed to have been once a college, founded by *Hwfa ap Cyndelw*, lord of Llys Lliven in Anglesea.

Holyhead contains few attractions for travellers of pleasure. Opposite the church are two rocks, with ruins upon them, called *Ynis-Gybi*, and *Ynis-Rug*, under the mountain called the Head, which overhangs the town, in which mountain is a large cavern supported by natural pillars, called the *Parliament-House*, accessible only by boats.

The Cistus guttatus is found upon sandy pastures, or the mountain *Lech-ddu;* and the Ranunculus parviflorus, on gravelly soil in this neighbourhood.

On the road to the Head are the ruins of *Capel y Gorlles;* upon one side is a huge dry wall. *Pen y Gaer Gybi*, or the summit of the mountain, contains the foundation of a circular building, which appears to have been a pharos; whence is a distinct view of the peninsula of Holyhead. Mr. Pennant returned over *Pont-rhyd*, and along an excellent turnpike road to BANGOR. A little on the left is *Presaddfed*, formerly a seat of the Owens.

To Amlwch over cross roads, 20 miles, Bingley.
—— Gwyndy, 12¼ miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Flint, 5½ miles, Bingley; Skrine.
—— Northop, 5½ miles, Bingley.
—— St. Asaph, 10 miles, Aikin.
—— Denbigh, 15 miles, Warner.
—— Caerwys, 5 miles, Wyndham.
—— Basingwerk Abbey, 1¼ miles, Pennant.

HOLYWELL is a place by far the most important in Flintshire. The numerous manufactures and lead-mines in it's vicinity, and it's easy access to the sea, have rendered it the great mart of this part of the kingdom. The town is spacious but irregular; it is pleasingly situated on the slope of a mountain, which extends nearly to the water. Many of the houses are good, and it altogether bears an air of considerable opulence. An admirer of the works of art may, at this place, find his taste amply gratified by viewing the numerous works of lead, calamine, copper, brass, and cotton. The parish Church is situated in a bottom at one end of the town, and so low that the prayer bell can be heard only at a very little distance. This defect is remedied by a person, hired by the inhabitants, who has a leathern strap fastened round his neck at the end of which is suspended a bell of tolerable weight, and over one of his knees is buckled a cushion; thus accoutred, he sets out just before the hour of prayers, and walks round the principal parts of the town, jingling the bell every time his cushioned knee comes forward. *Winefred's Well*, from which the name of Holy-well was given to this place, springs with vast impetuosity from a rock at the foot of a steep hill at the bottom of the town. This well is covered by a small gothic building, said to have been erected by Margaret the mother of Henry 7. Nothing can exceed the delicacy and elegance of the carving on the inside of this building, which forms a canopy over the well. It contained the legend of St Winefred, and 7 sculptures alluding to the house of Stanley, by which it was erected; but not at present distinguishable. In a niche, opposite the entrance, stood once a statue of the virgin Mary, but this has been long since destroyed. The chapel over it, which is of the same date as the other part of the building, is now converted into a charity school. The well is an oblong square, about 12 feet by 7. The water passes through an arch into a small square court; under this arch the catholics used to swim as an act of penance. The legendary story of the origin of this well is singular and curious. Winefred, who is said to have lived in the early part of the 7th century, was a beautiful and devout virgin, the daughter of Thewith, a nobleman of these parts, and niece to St. Beuno, who, having obtained from her father leave to found a church upon his possessions here, took her under his protection, in order to assist her in her religious exercises. *Cradocus*, the son of king Alen, whose residence appears to have been not far distant, admired the beauty of her person, and resolved to make an attempt on her virtue. It is said that he made known to her his passion, on a Sunday morning, after her parents were gone to church. She made an excuse to escape from the room, and immediately ran towards the church; he overtook her, says superstition, on the descent of the hill, and enraged at his disappointment, drew his sword and struck off her head. The head rolled down the hill to the altar, at which the congregation were kneeling, and stopping there, a clear and rapid fountain immediately gushed up. St. Beuno snatched up the head, and joining it to the body, it was, to the surprise of all present, immediately reunited, the place of separation being only marked by a white line encircling her neck!! Cradocus dropped down upon the spot where he had committed this attrocious act; and the legend informs us, that it is not known whether the earth opened to receive his impious corpse, or whether his master the Devil carried it away. The sides of the well were covered with a sweet scented moss, and the stones at the bottom became tinctured with her blood. Winefred survived her decapitation about 15 years, and towards the latter end of that time, having received the veil from St. Elerius, at *Gwytherin*, in Denbighshire, died Abbess of that monastery, and was buried there, where 4 upright stones are still shewn as *Winefred*'s tomb. The well, after her decease, became endowed with many miraculous properties. The sweet scented moss, growing plentifully on the sides of this well is nothing more than Jungermannia asplenoides. The supposed tincture of her blood upon the stones at the bottom, is also a vegetable production, called Byssus jolithus. The devotees of the saint were formerly very numerous, but of late years they have fallen off. Yet if one may judge from 7 crutches and 2 hand-barrows stuck among the gothic ornaments of the roof, the well has but recently been forsaken. The quantity of water thrown up is not less than 84 hogsheads every minute. This water has never been known to freeze, and scarcely ever varies in quantity, either in droughts or after the greatest rains. Tho' this stream has little more than a mile to run before it arrives at the sea, yet 11 mills are put in motion by it, three of which are placed abreast. Proceeding along the road by the side of the stream for about a mile, and crossing the Marsh to the right, BASINGWERK ABBEY (or Green field) appears in a meadow on an eminence just above.—Bingley. In hedges near Holywell, grows the Campanula latifolia; upon calcareous ground between this place and Rhyddlan, the Gentiana amarella; on the road sides, 3 miles on the way to Rhyddlan, G. campestris, with the former species; on the side of the hill by the road from the well to the coast, Chlora perfoliata; upon the road side to St. Asaph, common, Arenaria verna; by the road side midway from Llanerch bridge, and Demeirchion, Senecio tenuifolis.

The first INNS at Holywell are the White Horse, and Red-lion.

The copper and brass works near the town and upon the stream from the well are most interesting. They belong to the Anglesea companies, and are the continuation of the processes at Parys mountain. The manufacture of brass forms a distinct operation in these vast and various concerns. The calamine employed is received raw from the mines. These works are superintended by mr. Donbavand. The articles of most importance exported from these works are, Copper-sheets and nails for sheathing ships; Copper-bolts, for building ships; Copper and brass wire; Copper-plates for various purposes, many of them beautifully polished; Manillas, Bracelets, and a vast variety of other small articles for use or ornament, are exported to Africa. Copper and brass pans, some of them of vast size, used at home; others are sent to Africa, where they are employed in making salt from the sea-water, by evaporation in the sun. When mr. Warner visited this place, he inspected, through the influence of mr. Th-r-by, to whom he had a letter of introduction, the great cotton work, the brass works, the copper mills, the wire mills, and lead mine; of which he gives particular descriptions in vol. 2 of his "Walks."

Near Holywell is DOWNING the seat of the late Thomas Pennant, esq. beautifully situated among woods. Bingley has given an excellent memoir of mr. Pennant in his Tour, vol. 1, pages 59 to 72.

The road from Holywell TO ST. ASAPH is rugged but pleasant, and some considerable lead-mines lie at the distance of a mile from Holywell. At 2½ miles on the road, appears on the right, an ancient circular building, in form something like a wind-mill, which stands on the summit of a hill, supposed to have been a Roman light-house, constructed to direct the navigators to and from Deva, along the difficult channel of Seteia Portus, the estuary of the Dee. At about 2½ miles from Holywell the traveller descends into the vale of Clwyd; at the distance of 7½ is an extensive prospect. DENBIGH lies remotely on the left, ST. ASAPH in front, and RHYDDLAN Castle on the right. Several seats are beautifully scattered, upon the sides of this vale; among which *lord Bagot*'s and *lord Kirkwall*'s are the most conspicuous.

The road TO FLINT is very uninteresting, compared with the prevailing features of picturesque scenery with which the principality abounds.

To Basingwerk Abbey, 1¼ miles, Bingley; Wyndham; Skrine.

— St. Asaph, 10 miles, Bingley; Pennant.

To

To Denbigh 15 miles, Aikin.
— Flint, by Downing, 10 miles, Warner.
— Flint, 7 miles, Wyndham; Pennant.

From Caergwrle, 1 mile, Pennant.

HOPE is a small village of Flintshire, situated near Caergwrle on the road to Mold. The ground in this neighbourhood is rather hilly, but the valleys are fertile in corn and grass. At the termination of the village are some picturesque remains of it's ancient Castle, in which the queen of Edward I lodged on her way to Caernarvon. The king afterwards presented this place to her, whence it took the name of Queen's-Hope. Here is a fine old bridge over the river Alun, whence, and from an adjacent rock, may be had a complete view of the village, said to have been a roman station. It forms a slope to the river, and has 3 broad parallel streets, intersected by 3 others at right angles. Some roman bricks were found in the year 17   , in the ruins of an old house in Hope; and large beds of iron cinders, supposed to be from the works of the Romans at *Caer-Estyn*, in the same parish. A Roman Road lies from the village in the direction towards Mold, and is visible in the fields on this side *Plas-Teg*, with an artificial mount, close to it's course. This spot is supposed to have been Caer-Gawr-lle, or camp of the great legion, a name bestowed, by the Britons, on the 26th legion, analogous to Victrix.

Back to Mold, 4 miles, Pennant.

From Llanelly, 6 miles, Evans; Skrine.
—— Llanstephan, 7 miles, Malkin.
—— Caermarthen, 7 miles, Malkin.

KIDWELLY, or Cathweli, (i. e. Cattæ lectus; because Leland says Cattus used here to make his bed in an oak) or Cydweli, (perhaps from cyd, a junction; and wyl, a flow,) in Caermarthenshire, is a neat regularly built town, seatted in a narrow well-wooded valley. It is divided into what is called the Old and New Towns, separated by a bridge over the Gwendraeth. The old town, standing between the 2 rivers Gwendraeth vawr, and vychan, is of great antiquity. It had anciently strong walls, and 3 gates, which are now much delapidated. The modern Church, dedicated to our Lady, has a conspicuous spire. It contains nothing very ancient, except the sepulchral effigy of a priest, not long since dug up, with a nearly obliterated inscription. Over the southern entrance into the church is a small figure of the Virgin Mary. In the 16th century there was a Priory of black monks, near the church. The Castle forms a noble object, adjoining the ruins of old Kidwelly upon the opposite bank of the Gwendraeth vychan river. Leland says, "the old town is prettily waullid, and hath hard by the waul a Castel; the old town is near al desolated, but the castel is meately well kept up." This description applies very well to the present appearance of the place; for tho' the castle be uninhabited, it continues tolerably entire. The gateway is very fine, and the whole a magnificent remain. This fortress was built, as some say, soon after the conquest, by Maurice de Londres, one of the 12 norman knights who conquered Glamorganshire; and, after undergoing the usual vicissitudes of sieges, partial demolition and different masters, fell to the crown of England, and was lately the property of mr. Vaughan, of Golden-grove; now that of his heir, lord Cawdor. According to Caradoc, it was built in the year 1189, by Rhys, prince of S. Wales. A person in the town keeps the key of a small door in the back part of the castle, through which strangers are admitted. Some of the principal towers still retain their arched roofs of stone. The prospects from the battlements of the castle are uncommonly fine. At the foot of the castle flows *Gwendraeth vychan*. To the southward lies the sea. On the opposite side of the river appears the town of Kidwelly. There is a handsome stone bridge across the river. As a port this place is a very indifferent one, owing to the harbour being choaked with sands. According to Dugdale, there was formerly here a priory of Benedictine monks, founded by Roger bishop of Salisbury, about 1130.

INN. The Pelican

From Kidwelly mr. Evans made AN EXCURSION up the vales of Gwendraeth Vawr and Vychan. These rivers have their sources in the common of Eskenning. The land is various, but in the vale of *Gwendraeth Vychan*, for the most part consists of rab, sand, and loam, and is studded with fertile farms:

while the soil of *Gwendraeth Vawr,* especially on the eastern side, is principally a yellow ochreous clay, lying over coal and iron. The latter river rises in a hill called Mynnydd Vawr, and a small pool in a moor beneath takes the name of *Llyn Tegwyn*. The hill in which the former rises is *Mynnydd Vychan*, in which is an opening into which persons formerly walked. Near this are the traces of *Lle' Carreg*, an isolated rock; and not far from it another, called *Craig y Dinas:* between the two, it is said, there was once a town. Three miles northward, upon another isolated and inaccessible rock, stand the ruggid ruins of *Carreg Cennin Castle*, at the foot of which flows the stream whence the fortress derives it's name. A well which supplied the garrison with water, is said, by Gyraldus, to ebb and flow with the sea. Descending the river about 3 miles, it is joined by a powerful brook called Tresgirth. At the head of this, distant a mile, is a hole or cave, where people during Whittide, walk. In this part of the country the farms are in a slovenly condition. Exceptions however must be made; among these may be mentioned mr. Bevan of Pengay, and mr. Davis of Lachtony. The latter gentleman cultivates 10 acres of what is called French furze, which he propagates by seed; with these whins, which he cuts every year, he keeps his whole team, and riding horses over the winter: he gives it mixed with hay to his horned cattle. The produce per acre is from 12 to 15 tons weight. It is bruised with a short pole armed at the lower end with cross irons, cutting and bruising at the same time. A man will bruise 36 bushels per day, at the price of a halfpenny each. A more expeditious way is by a mill, formed of 2 cylinders. This furze or whin in some parts of the country grows to 10 or 12 feet high, and it's stems are often cut for fuel. It is substituted in some places for fences instead of hawthorn. The thorns of the dwarf furze are triangular and smooth, except at the base, appearing to proceed from the bark; the pods small and short, without down. The French furze has thorns from a real extension of the stem, quite straight, woolly, twice or thrice as long as the leaves; pods thick and short, covered with a hoary whitish down. The leaves of the latter awl-shaped, of the former fringed. The latter flowers in May, the former in autumn with the heath. In the parish of *Llandyvaelog* near *Gelli*, mr. Evans found Hypericum androsæmum, Salvia verbenaca, Acrostichum septentrionale; and near, upland, Solidago virgaurea. On the road side towards Caermarthen, Lythrum salicaria, L. hysopifolia, and Humulus lupulus. Passing the small village of *St. Ishmael* a ferry is crossed at the mouth of the Towy to LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE. On the shore was found Eryngium maritimum, Glaux maritima, and Arenaria rubra.—J. Evans.

The road TO CAERMARTHEN lies on a steep woody bank, above the romantic course of Kidwelly river; but it soon deviates to the superior attractions of the Towey, following which expansive water and verdant accompaniments over a long antique bridge arrive at Caermarthen.

The road TO LLANELLY lies over the marshy flat through which the canal is carried to the coal-works. After crossing *Spudder-bridge*, we begin to mount *Penbree Hill*, whence the surrounding scenery is viewed to the greatest advantage. Caermarthen Bay, and Bristol Channel, to the opposite shores of Devonshire, compose the marine prospect; while the interior is marked by considerable inequalities. This hill is the highest in the s. of Caermarthenshire.

To Caermarthen, 10 miles, Bingley.
— Llanelly, 9 miles, Malkin.
— Llanstephan Castle, Evans; Skrine.

* * *

From Caerdigan, 3 miles, Barber; Malkin; Evans; Skrine; Warner.
—— Narberth, 20 miles, Wyndham.

KILGERRAN, or Cilgeran, in Pembrokeshire, consists of one irregular and ill-built street, inhabited by labouring farmers and fishermen; yet to this assertion must be excepted the curates little mansion, a cottage completely hooded with ivy. It's Castle crowns, with truly picturesque grandieur the summit of a naked rock which rises proudly from the bed of the river Teivi. The position of Kilgerran castle is nearly selfdefended on all sides; but on the isthmus which connects the projecting rock with the main land, two ponderous round towers seem to have formerly defied the assault of war, as they now do that of pilfering dilapidation. The broken walls, watch-towers, and apartments which compose the minor parts of this fortress, bespeak it to have been of no great original extent, nor highly ornamented; yet the scattered relics, variously interwoven with ivy, offer an appearance from most points of view highly imposing and grand. The foundation of the castle is uncertain, and the styles of different ages appear throughout the building. According to Carradoc, this fortress was erected about the year 1223, when Marshall earl of Striguil (Chepstow) vanquished the Welch under their prince Gryffydd, and gained an undisputed footing in these parts.—J. T. Barber. "The beautiful scenery around this castle," says sir Richard Hoare, "stands unequalled in S. Wales, and can only be rivalled by that of Conwy in N. Wales; but it must be visited by water, not by land. Having skirted the sides of a long and extensive marsh, a sudden bend of the river contracting it's channel, conducts us into a narrow pass, surrounded by a perpendicular rampart of wood and rock, with steep and precipitate banks of oak and copse wood, feathering down to the water's edge: the first view we catch of the castle, at a distance, between a perspective range of well-wooded hills, is very striking; and what, on a nearer approach, it may lose in picturesque beauty, it certainly gains in grandeur; the proud walls of a large castle appears towering full in front; the hill on which they stand, is rather destitute of wood, but boldly broken with projecting rocks; and, perhaps, the general effect of the landscape may not lose by this contrast to the rich surrounding scenery of wood. I have never seen ruins more happily combined with rocks, wood, and water; a more pleasing composition, or a more captivating landscape, which is animated by the numerous coracles employed in catching salmon." In a romantic hollow, a mile or two higher, near the village of *Kenarth* the Teivi falls over a ledge of rock in one bold sheet, tho' not more than 6 feet in depth, forming a salmon-leap, generally considered the most remarkable in Wales. Their manner of fishing is curious. The fisherman is seated in a kind of canoe, called a *coradl*, formed of basket-work of thin lathes, covered with a horse's hide, or a well pitched piece of sail-cloth. The vessel is nearly oval, about 4½ feet long and 3 wide, yet so light as to be easily carried upon the shoulders. In this skiff he steers his way with a paddle in one hand, while with the other he manages the net, holding the line between his teeth.

Near this water-fall is a manufacture of iron and tinned plates, the property of Sir Benjamin Hammet. Two or 3 miles up the river is NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN, a small irregular town, situated upon it's banks, and graced with the venerable ruins of a castle. Thence a road of 20 miles extends through a dreary uninteresting country TO CAERMARTHEN.

A more romantic and sequestered path than is traced beside the Teivi from *Pont Lechryd* to *Llangoedmor*, on the N. side, can scarcely be imagined. In the parish of the latter village there are several *druidic monuments*: one is a remarkably large *cromlech*; the flat stone being 8 or 9 yards in circumference, with one edge resting on the ground. There is a smaller monument near it of the same kind, also a circle of rude stones about 12 yards round, and 5 beds of loose stones, each about 6 feet over. *Llech y gowres* (the stone of a giantess) in the parish of *Neuadd*, near Caerdigan, is another very large *cromlech*; and contiguous is 19 large hewn stones, which the vulgar say cannot be counted.

On the road TO ABERAERON, at the poor village of *Blaenporth*, on the left of the road, is a large circular area encompassed by a moat, which is most probably the remains of a British fortification. A mile or two further is a similar work, called *Castel-Yndalig*. It is much larger than the former but less distinct. Beginning to ascend a tract of lofty hills (leaving *Penbryn church* on the left near the sea shore) and gaining a considerable eminence an uninterrupted view over the whole sweep of the *bay of Caerdigan* is presented. This bay, from it's southern limit, Stumble-head near Fishgard, stretching northward, extends a vast gulph into N. Wales, and is at length terminated by Bardsey island in Caernarvonshire. The effect of this extensive display, says mr. Barber, from the great elevations which we traversed, was extremely striking; stretching from beneath us to a remote horizon, the sea exhibited a silvery surface of immense magnitude; while the shores presented an endless variety of bold advancing promontaries, overhanging cliffs, and high swelling mountains, wild and desolate; yet here and there a stripe of green meadow appeared on a favoured slope, and a few woody plantations disclosed themselves through picturesque hollows. In the distant boundary of Caernarvonshire, the projecting and receding hills about Pwllhelli bay were conspicuous; opposed to these, the superior magnitude of Cader-Idris arrested the attention, towering among the craggy summits of the Merionethshire mountains. From the bay our view roamed over a dreary uninteresting tract of country, to a ridge of mountains, whose broken outlines mixing with the clouds, defend the entrance of N. Wales; where proudly rising above competition, the confederated mountains, forming the pile of mighty Plinlimmon, appear in all their majesty. This road generally lies on a rocky track or turnpike, and gives the sensation of tediousness. The market town of *Llanarch*, consisting of half a dozen huts seated in a romantic hollow, at the distance of 14 miles from Kilgerran, affords some relief. Three miles further is Aberaeron. There cannot be a more interesting object, whether viewed from the water above or below, than Kilgerran Castle. The high perpendicular cliffs, with huge trees growing out of their fissures; the dense wood beneath; the bold rock, standing as an advanced guard; the ivy-mantled ruins on it's summit; and the crystal waters of the Teivi reflecting, as in a mirror, the impending shades, and rolling over large fragments of rock beneath, through a narrow chasm, form a group of objects which please while they astonish.—J. Evans. The variegated walk by the side of this river, and indeed the whole scene, bears a strong resemblance to the banks of the Wye under the celebrated Piersfield; and, tho' the current be less broad, and the rocks on each side not so awfully grand, yet, the beautiful verdure of the one, and the transparent brightness of the other, make ample amends; to this, if we add the magnificent ruin of Kilgerran Castle, which, by it's singular contrast to the rest of the view, gives a finishing to this delicious landscape, the Teivi may justly be compared with the Wye. We met our horses at *Llechryd bridge*, a little below which are some large and expensive works for the purpose of making tin-plates. The beauty of the river here diminishes, and we are left to follow a miserable coasting road. The town of *Llanarch* consists of a few straggling cottages. After leaving a deep and shady dell on the left, we descended TO ABERAERON.— J. T. Barber.

As there is nothing on the turnpike road TO NEWPORT to deserve attention, mr. Malkin recommends crossing a very wild heath, from *St. Dogmaels*, to the village of *Trevithel*, a pretty little recess, watered by a fresh stream. To *Nevern* the country continues dismal, but the descent to this place has something agreeable mixed with it's wildness. Close by the church porch on the s. is a single stone of a quadrangular form, about 2 feet broad, 18 inches thick, and 13 feet high, with a cross at the top. But the most important relic in this neighbourhood is a *cromlech* mentioned under *Duffrin-House*. [See page 138.] This is at the distance of one mile from Newport Castle. The village of *Velindree* is in a pleasing situation. *Llwyn Gwair*, the seat of George Bowen, esq. is in a sheltered situation, on the side of the Nevern. The castle of Newport looks well from this place.

TO NARBERTH occurs the small village of *Eglwyswrw*, at the distance of 6 miles from Kilgerran. Excepting the vale of Clwyd, mr. Warner thinks that this district exceeds every other part of Wales in good husbandry. From Eglwyswrw, a sequestered village shut out of the world by a girdle of mountains, an effort brings the traveller to the summit of *Presele mountain*, which exhibits masses of rock in fantastic shapes and uncommon groupes. Here is a fine cromlech called *Llech y Flaiddast*, the great stone of the female wolf. A Druidic temple occurs in a field to the right, at the point where is entered the Narberth turnpike road About 400 yards to the left of the road, and nearly in a straight line with the temple, stands another immense oblong stone, placed upright, called *Maen y Gwyr*.—Rev. R. Warner.

To Aberaeron, 23 miles, Barber; Skrine.
— Newport, 8 miles, Malkin.
— Newcastle in Emblyn, 7 miles, Evans.
— Narberth, 16 miles, Warner.
— Caerdigan, 3 miles, Wyndham.

tioned his army in a strong camp, upon a hill about 2 miles to the s. This ancient camp is thought to be that called *Ivington*'s upon the Brierly Hills. That upon which prince Henry stationed his army probably is that which may be traced a few miles to the westward, nearly midway on the road between Stretford and Pembridge. On the death of Edward 6, the endeavours of the duke of Northumberland to secure the throne for lady Jane Grey, occasioned those in the duke's interest to assemble near the town, amounting to 13,000 men. This force diminished, as princess Mary's success became more apparent, till only the most zealous partizans of the duke alone remained. These strongly entrenched themselves upon a small eminence, called *Curnah* or *Coursenah Hill*, about a mile w. of Leominster, and thence menaced the town with an assault. The inhabitants, who were mostly in favour of the hereditary succession, procured assistance from Hereford and made an attack upon the entrenched camp, which they defeated and dispersed. Mary considered their service as important, for she rewarded the leaders and granted to the town it's first regular charter of incorporation; and other privileges. The manor of Leominster, with all it's appurtenances, then valued at 666*l*. 19*s*. 8*d*. annually, was given by Henry 1, to Reading Abbey, which he had founded. After the dissolution of monasteries, Leominster, with it's various members, was held by the crown, till the time of James 1, when it was granted by that sovereign to his favourite the duke of Buckingham, with it's appendages. During the Interregnum, the estates which had belonged to the Queen, were in possession of *Henry Martin*, esq., one of the judges of Charles 1, who was afterwards confined 27 years in Chepstow Castle; but after the restoration the whole appears to have been restored to the then duke of Buckingham, the spendthrift and profligate *Villiers*. This nobleman sold a very considerable part of the estates to different purchasers about the year 1662, and 10 or 12 years afterwards, the remainder, including the manor and borough of Leominster, was taken possession of by major Wildman, who had been an active supporter of the parliament during the civil wars, and to whom the duke was indebted the sum of 1400*l*. After the revolution the major sold several of them, and leased others; but the proceeds of the residue scarcely amounted to 30*l*. more than the fee-farm rent payable to the crown. He, therefore, in 1692, sold all the remainder, including Leominster, to lord Coningsby, who was lord chief justice of Ireland, for 3069*l*. The earl of Essex, a descendant from his lordship, by the female line, is now owner. The Church at Leominster is dedicated to Saints Peter and Paul. The whole of that part of the structure appropriated to divine service, was erected at the beginning of the 17th century; the old church, which seems to have been a magnificent structure, having been destroyed on the 18th of March 1700, by an accidental fire occasioned by the carelessness of some plumbers, who had been repairing the lead. The expense of the new fabric amounted to upwards of 16,500*l*. In it's present state the church is irregular, both in it's form and architecture. The most ancient parts are the E. wall, the N. side, the tower which stands at the NW. angle, the W. end, and the wall and windows of the s. side. In the interior, the chief part is modern, except what is called the back isle, which, as well as the lower part of the tower, is principally of Saxon workmanship. The exterior of the E. end has 3 large buttresses, a high pointed window, with intersecting mullions, and 2 smaller windows. The ground to the eastward is uneven; probably from the foundations of the Priory Church. On the N. side is a very strong semicircular arched door-way, with one smaller within it, and 3 singular windows, having angular wooden mullions and gables with roofs; the clerestory windows, above, have semicircular arches. The upper part of the tower is in the pointed style, and embattled; the lower part is Saxon; it displays a singularly rich entrance door-way on the W., having a recessed arch, with 3 pillars on each side, the capitals of which are ornamented with sculptures of foliage, a couchant man, a tyger, snakes entwined round branches, and birds. The mouldings or arches, supported by these pillars, are slightly pointed, but are embellished with lozenges and zig-zag work. Above this door-way is a mutilated recessed saxon window, the capitals of the pillars, on each side of which are highly ornamented with scrolls and tracery.

Beyond the tower are 2 large pointed western windows; the largest, which is next the tower, is very rich tracery work; the mullions are uncommonly laboured, and those in the middle are supported by buttresses: the other window is more simple; but equally rich in ornament, the mullions are entirely covered with rosettes, as are the moulderings on the sides, and within the arch; the windows on the s. side are also all pointed, and embellished in a similar manner. The interior length of this building is 123 feet and it's breadth 124; the northern and southern sides measuring each 62 feet. On the n. side is the nave and n. aisle of the ancient church, which are detached by a range of massive circular columns, with round arches, over which are saxon arcades, and still higher, rude arched windows; the arch of the tower, which opens into this part, is pointed, and reaches nearly to the roof, which is here of timber; a corresponding row of massive columns range on the s. side between the old and new parts of the building. The s. side which is the modern part, and used for divine service, is spacious and lofty, and in a plain but neat style; the roof is sustained by 4 tuscan pillars. The pews are of oak. At the w. end, is a neat gallery, supported by corinthian pillars; in which a fine organ was erected in the years 1737 and 1738. The altar-piece is a painting of the last supper, from Rubens. In the church yard are memorials of 2 females, named Joan Seward and mrs. Wheel, both of whom attained the age of 103.

There are in this town, a baptist, presbyterian, moravian, and quaker's chapels. A building contiguous to the church, once was a school-house; but lately has been converted into a regular Theatre. The Priory was situated to the ne. of the church, on the little river Pinsley, of which some of the buildings are yet standing: among them is the Priory House, which has undergone various alterations. Lord Coningsby had it fitted up as a county goal; it was afterwards made a mansion-house for the Bailiff, but has since been converted into a House of Industry. The Town Hall is a singular building, of timber and plaster, constructed about the year 1633: the architect was the celebrated John Abel, who built the shire hall at Hereford. The quarter sessions are held here, as well as the assemblies of the corporation. In the Council-chamber is a portrait of sir Charles Hanbury Williams, knight of the bath, who was one of the representatives for this borough in 1754. A neat Market-House, for the sale of grain, was erected by the corporation in the year 1803. It is a little building of the tuscan order, with pediments and a cupola, standing in a small square to the eastward of the High-street. A new Goal was built here about the year 1750. Several improvements have been made in Leominster within the last 15 or 20 years, but the butchers' houses near the town hall, are still a nuisance. The clothing and hat trade are carried on here in rather an extensive manner. The wool, the cyder, and hops produced in this neighbourhood, are much esteemed. The corporation consists of a bailiff, chief steward, recorder, 24 capital burgesses, a chamberlain, 2 sergeants at mace, and some inferior officers. The members of parliament are chosen by the corporation, and inhabitants paying scot and lot.

An Alms-House for 4 decayed widows, each of whom have 5 pounds annually, has been endowed by mrs. Hester Clarke. The site of the Castle or Palace, mentioned by Leland, as belonging to Merwald, is supposed to be the mount to the eastward, which overlooks the Hay-lane. The population of Leominster, as returned under the late act, amounted to 3019; the number of houses, 736.

Inns. Red Lion, Unicorn, Crown, Talbot.

Upon the *Brierly-Hills*, about 2 miles sw. from Leominster, is *Ivington Camp*, a strong fortification, divided into two parts by a more modern entrenchment than the outerworks. This is supposed to be the camp occupied by Owen Glyndwr, on his retreat before the army of prince Henry. Many coins of the dates 1340, and 1390, have been found in ploughing the interior parts.

Five and a half miles s. of Leominster near the road to Hereford, is *Hampton Court*, the principal seat of George Capel Coningsby, earl of Essex, built under the immediate auspices of Henry 4, by his favourite, sir Rowland Lenthall. The mansion is a large magnificent structure, situated upon a spacious lawn of nearly 100 acres, and protected on the ne. by an eminence covered with luxuriant foliage. About a quarter of a mile to the sw. flows the river Lugg, which, at some distance below the house, is joined by a beautiful little stream which rises in the hills about Lockley Heath, and meanders through the park in a south-westerly direction. This noble pile partakes partly of the castellated, and partly of the monastic character. The buildings surround a quadrangular court; having a grand square entrance tower in the centre of the N. front; and at each extremity, another and smaller tower, the most eastern of which unites with the chapel. The entrance tower is deeply embattled, and machicolated on both it's faces. It is to be regretted, that much of this curious old mansion was destroyed by incongruous alterations, began about the time of William the 3d, and continued during the succeeding reigns; but in the various improvements which have since taken place, the building has been, in part judiciously restored to it's pristine character. The interior is commodious, and many of the apartments are fitted up with great taste. One of the apartments is furnished in a splendid manner, with crimson damask hangings, and the bed and canopy of the same, remains precisely in the state as when used by William 3, who here visited Thomas, baron Coningsby, a nobleman particularly distinguished for his bravery at the battles of the Boyne aud Aghrim in Ireland. In the library is an ebony casket, upon the lid of which are miniatures of the said monarch and lord Coningsby, ingeniously copied from large pictures, by the present lady Essex. In this box is contained the handkerchief applied by lord Coningsby to the wound received by king William at the battle of the Boyne. Among the very valuable paintings preserved in this mansion, are some interesting pieces by C. Jansen, Holbien, Vandyck, Lely, Kneller, and Reynolds. The Chapel still retains traces of it's pristine appearance: the roof is of timber work, with many carved ornaments, peculiar to the pointed style. Several of the windows contain painted glass in various stages of decay. The scenery around this mansion is highly picturesque and beautiful. The park is between 7 and 8 miles in circumference; and contains some fine timber. During rainy seasons, a fine cascade is formed by the rushing of the waters over a mass of broken rock. Near the house is a good shrubbery, intersected by a pleasant walk. Not far distant is a neat residence for the steward; and at the entrance of the park, is a very handsome Lodge, in the rustic style.—From Brayley and Britton's England; and Price's History of Leominster.

To Presteign, 14 miles.
— Kington, 20 miles.
— Hay, 21 miles.
— Hereford. 1½ miles to Ivington Bridge; 1¼ Wharton; 1¼ Hope. [*r.* 1 Winsley, T. Berrington, esq.; to the *l.* ½ mile, Hampton-Court, Earl of Essex.] 2 Dinmore-hill; ½ Burghope-house; 1¼ Wellington; 1¼ Moreton-on-Lugg, to the *l.* John Keysall, esq.; 2½ Holmer; 1¼ Hereford; in all 13¾ miles.

From Pont y Monach, 12 miles, Wyndham.
—— Tregaron, 12 miles, Skrine.

LLANBADARN VAWR, is situated in a valley, at a short distance from Aberystwith, in Caerdiganshire. The sanctity of saint Dubricius and saint David, drew into Brittany, from foreign parts, saint Paternus, a devout young man, who built here a church and monastery. The church is large, of early gothic architecture, containing a massive square tower supported by lofty arches. The interior consists of a nave and chancel, formed of rough materials, with a few modern monuments, particularly one to the memory of *Lewis Morris*, well known as a profound historian and antiquarian, and the author of a valuable work, entitled "Celtic Remains," since considerably enlarged by the rev. *Walter Davies*, B. A. The southern portal is light and elegant. In the church-yard is an old cross, decorated with fret-work, knots, &c. This is supposed to have been one of the earliest bishopricks in Wales. The Church was given, in 1111, to St. Peter's at Glocester, and some time after to Vale Royal in Cheshire.

The Sunday Schools of this parish, in 1805, contained 500 scholars.

At a short distance from Llanbadarn Vawr, mr. Skrine joined the great road from Aberystwith to N. Wales, and passing *Talybont*, gained a view of the coast, just where a vast range of mountains extend along the Merioneth side of the river Dovey. This river is here an estuary, capable of receiving large vessels, and occasionally inundates a considerable plain. Crossing the stream of *Llysnant*, which divides the counties of Montgomery and Caerdigan, he soon reached the town of MACHYNLLAETH.

Sir Richard Hoare advises the tourist to examine on his way TO MACHYNLLETH the roman station at *Penalt*, rather than go to Aberdovey and Towyn; and from Penalt instead of pursuing the dreary road along the coast to Barmouth, to take the more mountainous track near the pretty lakes of *Tal y Llyn*, and under the majestic base of CADER IDRIS TO DOLGELLEY, in which route he will see some of the grandest scenery in N. Wales.

To Aberystwith, 1½ miles, Wyndham.
— Machynllaeth, 17 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Tregaron, 11 miles, Malkin, Barber.
— Caerdigan, up the Teivi, to Kilgerran iron-works, 29 miles, Wyndham.
— Llandovery, 15 miles, Skrine.

LLANBEDER, or Pont Stephan, Caerdiganshire, near the river Teivi, is a small and poor town with little in it's environs to engage attention; except a very picturesque ancient seat of the Lloyds. The Teivi is not navigable at Llanbeder as has been asserted by Pinkerton. Mr. Malkin says, that vessels have never come much further than *Pont Llechryd*. The site alone remains of it's ancient Castle, which is said to have been demolished in 1137 by *Owen Gwynedd*, eldest son of *Gruffydd ap Canan*. The environs of this place abound with steep turf fences, amid bleak and barren mountains. In vain has thorns, elders, hazel, birch and even furze been planted. With the assistance of lime, the farmers are enabled to raise a small produce only of oats and rye. Such is the natural poverty of the soil that the art of agriculture has hitherto been exerted in vain.

On quitting Llanbeder towards *Pontynen* on the way TO NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN, there is, close to the town, a large and ancient seat of sir Herbert Lloyd with 4 towers crowned with domes, in the middle of a fine enclosure. A little way to the left beyond, is *Llanwnnen*, on the banks of *Grawnell* river, which joins the Teivi at a little distance on the left of the road. A little further on the left is *Llanvaughan*, a family seat of John Thomas, esq. About *Llanwenog* the country begins to improve, and the live fences to flourish. From *Rhydowen* forwards, the agricultural, as well as picturesque appearance of things begins sensibly to improve. By turning down a bye-road to the left, in the village of Rhydowen, a stranger will not only see the romantic situation of *Alltyr Odin*, but by keeping along the banks of the Cletur, till it falls into the Teivi, and then taking the vale to Llandyssul, will command a very interesting reach, which would be lost by adhering to the turnpike. *Alltyr Odin* is situated on the side of a hill, overlooking the beautiful little valley through which the *Cletur* runs. Not far distant from the house occur a pleasing little fall, some striking masses of rock, and the foundations of a very ancient castle on a hill. There is another similarly situated, in the *vale of Teivi*, close by. From the point where the Cletar falls into the Teivi to the sea, the banks present a succession of pictures very rarely to be outdone. The village of *Llandyssul*, tho' poor, is exquisitely situated. *Dr. Stevenson's house* stands on the Caermarthenshire side of the river, in a style of neatness and sympelicity, well suited to the complexion of the spot. This place has been much visited by those who are curious in the practice of husbandry. From Llandyssul to Newcastle in Emlyn, mr. Malkin recommends the Caermarthenshire side of the river.

The remains of STRATA FLORIDA, or Ystradflur, a cistercian monastery, founded in 1164, by Rhys, prince of S. Wales, lies at the distance of 4 miles NE. of Tregaron, surrounded by mountains, in the wildest part of Caerdiganshire. One saxon arch alone remains of this once revered sanctuary. On the way is an ancient roman station, at *Llanio isau*, situated upon the NW. banks of the Teivi. The eastern banks of the Teivi may be followed with advantage, to *Llandewi Brevi*, (where are some curious inscriptions) and then crossing the river to *Llanio isau* and TREGARON. From this place may be visited the remains of STRATA FLORIDA; whence the tourist will have to cross a most dreary tract of country to the only hospitium which the country affords; namely the Hafod-arms, near PONT Y MONACH.

Crossing the long old bridge of Llanbeder on the road TO LLANDILO the county of Caermarthen is entered upon. Nothing can be imagined more dreary than the first part of this track, which lies over an extensive range of lumpy hills. Not a tree, not a bush is to be seen. From this region of sterility the traveller, after some time, however, catches a gleam of cultivation, in some distant hills bordering on Brecknockshire; afterwards, on a sudden turn of the road, he will look down, with pleasure, upon the pleasing little valley of *Llansawel*, watered by a crystalline branch of the Cothy. This valley is immediately succeeded by another called *Edwin's Ford*, a delightful spot, where high encircling hills are clothed with extensive plantations to their very summits. In the bottom is a large old manor-house belonging to *Colonel Williams*, beautified around with leaden mercuries, shepherdesses, and sportsmen. This place remains in the genuine style of king William's reign, and with all it's absurdities, is more interesting than if patched up with modern improvements, or done up in the packing-case mode which now prevails, because it exhibits a specimen of times that are passed. Long avenues of trees extend from the house; and, quitting this valley, another is presented, pleasingly decorated with wood, and the ruin of *Talley church*. A cheerful road, lined with hedgerows and coppices leads through a succession of swells and hollows, adorned with numerous plantations, particularly those of lord Robert Seymour Conway, to Llandilo vawr.

To Llandilo, 19 miles, Barber.
— Newcastle in Emlyn, 19 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
— Tregaron, 11 miles, Wyndham.
— Strata Florida, 16 miles.

From Caernarvon by way of Dolbadern Castle, 10 miles, Bingley.
— Capel Curig, 8 miles, Pennant; Aikin.
— Dolbadern Castle, 4 miles, Hutton; Evans.
— Beddgelart, over Snowdon, 16 miles.

LLANBERIS, (the church of St. Perris) often called Nantberis, is a small and rude village, surrounded by vast rocks, the cloud-capped summits of which are seldom visible to the inhabitants below. Except 2 houses, one belonging to the agent of the copper-mine and the other to the agent of the slate quarries, the village consists of a few of the most miserable looking cottages; which are constructed of stone without any plaster within, and the windows scarcely admit sufficient light to make even "darkness visible;" yet the inhabitants appear more happy in this secluded place and with the bare necessaries of existence, than millions in busy life, who are in more exalted stations.

"Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' [small,
he finds his little lot the lot of all;
sees no contiguous palace rear it's head,
to shame the meanness of his humble shed;
no costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
to make him loath his vegetable meal."

In this village are 2 houses, at either of which the wearied traveller may be accommodated with such refreshments as the place affords; this amounts to little more than eggs, bread, butter, cheese and milk. One of them is inhabited by John Close, the other by the parish clerk, who both officiate as guides. The church is a miserable looking place, resembling an ancient cottage more than a house. The saint to whom it is dedicated was a monk who lived in retirement in the beginning of the 13th century. Leland says that in his time the narrow pass leading to the church was called *Nant y' Monach*, the Monk's valley. The saint is said to have drank daily at a well still called St. Peris's well, and famed for the cure of many diseases. There are some other famous wells in this vicinity, devoid of all mineral and earthy impregnation; as *Ffynnon Kegin Arthur*, *Ffynnon Moel Rhiwen*, *Ffynnon Pen i gaer*, and *Ffynnon Frech*. No carriage road from Caernarvon approaches nearer to Llanberis than the bottom of the lower lake, which is not quite halfway; the road thence is nothing more than a horse path. Those who do not choose to walk may be conveyed in boats, to the waterfall, TO DOLBADERN CASTLE, or the village. Every part about this romantic spot is so extremely interesting that all persons who visit Caernarvon should prolong their rout by coming here. The immediate neighbourhood of Llanberis furnishes the Papaver cambricum, on moist rocks Cochlearia officinalis, Campanula hederacea, Scutellaria minor, Festuca rubra, Trichomanes tunbridgense, Pteris crispa, Polypodium preopteris, Gentiano campestris, Silene acaulis, Asplenum nigrum, A. ruta muraria, Arenaria laricifolia, Tremella verrucosa, T. utriculata, Polypodium lonchitis, Hieracium murorum, Galium boreale, Fontinalis squamosa, Cotyledon umbilicus, Carex atrata, in mountainous situations Arenaria verna, Glaucium luteum, with Musci and Algæ in profusion. In Ffynnon frech, Isoetis lacustris, Subularia aquatica, and Lobelia dortmanna. In the vale, Trollius europæus. In peat-bogs in Cwm Brwynog, Scirpus cæspitosus. On Crib y Ddescil, a high rock near, Aira flexuosa. Upon the highest mountains about, Poa cæsia. Festuca rubra, β; Campanula rotundifolia; Lycopodium selaginoides, L. selago, moist places. In a moist dell at the foot of Snowdon, Polypodium thelypteris. Between Llanberis and Cwm Idwel, Sedum repestre.

In the vale of Llanberis, which is straight, and nearly of an equal breadth throughout, are 2 Lakes or pools. The upper pool is about a mile in length, and something less than half a mile over, and the other, tho' rather longer, is so narrow that it has more the appearance of a wide river than a lake. These are separated by a small neck of land having only a communication by a stream which runs between them. In the lakes, grows Sparganium natans. Among the bushes in the meadows in Cwm y Clo, bottom of the lower lake, Epilobium augustifolium. In the river Seoint between the lower pool and Cwm y Clo, Lobelia dortmanna. Upon Crib Coch, above Ffynnon Frech, Polygonium viviparum. This vale is truly picturesque, bounded by the base of Snowdon, Cefn cwm gafr, the 2 Glyders, and the Lliders. About half a mile from the village, on the edge of the nearer lake, is a copper mine, consisting of several horizontal galleries driven into Snowdon. The metal is a rich yellow ore, containing copper in union with sulphur. When here, mr. Bingley visited the mine, by entering in one of the waggons in which the miners bring the ore, in this excursion it appears that he was both alarmed and gratified. On a rocky eminence between these sheets of water stand the remains of DOLBADERN CASTLE, which consist of a round tower, and some shattered walls and offices, upon the summit of the steep. A little to the S. of this castle is a tremendous cataract, called *Caunant mawr*, the waterfall of the great chasm, the height of which is upwards of 60 feet.

At some distance beyond the castle, and near the edge of the upper pool, is a copper mine, the property of Asheton Smith esq., of Vae nol; leased to a company of proprietors who reside at Macclesfield. Near the end of the lower lake formerly lived the celebrated *Margaret uch Evan*, who died in at the age of 105, she was the last specimen of the strength and spirit of the ancient British fair. "This extraordinary female," says mr. Pennant, "was the greatest hunter, shooter, and fisher of her time; she kept a dozen at least of dogs, terriers, greyhounds, and spaniels, all excellent in their kinds. She killed more foxes in one year than all the confederate hunts do in ten; rowed stoutly, and was queen of the lake; fiddled excellently, and knew all the old british music; did not neglect the mechanic arts, for she was a good joiner: and at the age of 70, was the best wrestler in the country, and few young men dared to try a fall with her. She had a maid of congenial qualities; but death, that mighty hunter, at last earthed this faithful companion. Margaret was also blacksmith, shoemaker, boat builder and maker of harps. She shod her own horses, made her own shoes, and built her own boats, while she was under contract to convey the copper ore down the lakes. All the neighbouring bards paid their addresses to Margaret, and celebrated her exploits in pure british verse. At length she gave her hand to the most effeminate of her admirers, as if predetermined to maintain the superiority which nature had bestowed on her."

On the NE. side of the village is a lofty and almost perpendicular mountain called *Glyder-vawr*, the great Glyder. The ascent is steep and tiresome. The path all the way rocky, and in many places very wet and slippery. On the left of the ascent, may be seen at some distance, two high mountains called *Llyder Vawr*, and *Llyder Vack*, the greater and lesser Llyder. The guide will point out, at 4 or 5 miles distance towards the N., and beyond the deep hollows of Nant Frangon and Cwm Idwal, the lofty mountains of *Carnedd David* and *Carnedd Llewelyn*.

An ACCOUNT of an Excursion from *Llanberis* to the Summits of *the Mountains Glyder and Trivaen*,

BY THE REV. W. BINGLEY.

Mr. Bingley arose early one morning and at 7 set out from the village, directing his rout up the mountains on the NE.

side of the vale of Llanberis. From the brow of the first eminence, immediately above the village, the church, with it's half dozen houses, and a few trees and meadows, were seen almost as upon a map. Beyond these, and exactly opposite, extend a long range of serrated rocks. From the eminence next above, the whole extent of the lakes are brought into view. In a flat, almost surrounded by rocks, is a small pool called *Llyn y Cwm*, the pool of the dogs. This alpine lake is said to have contained a monocular kind of trout, perch, and eels, each wanting the left eye. At present, the pool appears entirely destitute of fish. Proceeding about ¼ of a mile, along a flat swampy piece of ground, an immense precipice of above 100 yards in perpendicular height forms one side of the hollow which encloses the black waters of *Llyn Idwel.* In this lake grows Lobelia dortmanna; sparingly on the rocks above, Saxifraga cæspitosa, S. palmata; upon high rocks between Llanberis and Llyn Idwel, called Creigian Hysfa Bengam, Draba incana. This hollow, surrounded by dark and prominent rocks is called *Cwm Idwel;* said to have been the place where Idwal, the son of Owen Gwynedd, was murdered by a person to whose care the father had entrusted him. Between Llanberis and Cwm Idwel grows Sedum rupestre. Descending along the broken rocks on one side of this precipice to a great depth into the hollow, and turning among the larger masses, rather more than half way down, where the descent is more gradual, the tourist arrives at the foot of a most tremendous chasm in the mountain, called *Tûll Du*, the black cleft. A scene more sublime, the pencil of Salvator Rosa could not have traced. The stream from Llyn y Cwm rolls down the deep cleft from a vast height, broken in it's descent by a hundred interrupting rocks. Among the rocks at the bottom are many circular holes, of different sizes. The welch people call these hollows the *Devil's Pots,* and the place itself the Devil's kitchen. Crossing the foot of a range of rocks on the E. side at Cwm Idwel, the tourist comes, at length, so close to *Nant Frangon,* as to have a view of nearly it's whole extent. Still proceeding, he attains the highest part of the rocks surrounding Cwm Idwel, on the verge of another hollow, called *Cwm Bochlwyd,* containing the pool *Llyn Bochlwyd.* From this situation the whole conic summit of *Trivaen* is in view. Mr. Bingley found the ascent a most arduous undertaking, and asserts that no part of Snowdon, commonly ascended can be compared to it, for he could scarcely for 3 quarters of an hour take half a dozen steps together without at the same time using his hands. At length he contemplated from the massy crag, the scene around, which was rude as mountain horror could render it. He stood upon a mere point, on one side of which was a precipice more deep than any he had before seen. The summit is crowned by 2 upright stones, 12 or 14 feet in height, about a yard and a half asunder, each somewhat more than a yard across at the top. Mr. Bingley's companion stepped from the top of one to the other and leaped back again. A body thus projected, without great management in it's counteraction, would have sent him a step farther than he intended to have gone, that is, down the precipice. Descending from the summit of Trivaen, and crossing a mountain vale, the side of *Glyder bach,* the lesser Glyder, may be encountered. This mountain, tho' considerably higher than Trivaen, is neither so steep, nor so rocky upon it's exterior. Upon it's summit are several groups of columnar stones, some standing upright, others laid across, and in various directions; many of them are from 16 to 20 feet long, and 12 or 14 broad. Mr. Pennant says that many of the stones have shells in them, and in the neighbourhood he found several pieces of lava. [See an account of mr. Pennant's excursion from CAPEL CURIG, page 106.] On his way to the summits of *Glyder Vawr,* the greater Glyder, mr Bingley observed several of the same kind of insulated masses of rock scattered in different directions. He found the Juncus triglumis in this ascent in a small spot, lying between the eminence of Bryn Brâs and the rivulet of Avon Lâs; in another place Carduus heterophyllus and Solidago cambrica. Near the summit, Saxifraga nivalis; among the rocks, S. oppositifolia; Hieracium alpinum, Pteris crispa. Near the top, upon the side which hangs over Llyn ogwen rocks, about Ffynnon velen, Polypodium rhæticum. In Ffynnon frech, growing with Subularia aquatica, Isoetes lacustris. Upon Trigfylchau rocks, Hieracium alpinum. From this situation he had a grand and unbounded prospect. The immense mountains of Caernarvonshire; the whole of the isle of Anglesea, and in the distance the isle of Man, resembling a faint cloud. After a 14 hour's ramble he returned to the vale of Llanberis, by way of Llyn y Cwm. Near Tûll Dû, and about the pool of Llyn y Cwm, he found the following plants. Melica cærula, Festuca rubra, F. β. cambrica, Plantago maritima, Galium boreale, Lobelia dortmanna, Parnassia palustris, Saxifraga, stellaris, S. nivalis, S. oppositifolia, S. hypnoides, S. palmata, S. cæspitosa, Silene acaulis, Arenaria verna, A. var. β, juniperina, A. var. γ, laricifolia, Sedum rupestre, Rubus saxatilis, R. chamæmorus, Thalictrum alpinum, T. minus, Subularia aquatica, Draba incana, Cochlearia officinalis, C. γ, groenlandica, Hieracium alpinum, H. taraxaci, H. sylvaticum, Statice armeria, Anthericum serotinum, Juncus triglumis, Rumex digynus, Vaccinium myrtillus, Chrysosplenium oppositifolium, Gnaphalium dioicum, Carex divisa, C. flava, C. atrata, C. pilulifera, Empetrum nigrum, Rhodiola rosea, Juniperus communis var. β, Lycopodium selaginoides, L. selago, L. alpinum, Isoetes lacustris, Pteris crispa, Asplenium viride, Polypodium phegopteris, P. rhæticum, Cyathea fragile, and Solidago cambrica, var. γ, upon the mountains about; Juniperus, upon rocks near.

From Llanberis, TO CAPEL CURIG is a curious and romantic pass between 3 and 4 miles in length, and in some places not more than 50 or 60 yards wide, called *Cwm Glas*, or the Blue Vale. The rocks on each side are of a tremendous height, in some places nearly perpendicular, and in others overhanging their bases many yards. About 3 miles from Llanberis is a huge fragment of rock, far larger than Bowdar stone, in Borrowdale, once probably loosened from the impending heights above, under which is a large cavity where a poor woman resided for many years during the summer season, to tend her sheep and milk her cows: the place is called *Ynys Hettws*, Hetty's Island. The highest part of this gradually ascending road is called *Gorphwysfa*, or the resting place. Mr. Hutton describes this pass as follows. "Leaving the enchanting scenery around Llanberis, I instantly entered *Bwlch y Gwyddyl*, which is exactly the reverse. A Bwlch is a narrow pass between two mountains." I was struck with astonishment at this wonderful spot. He who has not seen it may imagine himself rising a steep mountain, nearly 2 miles long, meeting a rapid stream in the centre, but diminishing to nothing as he rises, with an immense rock on each hand all the way. From the frosts, the sun, and the rains, which, for ages, have operated upon these elevated mountains of rock, they have been shivering to pieces, and fragments of all sizes have covered the valley, which is about 100 yards wide, so as to annoy the traveller, and choke the river. All is chaos. Amazement and contemplation fill the mind. Many of the stones may be traced to the spot whence they fell. After travelling up this scene of wonder, this wreck of nature, sometimes up stone-stairs, sometimes through water, yet always upon rock, I arrived at the top, called "The resting place," whence I had a prospect of the other side of the hill, called *Bwlch yr Eisteddfa*. One of the ranges of mountains now opened to the right, which was Snowdon, and the other to the left towards Capel Curig. In front appeared a third range, forming a triangular area. This was barren, solitary, yet dignified nature. Not one habitation could be descried in all this prospect; not a human being, no shrub, or tree. Even the birds appeared to avoid this secluded place, to seek their enemy, man. Unproductive as this place appears, it is without doubt, thought I, the freehold of somebody, but I could not estimate the fee-simple at more than one shilling an acre. It is space without use, freehold without profit. During two days did I wander 35 miles among these desolate mountains, yet only trod upon 2 estates. I was inquisitive to learn the value of land in a desert. One farm about 300 acres, including a new erected inn, which could not cost less than 1200*l.* is let at 3*s.* 6*d.* an acre. Another, 2400 acres, at 60*l.* per annum. A third, 600 acres, 5*l.* per annum, which is two-pence an acre! And here I might pay a compliment to lord Penrhyn, who is proprietor of one of the estates, but that cannot be praise from me which is only a repetition of what all the country asserts, for every tongue which I heard was loud in his favour. His works speak in the most convincing language. As the stubborn rock on the surface of the earth yielded no benefit to man, he explored it's interior, where he found fuller's earth, colours, slate, &c. These employ workmen, and are exported for general benefit. Thus public good is engrafted on private interest. In order to improve a desolate region, lord Penrhyn has recently taken a farm of 3000 acres, into his own hands. His next step will undoubtedly be to drain it, which will teach the farmers what they never knew, i. e. to improve their own lands. This will be adding real wealth to a country; a benefit incalculable. It is conquest without bloodshed, from which will be atchieved more sterling *honour* than that of killing 20 men."

Having descended *Bwlch yr Eisteddfa*, or the pass of the Irishmen, and bearing to the right, says mr. Hutton, I passed by a grand cascade, or waterfall from *Ffynnon Las*, a large pool in one of the chasms of Snowdon. The fall seems about 300 feet high, the water, a strong current, forming the river Glaslyn, which brought me in view of the beautiful vale of *Nant Gwynant*; a rich spot, graced with woods and 2 large pools. The whole Nant or valley consists of perhaps 2000 acres, surrounded with dreary mountains; a diamond set off with black shades.

The walk from Llanberis TO CAERNARVON is more pleasing than the mountain prospects the other way. From all the eminences appears an extensive view of Anglesea towards Beaumaris and Priestholme, and to the left the fine old castle of Caernarvon. In pursuing this road to Caernarvon on the side of the lake, the copper-mine, before-mentioned might be visited. The upper and lower lakes are separated by a bold rocky promontory, on which are seated the ruins of DOLBADERN-CASTLE, at it's foot flows the river, which, rising in the upper end of Llanberis vale, passes through the lakes, and falls into the Menai at Caernarvon. Upon the hills opposite the castle are considerable quarries of a moderately fine purple slate, which is sent to Caernarvon, and thence exported. Tho' the immediate banks of the lower lake be quitted to continue along the road, yet the traveller continues within sight of it for 2 or 3 miles further; and reaching the summit of a hill, whence the road begins to descend towards the Menai, a noble and extensive view suddenly opens. "Before us," says mr. Aikin, from whose Tour this part of the rout from Llanberis to Caernarvon is extracted, "in the distance appears the isle of Anglesea; to the N. stretched the fine bay of Beaumaris, with vessels at anchor under Priestholme island, a projecting rock at the furthest point of the bay: at the southern extremity of the island we saw the broad opening of the Menai from the main sea, and the huge castle of Caernarvon guarding the entrance into the strait. The island itself is but flat, with some hills however rising in the centre and at each extremity; we also noticed a peculiarly striking chain of mountains to the S. of Caernarvon, appearing to be near *Traeth Mawr*: we recognized in them the same outlines which had forcibly struck us when tracing the line of coast at Aberystwith, being in fact that elevated ridge which occupies the centre of the projecting part of Caernarvonshire. In the course of our descent where the rocks ended, we arrived at a plain of considerable dimensions, so covered with large rounded fragments of rock, as to resemble the plains where Jove is fabled to have overwhelmed the giants with a shower of stones. To a mineralogist, or rather geologist, this plain was very interesting; the rounded form of the stones, which were of the same kind as those which compose the various rocks of Snowdon, and it's vicinity, naturally suggests the idea of the agency of water; especially as the descent is towards the sea, and the plain itself not more than 4 or 5 miles distant. The size alone of the stones, forbids the supposition of their having been carried to their present situation by man, and they are too far off from the mountains, to have rolled down into the plain where they now lie. Further, the soil of the plain is like other alluvial soil, namely, gravel, and sand, or shingle. These appearances continued as we approached Caernarvon, except that the masses of stone were smaller and less frequent, and the sand and gravel more plentiful. From these facts arise an obvious conclusion, which is, that at the time when the sea occupied the stony plain just mentioned, the coast of Caernarvonshire, and the whole island of Anglesea, except 1 or 2 hills, must have been under water. This hypothesis will be reduced to a certainty, as far as the nature of the subject will admit, if several of the mineral products of the coast, and of Anglesea, be clearly of marine origin; and it may also perhaps throw light on the formation of those substances the origin of which is still a subject of controversy." Upon most heaths between Llanberis and Caernarvon, grows the Blechnum spicant.

To Caernarvon, 10 miles, Aikin; Bingley.
— Snowdon by the lower contiguous mountains, Evans.
Over Snowdon to Beddgelart, 17 miles, Pennant.
To Dolbadern Castle, 4 miles, Pennant.
— Capel Curig, 8 miles, Hutton.

* * *

St. Donatts, 4 miles, Malkin; Barber.

LLANBITHIAN, or St. Quintin's Castle, near Cowbridge in Glamorganshire, appears to have been a structure of considerable strength. It's leading feature is a ponderous gateway, now converted into a barn. This castle is said to have been built prior to the arrival of Fitzhammon. It fell to the share of sir Robert st. Quintin, on the division of Glamorgan; but it passed from his descendants in the reign of Hen. 3, and is now the property of lord Windsor. The village occupies the foot and side of a steep hill, with much wood interspersed among the houses, which causes it to be remarkably rural and picturesque: while sir *Robert Lynch Blosse*'s little villa adds to it's gaiety.

It is with Llanbithian that mr. Malkin's "Description of the Scenery, &c. of S. Wales" ends. Besides a fund of information, which the compiler of this pocket Itinerary has gained from that excellent work, it contains a rich accession of historic and biographic information, which every one curious in what relates to this interesting part of our island should possess. The greatest imperfection in this production is the want of a good index of the places and persons noticed in it. At the very time that this sheet is passing through the press, an 8vo. edition of mr. Malkin's work is announced, in 2 volumes, price one guinea.

To Cowbridge, 2 miles, Barber.

* * *

From Caerdiff, 2½ miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Barber; Donovan; Evans.

LLANDAFF, situated within a few miles of the estuary of the Severn, in Glamorganshire, tho' an episcopal city, is at present, in appearance, only an inconsiderable village, scattered upon an easy eminence. A church is said to have existed here from the first introduction of christianity into Britain, A. D. 186; but the place did not rise to the jurisdiction of a bishoprick till about the beginning of the 6th century. It's first bishops were Dubritius, Teilеian, and Odoceus, who were all canonized. Myric, king of Glamorgan, and the whole of the Silures, founded this episcopal seat, and endowed it with all the lands between the rivers Taff and Elwy. The ancient church was liberally endowed, but suffered great, deprivations at the time of the conquest, when it was destroyed. The present Cathedral was built by bishop Urban in the year 1107. It's situation is awful and monastic, in a bottom, surrounded by rising grounds. It's admeasurement, according to Grose, is 263½ feet long from E. to W.; from the W. door to the choir 110 feet, from the entrance into the choir to the altar 75 feet, and thence to the Virgin Mary's chapel 65 feet; the breadth of the body 65 feet, and the height from the floor to the centre of the roof 119 feet. There is no cross isle to this cathedral, nor any middle tower or steeple, as there are to all others in England and Wales, except BANGOR and Exeter. The W. front of the cathedral is an admirable relic of norman and gothic architecture united, with a lofty square tower at the N. W. angle, of extraordinary height profusely enriched with the best sculpture of the age in which it was built. The tower which occupied the corresponding angle on the SW. is nearly delapidated. The window of this front is of fine lancet work, above which is the statue of Henry I.; and over the finely arched entrance, another, said to be that of Dubricius. The northern tower was built by Jasper, created duke of Bedford, A. D. 1485. In the interior are several monuments of the bishops; under a window is a full length figure in marble of lady Godiva, the celebrated patroness of the men of Coventry, which merits attention; it represents an emaciated corpse in her winding sheet; the appearance brought on by a wasting sickness is well delineated; and two uncommonly elegant, in alabaster, to the family of the Matthews. The principal monuments were detroyed, with the bishop's palace; and houses of the clergy, by the ferocious chieftain, Owen Glyndwr. The inside of the Chapter-house, somewhat resembling that of Margam Abbey, is entitled to particular observation. John Marshall, elected bishop in 1478, decorated the cathedral with a new altar-piece of free stone. The last alterations took place about 1751, at a vast expense. The w. end of the building serves for the chief entrance to a grecian temple obtruded within the walls of a solemn gothic cathedral. "On the chancel falling to decay," says mr. Barber, "a great sum was expended in raising the present church upon the old stock; but surely such an absence of taste and common sense was never before instanced. Beneath the solemn towers has been ingrafted an italian fantastic summer-house elevation, with a venetian window, ionic pilasters, and flower-pot-jars upon the parapet. The same sort of window is coupled with the elegant line of the ornamented gothic, in other parts of the structure; and, within, a huge building upon the model of a heathen temple, surrounds the altar; which, with 2 thrones, darken and fill up nearly half of the church."

The diocese is governed by a bishop, who is also dean; the archdeacon, who is sub-dean, 12 prebendaries, and 2 vicars choral. The choral service has, however, been some years discontinued, and the revenue applied to other purposes. Near the cathedral stood the Bishop's Palace, the gate-house of which, and a ruined tower, where formerly hung the great bell called Peter, now at Exeter, are the sole remains of these adjuncts which, with the outer walls of the cathedral, form an enclosure to a garden. The Castle was demolished by Owen Glyndwr, in the reign of Henry 4.

Near Llandaff, to the NW. is the rural and retired village of *St. Fagans;* which has a Castle, built in a much more modern style than those of Glamorganshire in general.

Mr. Donovan returned TO CAERDIFF along the direct foot track, who says, "in the retrospect the city of Llandaff, with the aspiring tower of the cathedral, and the mansion of mr. *Price* in front, form one striking group of objects: another, also, appears before, the town of Caerdiff, with it's gigantic castle, and the airy fane of St. John's steeple. But what I admired most," continues he, "was the cheerful face of the country, as we proceeded, a district rich in cultivation and pasturage, and prettily diversified with a scanty sprinkling of woods."

Pursuing an excellent road, through a well-cultivated country, mr. Skrine soon came in sight of LLANTRISSENT; it's white buildings appearing in clusters upon the side and summit of a cleft in one of the hills which bound the vale of Glamorgan. The streets, of course, are steep and narrow; but if a landscape could supercede the sense of other inconveniences, this place would be one of the most desirable in Wales. Descending into the vale of Glamorgan, he soon arrived at COWBRIDGE.

The road TO COWBRIDGE, after dipping and rising across the unequal surface of the country ascends between 4 and 5 miles from Caerdiff, over a prodigious lofty hill, which commands an admirably fine prospect over the wilds of Glamorganshire, and the Caerphilly hills, to the N. At about the 4th mile occurs the village of *St. Nicholas,* where there is an inn, but the accommodations are indifferent. Near the 7th mile-stone, to the E. in a field, close to a pool of water, stands a massive stone, deemed an object of druidic curiosity. Two miles beyond is the neat village of *Bonvilston.* Mr. Donovan thought it the prettiest village in the southern principality of Wales, notwithstanding mr. Malkin's different opinion. See page 139. Within a mile or 2 of Cowbridge the road slopes gradually over the easy brow of a prodigiously extensive and very lofty hill, whence the admiring traveller breaks unexpectedly upon some charming scenery. The great military road, passing through the country, may be seen from this elevation, but in fine weather, still better from the eminences within a mile or 2 W. of Cowbridge.

On the way TO PONT Y PRIDD, the river is crossed at a tin-plate manufactory at *Melyn Gryffyth,* and following the course of the *Taff,* which rising at the foot of *Tre' Beddw* mountains in Brecknockshire disembogues it's waters at *Penarth Point.* It's breadth and depth in this vale is very unequal. On the brow of a perpendicular rock stands the ruins of an early british post, called *Castell Coch.* While beguiled with a great variety of scenery, you suddenly arrive at Pont y pridd, where the road from Llantrissent to Caerphily crosses the Taff. The communication in Leland's time was by a wooden bridge.

Back to Caerdiff, Donovan; Barber.
To Cowbridge, 10 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Donovan.
—— Pont y pridd, 10 miles, Evans.

* * *

From Caernarvon, 5 miles, Bingley.

LLANDDINIOLEN is a small village, in Caernarvonshire, on the right of the road from Caernarvon to Bangor.

About half a mile SE. of this village, upon a considerable eminence, are the remains of an ancient encampment, called *Dinas Dinorddwig*. A large area appears to have been surrounded by a double ditch and ramparts.

On the road to Capel Curig the extensive slate quarries belonging to Lord Penrhyn are passed, and the romantic vale of Nant Frangon.

To Nant Frangon, Bingley.

* * *

From Aber, 4 miles, Bingley.
—— Port Penrhyn, 1 mile, Pennant.

LLANDEGAI (the church of Tegai) is a village beautifully situated on the turbulent little river Ogwen, in which is a neat church, built in the form of a cross, having the tower in the centre, the style completely gothic, marking the age of Edward 3. From this place the line of the mountains appear with a curvature, and sloping to the shore, in the milder features of fertility, terminate abruptly in the promontory of Llan Dudno. The family of Gryffydd removed the memorials of their ancestors from the monastery in the neighbourhood of Beaumaris to this church. Dr. Williams, archbishop of York, who lived in the reign of Charles 1, and died March 25, 1649, was interred here. A mural monument represents him in an episcopal dress kneeling at an altar. The following elegant lines were written by —— Davis on visiting this monument.

In that remote and solitary place,
which the seas wash, and circling hills embrace,
where those lone walls amid the groves arise,
all that remains of thee, fam'd *Williams*, lies.
Thither sequestered shade, creation's nook,
the wandering Muse her pensive journey took,
curious to trace the statesman to his home,
and moralize at leisure o'er his tomb:
she came not with the pilgrim, tears to shed,
mutter a vow, or trifle with a bead,
but such a sadness did her thoughts employ,
as lives within the neighbourhood of joy,
Reflecting much upon the mighty shade,
his glories, and his miseries, she said:
"How poor the lot of the once honour'd dead!
perhaps the dust is Williams' that we tread.
The learn'd, ambitious, politic, and great,
statesman and prelate, this, alas! thy fate.
Could not thy Lincoln yield her pastor room,
could not thy York supply thee with a tomb?
Was it for this, thy lofty genius soar'd,
caress'd by monarchs and by crowds ador'd?
For this, thy hand o'er rivals could prevail,
grasping by turns the crosier and the seal?[†]
Who dar'd on Laud's meridian pow'r to frown,
and on aspiring Buckingham look down.
This thy gay morn; but ere the day's decline
clouds gather, and adversity is thine:
doom'd, to behold thy country's fierce alarms,
what had thy trembling age to do with arms?
thy lands dragoon'd, thy palaces in dust,
why was thy life protracted to be curst?
thy king in chains; thyself by lawless might
strip'd of all power, and exil'd from thy right.
Awhile the venerable hero stood,
and stemm'd with quiv'ring limbs the boist'rous flood;
at length, o'er-match'd by injuries and time,
stole from the world, & sought his native clime."
Cambria for him with moans her region fills;
she wept his downfall from a thousand hills;
tender embrac'd her prelate tho' undone,
stretch'd out the mother rocks to hide her son;
search'd, while alive, each vale for his repast,
and when he died, received him in her breast.
Envied Ambition! what are all thy schemes,
but waking misery, or pleasing dreams,
sliding and tottering on the heights of state:
the subject of this verse declares thy fate.
Great as he was you see how small the gain,
a burial so obscure, a Muse so mean.

On the right of the road from Bangor to Conwy, not far from the latter, is Penrhyn Castle. "The insulated and novel neatness of Llandegai, contrasted with the neighbouring parishes, is astonishing; renovated Penrhyn, the plantations, improved roads, new farm-houses and cottages, and the animation which pervades it from the port and the quarry, produce a tout ensemble, which seems inchantment, the creation of a few years, and of one public spirited individual." Note to "Beaumaris Bay, a poem," p. 37.

In the way to Nant Frangon among the gravel by the side of the 2d. rivulet, grows the Galium boreale; near the road Papaver cambricum.

The Slate Quarry of Llandegai, and

[†] *He was made lord keeper of the great seal* *July* 20, 1621.

the surrounding mountains rank highly among the wonders of the British Alps. The road is by Llandegai church, on the left from Aber. The traveller here turns towards the mountains: the road is good, and very picturesque scenery continually opens. At a spot near the first newly built cottage, opposite a mill, with the river Ogwen beneath, on looking northward, an extensive view of the Anglesea coast, and of a diversified valley of no unfertile appearance, is presented. On the left is Penrhyn-house. On the right hand the mountains thickening, form a curve or bent line, PENMAEN MAWR, making the extreme base. The *Ogwen* is a rapid river, rugged with black rocks, tumbled into it from the adjacent declivities: in dry seasons, it is shallow and fordable in many places, but during heavy rains, it pours forth an immense quantity of water. As you proceed in the direction of the road, the country appears more barren and savage. Near a bridge of one arch thrown over the Ogwen, are the remains of a copper-mine, which never turned to any account. A little way on the other side of the Ogwen, is a seat of the ancient family of *Coetmore*, staunch romanists at the time of the reformation. Here the woods skirt pleasingly to the edge of the river, which at this place is joined by another, called, from it's impetuosity, *Avon Gaseg*, viz. the mare river. It runs with great precipitation from the summit of a high mountain, and in times of much rain the rapidity is prodigious; the whole being an entire sheet of white foam, and becomes visible to the naked eye, at the distance of 15 miles. The slate quarry is situated at the entrance of the great chasm called NANT FRANGON, on the sloping of a conic mountain, and near it's base. The number of workmen employed in the slate business is said to be about 500; and lord Penrhyn, who is the public spirited proprietor, has caused to be built a number of neat slated cottages, for the accommodation of the labourers, in the valley, and along the sides of the Ogwen. For his lordship's occasional visits to this romantic spot, a snug summer box, in the eastern style of architecture is erected among the rocks. Parties of pleasure, who come to see the quarry and the mountains, find in this place a pleasant sequestered retreat, where they may recruit themselves with refreshments, but it is necessary, as there is no inn in this district, to bring your own beverage, the inhabitants having little besides oat-bread and milk, to which they will readily welcome you. "This neat pavilion is the Eden of the mountains; the plantations which screen it, and the flowers which adorn it, are surprising and exemplary proofs of the power of cultivation, however forbidding the face of Nature; 't is an acre of Tempe, among the rocks of Norway!"—R. Lloyd. The summit of the slate mountain is termed *y Vron*, a name usually given to any prominence which does not rise abruptly, and signifies breast or pap. The ascent to the apex in the last stage is steep and rugged: to gain the first swell of this arm of the mountain is no difficult task, and the prospect thence is charming and extensive. The distance to the highest point may be 2 miles from the quarry, tho' the perpendicular height cannot measure more than 6 or 700 yards. On the highest point is a circular heap of stones, which probably are the remains of a watch-tower, or beacon. The ride along this bottom, as far as *Llyn Ogwen* is very solitary, awful, and magnificent; the mountains on either side rise rather abruptly to an astonishing altitude, and the side face of them in many places is rugged, bold, and terrific. [See NANT FRANGON.] *Carnedd Davidd*, and *Carnedd Llewelyn*, 2 lofty mountains which attract observation on the outset of the journey to the quarry, are here, at the entrance into this vast cavity, intercepted by an extended mountain called *yr Ala*, probably from the latin of a wing; the s. extremity of which is the *Bänglog* or Golgotha, a bare, stupendous, hanging hill over the Pool of Ogwen. This end of the chasm is strewed with large and shattered rocks, which from time to time have been hurried down the declivity after frosts, which split the mountains in every direction of the crevices where the water stands and freezes. On the s. of Ogwen Pool, famous for it's trout, stands *Tryffal*, i. e. a triangle, a conic mountain of rugged aspect, and apparently isolated, but joining it's base to the towering ridges of the Glyder, the most astonishing group of all the mountains. On the summit of the *Glyder*, or more properly Clydder, signifying a pile, is an enormous accumulation of stone pillars, supposed by the editors of Camden's

Britannia to have been a druidic temple; but others consider them as skeletons of the mountain, either split by frost, or loosened by the continual assaults of rain and tempests. The aspect of these stupendous irregularities inspires terror, nor is the mind readily reconciled to the sight: the stranger seems to distrust his eyes and ceases to depend on his feet. At the foot of Clydder is a pool named *Llyn Idwel*, surrounded by a noble amphitheatre of mountains.—[From a sketch of the history, &c. of Caernarvonshire.]

From Llandegai, mr. Pennant made AN EXCURSION which terminated at Aber. Crossing the wooden bridge over the furious torrent Ogwen, which, a little lower, discharges itself into the sea at Aber, he quitted the great road to visit *Carnedd Llewelyn* and *Carnedd Dafydd*. "Upon the summit of this mountain, rival of Snowdon, there being only 16 yards difference in their altitude, it is supposed that Llewelyn ap Iorwerth was encamped, at that desperate crisis when king John, with a great army, was in the plains below, and Bangor blazing, and whence he sent his princess (Joan) to her father, to make peace.—R. Lloyd. ["At this time (1212) the king (John) passing the river Conwy, encamped there by the river side, and sent part of his army, with guides of the country, to burn Bangor, which they did, taking *Rotpart* the bishop prisoner, who was afterwards ransomed for 200 hawkes; then the prince, seeing all England and Wales against him, thought it best to entreat with the king, and thereupon he sent Joan his wife (the king's daughter) to her father, to make a peace, who, being a discreet woman, found the means."—Powell, 265.] In his way visited an artificial cave, near a field called Cae Gwilim ddu, in which tradition says was interred *William de Breos*. [See page 2.] Hence began a steep ascent; on the left the vast mountain *Moelwynnion*, and the strange serrated rocks *Bere Mawr* and *Bere Bach*. The *Gern* appeared on the right, and *Trosgwl* in front. On the right, farther on, projected into the bottom, the lofty peaked *Moel yr Elian*, seeming like a buttress to Carnedd Llewelyn; and between it and Carnedd Dafydd, lies the little fertile vale of *Cwm Penllafar*. Proceeded upon the sloping sides of the *Trosgwl*, and near *Carnedd y Filiast* and *Carnedd y Lladron*. Passed over *Clogwyn y Heliwr*, and ascended the steep and stony side of Carnedd Llewelyn; reached it's summit and found the view amazingly grand. At some distance are *Y Wyddfa*, and it's neighbouring alps. The *Glyders*, *Trivaen*, and *Carnedd y Filiast*, appear immediately beneath. NANT FRANGON, or as conjecture says, Nant yr Afanc, the dale of beavers, is a tremendous vale, or rather chasm; the mountains towards the upper part of it approach so near one to the other, that they strongly attract the clouds, which, dissipating around the summits, frequently deluge, with torrents of rain, the plains below; and so certain a prognostic of approaching wet weather, says mr. Richard Lloyd, is rain in Nant Frangon deemed in Anglesea, that the islanders humourously call it "the devil's kitchen." The Menai, Anglesea, and the river Conwy afford in this pass distinct and fine prospects. The home views consist of dreary bottoms or moory hills, with no waters of any consequence, except *Llyn Llyphaint*. *Carnedd Dafydd* is connected to Carnedd Llewelyn, by a semilunar isthmus, which on the side over *Cwm Penllatar*, is called *Ysgollion duon*, forming the most horrid precipice that thought can conceive. Descended through *Cwm Penllafar*. Called at *Coytmor, or Coed mawr*, seated in the midst of lofty trees, every now and then allowing a glimpse of the mountains and rocks, soaring above. This house is the property of the Pughs of Penrhyn, in Creuddyn; in which is a remarkable picture of the diminutive painter Richard Gibson and his fairy wife, by Peter Lely: neither of them exceeded 3 feet 10 inches in height.

To Bangor, 2 miles, Bingley.
— Aber, 4 miles, Pennant.
— Nant Frangon, Pennant.

* * *

From Llanbeder, 19 miles, Barber.
—— Pont ar Dulas, 5 miles, Malkin.
—— Caermarthen, 15 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
—— Neath, through Llandebie, 22 miles, Wyndham.

LLANDILO VAWR, is a pretty market town of Caermarthenshire, seated on a descent to the justly famed *Vale of Towey*. Tho' the town has nothing in itself to recommend it, it's environs in every direction are exquisitely beautiful. In 1213, Rhys Fychan, being apprehensive that Faulke, lord of Caerdigan, would dispossess him of this town, caused it to be burnt to the ground, and then had recourse to the woods and desert places in it's vicinity.

According to the history of Wales by Caradoc of Llancarvan, the last decisive battle, between the armies of Edward 7, and those of Llewellyn, prince of Wales, was fought near Llandilo-Vawr in which the king's forces gained a complete victory; in consequence of which this unfortunate prince, soon after, near Buallt, lost both his power and his life. This victory put a final period to welch independency in the year 1282; since which time the principality has been subject to the crown of England.—Wyndham.

When at Llandilo, mr. Skrine made an excursion to the *cataract of Glenheir*, whence a difficult road conveyed him to the high insulated rock, which supports the ruins of Castle Carreg-cennin. Mr. Malkin recommends this place in preference to Caermarthen as a residence from which to make excursions about the country. But, says sir Richard Hoare, "it is rather singular, and unfortunate for the traveller, that the worst inn in S. Wales should be situated in that very part of it, where nature has been the most prolific in her beauties, in the midst of wealth and population, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Newton-park, and Golden-grove. I here allude to the inn at Llandilo.—Giraldus, ii, 403.

Newton Park, the delightful seat of lord Dinevawr affords the most extensive and picturesque views of this vale. The keeper's attendance is necessary through waving lawns and woody gnolls to a bold hill where "embosomed high in tufted trees," appears the picturesque remains of *Dinevawr Castle*. A winding path, cut through the leafy honours of this hill, conducts the tourist beneath their dark umbrage to the top. Climbing a massy fragment of the ruin, and reaching a falling apartment called the ladies' dressing-room, a prospect teeming with the most fascinating natural charms, may be examined from a gothic window overhung with ivy. It is a galaxy of picturesque beauty, at which remembrance becomes entranced, while description faulters. Immediately beneath, the expansive vale of Towey appears in full display; a hue of the richest green marking the luxuriance of the soil. The translucid Towey here wantons in perpetual variety among gay meadows and embowering plantations, till it disappears behind projecting groves. The rich wood which surrounds the castellated hill clothes a precipitate descent to the water's edge, and with the sylvan decorations of Newton-park, forms the nearmost boundary of the vale. On the opposite side, a huge wild mountain rears it's desolate head to the clouds. Beneath is *Golden Grove*, from this place appearing in diminished beauty. The mansion was lately inherited by mr. Vaughan, who is said to have been the greatest landholder in Caermarthenshire. He left a considerable portion of his estate to lord Cawdor. Several smaller seats and whitened hamlets appear in the valley, glistening through their appendant groves. A little westward, *Grongar-hill*, immortalized by the Muse of Dyer, and now the property of one of his descendants, advances on the vale and partly turns it's course. At some distance further, a rugged hill, bearing the mouldering fragments of *Druslwyn Castle*, proudly bestrides the plain and terminates the picture.

Middleton-hall is situated southward of the valley towards Caermarthen, but commands none of it's beauties. This mansion was built a few years since by mr. Paxton, formerly a banker at Bengal, and is said to be one of the most splendid specimens of modern architecture in Wales; but being badly situated, it is already neglected. The extent of the apparent remains of Dinevawr castle lead one to consider it as a place of small importance; but the vestiges of a wall and ditch at some distance from the conspicuous ruin may be traced, which indicate it to have been of considerable dimensions. It was built by Rhys ap Theodore, in the time of William the conqueror. It's original form was circular, fortified with a double moat and rampart. The most prominent parts are, the apartment already mentioned, a massive round tower, the ancient keep, and a subterraneous passage. Giraldus saw a castle here: but that was destroyed in the year 1194, about 6 years after he made his Itinerary; it was, however, soon rebuilt, and became the royal seat of the Princes of S. Wales; but frequently changed it's masters, until it fell to the crown of England. Henry 7. made a grant of it to sir Rice ap Thomas, Knight of the Garter, a lineal descendant of the Welch princes, and ancestor to the present proprietor. It was inhabited till about 1760 when the combustible part of it was destroyed by fire. The mansion, built on a level about half a mile from the castle, is a large quadrangular structure, with turrets at each corner, crowned with domes. It has lately been modernized, but appears to have been founded about two centuries back. An avenue of trees extends thence to the castle, which is broken into clumps, in harmony with the general lying-out of the park. The hills of it's strongly undulating surface are profusely covered with wood, and the hollows have luxuriance of pasturage which can scarcely be equalled. It is unfortunate that the proprietor does not make a few openings to exhibit from various points the grand dimensions of some ivied towers, which would produce a fine effect, and contrast well with the woody swells which abound in this beautiful domain. In the neighbourhood of Carreg Cennin Castle are some remains of *Llangadog* and *Llanymdyfri* castles, frequently mentioned in british history.

The road TO LLANDOVERY is carried through the vale, along which the Towey finds it's way. The ride or walk may be varied from the direct road with advantage by turning off at the turnpike-gate of *Gurry*; the residence of William Jones, esq. and taking the Llanbeder road as far as *Llansawell* and then crossing the hills. The extensive woods adjoining *Taliaris Park*, constitute a principal ornament of the scene. On the other side the road, at some distance, is *Abermarle Park*, once the seat of sir Rice ap Thomas. A little way further stands the *Monastery of Talley*, on a fine and luxuriant flat, screened by lofty ridged hills, and looking down the vale of Towey. There are considerable remains of the building; and it ranks among the most venerable specimens of ecclesiastic establishments, in this part of the principality. Mr. Johnes of Hafod had a painting which once decorated a room in this house. There are 2 pools, of rather a large size. The next attractive object is *Edwinsford*, a seat of Hamlyn Williams, esq., on the banks of the Cothy. It is a very delightful spot. The house is about 100 years old: and, what is more rare, it's occupiers have had the good taste and sense to preserve it, free from modern patch-work. *Llansawell* is a pleasing spot on a branch of the Cothy. The village is decent, and there is a tolerable inn. The rest of the way to Llanbeder being extremely sterile, mr. Malkin turned to the right, up a wild common, and after a laborious ascent, reached the summit of *Cyn-uil Gaio*, a mountain on the road between Llanbeder and Llandovery, which commands almost the whole of the rugged country between these 2 places, with a partial glance upon the vale between Llandovery and Llandilo Vawr, as overlooking the intervening hills. Here and there occurs a pretty scene in approaching Llandovery; but nothing very marked till you reach the bridge of one arch, over the Towey, built by William Edwards.

In passing the upper vale of the Towey from Llandilo to Llandovery, mr. Skrine remarks that tho' it be inferior to that which he had traversed from Caermarthen, yet it abounds in beauties peculiar to itself. It is neither so well-wooded, nor so verdant; but cultivation and pasturage are agreeably intermixed on each side of the winding stream; and the terrace road is pleasantly carried between the elevated seat and groves of *Taliaris* and the town of *Llangaddoc Cresseny*, on the other side of the river.

The road TO PONT-AR-DULAS is generally deviated from for the sake of visiting *Carregcennin Castle*. The following account of such a deviation is by J. T. Barber. "At the first turnpike we left the road to the right, up a steep track by the side of a romantic dingle, down the dark hollow of which a small cascade trickled with very good effect. In our ascent, delightful views were obtained of the upper vale of Towey, stretching from Llandilo bridge to the vicinage of Llandovery. The distant groves of *Taliaris* and *Abermarle parks* adorned this view, which was only inferior to that from Dinevawr-castle. As we advanced further, the rich prospect withdrew, and we found ourselves entering upon the dreary wilds of the Black Mountains; our track then became indistinct, and unenlivened by a single habitation or human face. At length a cottage appeared, and we enquired our way to Carreg-cennin castle, but "Dim Saesonaeg" was all that we could gather from the inhabitants. Thus constrained to proceed at random, we mounted a precipitous hill over a track which formed the bed of a torrent, and discovered the object of our search, upon a bold rock, a considerable distance on our right: a little welch farmer was also comprised in this view, working hard to repair the damages of a late storm. We enquired which road we had best pursue, and again were answered with "Dim Saesonaeg;" he, however, signified that he would fetch some one; and running over 2 or 3 fields returned with his daughter, a fine buxom girl, who had picked up a little English at Llandilo market. Without entreaty she offered to be our guide, and blithly led us, through mountainous wilds, within a short distance of the object of our search. As we ascended the rock, crowned with the frowning ruin of *Carreg-cennin castle,* a tempestuous cloud, which broke against it, drenched us with a plentiful shower. We sought the shelter of the building, but the wind raged with such violence, that we shrunk from the mouldering battlements lest they should overwhelm us. On crossing the ruin through it's "stormy halls," we recoiled on finding ourselves upon the brink of a precipice, which, except by the side on which we ascended, encompasses the castle in a perpendicular rocky cliff upwards of 400 feet in height. Then climbing among the mossy fragments of the building, we discovered an aperture in the ground connected with a long subterraneous gallery, dug through the solid rock, and lighted by windows cut in the cliff, tho' not visible from any situation without. This recess terminated in a large gloomy cavern, which seemed to have led to some adjacent spot, forming a secret communication from the castle. [Of this part of the castle mr. Thomas Evans gives the following account. "The well in this castle is of a singular kind, for instead of a perpendicular descent, here is a large winding cave bored through the solid rock, with an arched passage on the northern edge of the precipice, running along the outside of the fortress with an easy slope to the beginning of the perforation, which is in length 84 feet. This perforation is of various dimensions: the breadth at the beginning is 12 feet, and in some places less than 3; but at a medium it may be estimated to be from 5 to 6, and the height 10 feet; the whole descent through the rock is 150 feet. Notwithstanding all this extravagant labour there is scarcely water sufficient for a small family."] On our return we were more at liberty to examine the features of the ruin, which proved of the simplest construction; totally without ornament or a single gothic form, and consisting of one irregular court with towers at each angle. If the Britons had any castles of stone before the arrival of the Normans (a fact doubted by some antiquaries,) I imagine this to be one. [The gateway is not between 3 towers in front, but a strong covered way on the brink of the rock leads to the gates on the s. side.] A late tourist, mr. Skrine, I know not on what authority, ascribes it's erection to the time of Henry 1. Before the use of artillery, the position must have been impregnable, and it's rough aspect indicates it to have been constructed for the mere business of war. From this wild abode we passed by a lonely tower and floundered among ditch-like tracts to recover the high road from Llandilo to Swansea. In a romantic hollow we were stopped by a branch of the Towey; which tho' in ordinary times an inconsiderable rivulet, was now swelled to a menacing torrent. Here we found a party of men and women peasants on the opposite side, in doubt whether it might be safely crossed; but at length one of the men stripped and waded over, thus satisfying us that the ford was practicable. The rest followed; the men first stripping off the lower part of their dress; a trouble avoided by the females, who unused to the incumbrance of shoes and stockings, had only to hold up their clothes to the highest extent; and thus prepared, the whole party moved towards us. The undertaking seemed to them a matter of perfect indifference.

Our travelling continued in rocky tracks, at the rate of a mile an hour, untill we recovered the Llandilo road; from which we soon turned off on the right, to visit *Glenheir waterfall,* in the grounds of mr. Dubaïson, about 5 miles s. of Llandilo. At this place the Loughor river pursues it's course between steep banks clothed with various trees and shrubs. On one of the descents a walk is traced, with some ingenuity, in front of a small picturesque cascade formed by a tributary stream to the Loughor. This might be mistaken for the object sought; but crossing a rustic bridge, the eye on a sudden encounters the whole river rushing beneath a portal of trees, and throwing itself over a ledge of black rock in a single fall of 18 feet. The effect of the whole, seen through the gloom of pendant trees, is undoubtedly striking; tho' it must be confessed, the sheet of water presenting the formality of an unbroken square, is somewhat unpicturesque. Crossing the Loughor at a ford about 2 miles further, my poney on a sudden slipped out of it's depth, and we separated to swim to the opposite bank. This disagreeable business was much aggravated, for my books, papers, and some other articles, which I carried in a leathern case behind the saddle, were completely soaked, and several drawings utterly spoiled. My companion, having a taller horse escaped, with only his boots full of water. It may not be amiss to apprise the traveller through Wales, that these fords, frequently occurring, are not unattended with danger after great falls of rain: at such times a careful enquiry should be made; a precaution which would have saved us a ducking; for it afterwards appeared that no other travellers had crossed the ford during the day, but avoided it by taking a circuitous route. In this plight we jogged on upwards of eight miles, with the unwelcome gloom of the Black Mountains on our left, and a pleasant diversified country on the right, to the village of *Pont-ar-dulas*, but which we did not reach before evening. The comfortable inn at this place afforded us a change of apparel and good cheer, which soon dissipated the inconveniencies of the journey. On the following morning we rose early, and then found the place to possess many traits of picturesque attraction, being seated near a rapid river, and agreeably interspersed with woods. Thence we had a pleasant ride to Swansea."

To Swansea, 22 miles, Barber.
— Llandovery, 14 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
To and from Castle Carreg Cennin, 9 miles; Llandilo Vawr to Caermarthen, 15 miles, Wyndham.
— Dinevawr, 1 mile, [see page 85.]

* * *

From Llandilo Vawr, 14 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
—— Tregarron, 27 miles, Evans.
—— Buallt, by way of Llanwrtyd Wells, Skrine.

The town of LLANDOVERY, Caermarthenshire, is of the most forbidding cast. It's buildings mean, irregular, and unconnected. Tho' small it has a large market. It is situated on the river Brane, which joins the Towey at a short distance, over which is a bridge by the architect of Pontypridd. On a mount nearly in the centre of the town, is the small Castle, much delapidated. It was built by Richard de Powns, and is deeply trenched. This place is remarkable for the birth and residence of *Rees Prichard*, it's celebrated vicar, author of what is known all over Wales by the title of the "Vicar's Book," a collection of very simple poetry. This work was translated into English by the rev. Wm. Evans, vicar of Lawhaden. Tho' himself, his wife, and daughter, were buried at the church, no memorial exists of them. He was born in 1570, and died at his native place in 1644. INN. The Castle.

To the E. from this place appears a formidable barrier called *Mynnydd Du* or the Black Mountain, over which the high road towards England formerly passed; and travellers, after attaining the summit, had to pursue a rocky descent into the vale of Usk. This inconvenience, however, is now obviated by the road being carried, in a winding direction, through a beautiful, undulating glen, which encircles the mountain. This pass of *Cwm-Dwr*, which abounds with the most enchanting display of the more placid mountain scenery, extends 9 miles round the base of the mountain, and reaches TRECASTLE, 10 miles, at as short a distance as over the summit. It has not always occurred to surveyors of roads, that to wind round the side of a mountain to it's opposite side is sometimes shorter than over it's highest point.

A few miles on the right, on a part of this mountain, the river Usk rises out of a fountain called *Blaen Wiske*, at the head of which vale stands the decayed town of *Trecastle*, containing nothing worthy of attention except the ruins of a small Castle built by the norman baron, Bernard de Newmarche, in the time of William Rufus. The forest of BRECKNOCK or Maescar, is now entered upon; said to have been infested formerly by a banditti, by a witch named Maud Aubrey, &c. &c. The wood was however cut down and of course all these vermin were extirpated. It is now a fine cultivated country, through which the road passes. The hill called *Gaer* has upon it's summit a roman encampment. It is situated upon rising ground above the conflux of the *Usk* and the *Eskir*. The ruins of the walls are still visible. A farm house and offices have been built of stones taken from these ruins. Within half a mile of the house, the present road from Brecknock joins an old roman causeway. About a quarter of a mile on this roman road is the monumental stone called *Maen y Marynnion*, with some sculpture. The words "conjux ejus" only remains of the inscription. It is about 6 feet high. About 2 miles distant, on a steep hill, called *Pen y Crug*, is an oval encampment, with 3 fosses and 2 vallums. Hence it is conjectured to be of british construction. *Roman fortifications* are known by the herring-back form of building, and the cement boiled mortar; *British*, by loose aggera, or angular towers; *Saxon*, by circular walls and arches; and *Norman* and *Anglo-Norman*, by square towers and pointed arches. *British churches* are known by the deficiency of a tower and the name of *Llan*; and *Norman*, or English-Welsh, by the addition of a tower, and the appellation of *Eglwys*.—J. Evans.

From Llandovery TO LLANBEDER, mr. Skrine crossed the Towey, by a bridge of a single arch, and pursued a new terrace road, cut beneath the summits of hills for several miles.

To TREGARON there is a new road made to wind round the bases of the mountains through a deep valley, exhibiting a succession of the most romantic scenery. *Pont Velindrea* crosses the *Gwethrick*, a rapid stream which runs from left to right, and turning under some rocky projections, at the foot of a mountain, unites it's waters with those of the *Brane* very near this spot. The road rises a little above the level of this meandering rivulet, which remains on the left for several miles. A cottage here and there, with a mill breaks in upon the solitude. The character of the mountains is various as well as grand; alternately naked and woody. The valley closes in, gradually, till it terminates in a romantic pass, formed by a chasm between 2 large mountains. On the other side the pass, the hills recede, and the Gwethrick diverges from the road. There is no part of S. Wales where the country and people are so wild. The windings of the dingle produce a succession of interesting circumstances till the magnificent scenery of *Ystrad Ffin* is attained, formed by the junction of the *Cothy* reinforced by *Pesconer*, with the *Towey*, under circumstances of peculiar grandeur. The valley is now narrowed into a ravin, of which the former has the possession, while the latter finds it's way down the sides of a high mountain, not in a precipitous fall, but in successive leaps from rock to rock, sometimes foaming over every impediment, at others working it's obstructed course between or behind the overhanging crags, till it meets the Cothy in the bottom. The woods with which these precipices are partly clothed, darken it's channel with their shadow, while the larger masses of *Rescob Forest* beyond, add a pleasing richness to the other eccentric features of the spot. At the top of the mountain, close by the first declination of the Towey, there is a cave, about 4 yards square. It is said to have been the retreat of Thomas John, the son of Catharine, a noted robber, who aspired to marry the heiress of Ystrad Ffin. *Cwm Cothy*, on the other side of this chain of hills to the w. exhibits specimens of scenery resembling this, but on a much larger scale.—B. H. Malkin.

TO LLANDILO VAWR, on the right, are *Taliaris*, (lord R. Seymour Conway,) *Edwinsford*, (J. H. Williams, esq.) and *Monarabon*, (J. Himins, esq.) On the right 4 m. is *Llwyn y Bran Hall* (mrs. Rice.) On the left 5 m. is *Duffrin*, (William Jones, esq.)

Back to Swansea, Malkin.
To Brecknock, 20 miles, Evans; Skrine.
— Llanbeder, 15 miles; Skrine.
— Buallt, 21 miles.
— Llandilo Vawr, 14 miles.
— Tregaron, 15 miles.

* * *

From Newtown, 23 miles, Wyndham.

LLANDRINDOD WELLS, in Radnorshire, are situated in a wild extensive heath, 5 miles in length and one broad, slightly ornamented with trees, and cultivation. The wells consist of 3 springs, within a few yards of each other, totally different in qualities; chalybeate, sulphurious, and cathartic.

Tho' the medicinal virtues of these waters be undoubted, and perhaps more potent than those of Harrogate, yet the place, being dreary, remote, and vacant of elegant accommodation, is only visited by a few real invalids. In a fine summer the lodging-house is frequently full.—Wyndham. Since mr. Wyndham visited this place, it's wells have increased much in fame. This consideration induced a mr. Grosvenor of Shrewsbury to make improvements for the reception of company. In 1749 he took a lease of several houses, and repaired them at a vast expense, and made considerable additions. One of the new buildings is large enough to contain several hundred visitors, besides every accommodation that can be expected. The waters are denominated, 1, the Rock-water, which issues out of a slate rock, and contains a strong impregnation of iron earth, salts, and sulphur. A glassful of this water, taken from the rock on a clear day, appears like common spring water, and as bright as crystal, but after standing a short time, a chalybeate taste and smell are very predominant, and it changes into a pearl colour. This water has had a beneficial effect in various diseases, but is usually confined to those which are chronic, proceeding from a weakness in the fibres; also in scorbutic eruptions, weak nerves, palsies, or a laxity of the whole frame, and in agues, where bark proves ineffectual; and in seminal weaknesses. The best time for drinking this water is between 6 and 7 in the morning, before breakfast, and in the following quantities. Begin with ¼ of a pint, adding each morning ¼ to the amount of a quart. After this a gentle walk is adviseable; another glass to be taken before dinner, and 2 more on going to bed. 2, The Saline Pump-water is about 100 yards N. of that which is sulphureous. This water has been very serviceable in many diseases, particularly in the scurvy, and other eruptions; the hypochondriac malady, proceeding from a superabundance of the juices; in low fevers, the leprosy, and in several species of the gravel. It should be drank from about the middle of March to November. Bleeding is generally recommended previous to it's use. The quantities are half a pint before breakfast, half a pint between breakfast and dinner, and another before going to bed. 3, The Sulphur or Black Water, when thrown on hot iron, emits a blue flame, and smells like brimstone. Silver leaves have been changed in less than 6 minutes into a fine yellow gold colour. This water is well adapted for an artificial bath, or, applied externally, for relieving chronic diseases. It is taken internally in the subsequent cases: viz. the venereal disease, ulcers, leprosy, the scurvy, the hydrophobia, madness, diseases of the head, stone and gravel, rheumatism, and gouty complaints. The scrophula has often been cured by an internal and external use of this water. It is a purgative in it's operation, therefore some preparation is necessary. It should be drank, like other mineral waters in the morning fasting, or between breakfast and dinner; on no account in the afternoon, unless at meals, with brandy or rum, or about half a pint at bed-time. The dose cannot well be ascertained without a previous knowledge of the patient's disease. It is adviseable to begin with a pint, taken at short intervals, and in moderate draughts, increasing the quantity as seems necessary. Walking or riding much should be avoided after drinking this water.

To Buallt, 7 miles, Wyndham.
— Presteign, 18 miles.

* * *

From Conwy, 6 miles, Aikin; Evans.

LLANDUDNO CHURCH is situated near the promontory of *Orme's-head*, which forms the eastern boundary of the entrance into Beaumaris-bay. This vast unconnected rock, has without doubt, been formerly an island, as at present it is joined to the main land only by a neck of low marshes. It consists entirely of limestone very pure and hard, of which no use is made. Some copper is procured from two mines near the top of the mountain; one of them belonging to a Liverpool company, the other to sir Thomas Mostyn. Towards the sea the cliffs are very abrupt, and hollowed into various inaccessible caverns by the dashing of the water. In this secure retreat multitudes of gulls, corvorants, herons, razor-bills, ravens, and rock pigeons, have taken up their abode; and some of the steepest crags are inhabited by the peregrine falcon, a species much in request when falconry was a fashionable amusement. Probably the vicinity, of *Priestholme* or Puffin-island, so called from the great numbers of puffins which annually breed upon it, induces this falcon to inhabit Llandudno rocks. The hazardous method practised here, and at the opposite rocks of Priestholme Island, of gathering the rock samphire (Crithmum maritimum) suspended over the cliffs by a rope, has been strikingly described by Shakespeare.

> "How fearful
> and dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
> the crows & cloughs, that wing the midway air,
> shew scarce so gross as beetles: half way down,
> hangs one who gathers samphire; dreadful
> trade!"

Plants. Above the sea, near Llandudno, grows Crithmum maritimum; upon rocks and pastures near the church, Spiræa filipendula; under Llandudno rocks and among the sand on the coast, Eryngium maritimum; upon the coast, Glaucium leuteum. Near the Great Orme's-head grow Rosa spinosissima, Salicornia herbacea, Geranium sanguineum, Cistus helianthemum, Anthyllis vulneraria, Ligustrum vulgare, Salvia verbenica, Arunda arenaria. Among the sand on the coast, Elymus arenarius, Pulmonaria maritima, Convolvulus soldanella, Arenaria peploides; among the pebbles, Silene maritima; upon the Head, Anethum fœniculum.

On an eminence called *Dinas* is an ancient fortification, consisting of a wall of prodigious thickness, round the summit of the hill; within are large circular caves, supposed by mr. Pennant to have been the rude habitations of our ancestors. Near this is the *Maen Sigl* or self moving stone, from it's rocking, called also *Cryd Tudno, St. Tudno's Cradle*; a huge, massy, rude stone, surrounded by a foss, with a narrow path leading to it.

Two miles from Gloddaeth, on the shore, is a small singular building, having 3 windows and a door, with a vaulted roof, covered with pebbles instead of slate, called *St. Trillo's Chapel*. In the inside is a well. Half a mile further is the parish church of *Llandrillo*, and near it the ruins of *Bryn Eurum*, where was once the *Llys*, or palace of Maelgwyn Gwynedd. Adjoining the shore is *Rhos Vynach* or the Marsh of the Monks, once belonging to the abbey of Conwy.

The rout to St. Asaph may be continued along the sea shore to Little Orme's-head, and if the tide be retiring, the sands form a good road for 6 or 7 miles to Abergeley. At Llandulas, on the way, much lime is procured and put on board small sloops. This shore abounds with shell-fish and marine insects, which furnish a supply to the seafowl inhabiting the cliffs along the coasts.

To Abergeley, 16 miles, Aikin.
Back to Conwy, 6 miles, Evans.

From Abergeley, 3 miles, Bingley.
— Conwy, 2 miles, Pennant.

LLANDULAS, (the dark village) is situated upon the northern edge of Denbighshire. It is supposed to have been in some of the deep bottoms of this neighbourhood, that Richard 2, was surprised by a band of ruffians, secreted by the earl of Northumberland, for the purpose of forcing him into the hands of Bolingbroke, who was at Flint.

Inn. Post Horses.

Beyond this place the road to Conwy winds round a huge limestone rock called *Penmaen Rhos*. Along this road a most magnificent landscape bursts on the sight. The fine old town of Conwy, with it's gloomy walls and towers, appears, with the wide river in front, and in the back-ground are the vast Caernarvonshire mountains.

Every admirer of the wonderful appearances of nature will be highly gratified by a deviation at Llandulas. Immediately after passing this village leave the great road to Conwy, and ascend the mountain to the left to *Llysvan*, whence is an admirable view of the contiguous mountains, *Priestholme*, or Puffin's Island, the Ormshead, and the mountains round Conwy. By continuing along the ridges of the mountains towards Conwy, you will re-enter the great road, at the distance of 2½ miles.

To Conwy, 9 miles, Bingley.
— Abergeley, 1 mile, Pennant.

From Caernarvon across the Menai along the coast, by mr. Bingley, 6 miles.
From Llanidan, 1½ miles, Hutton.

LLANEDWEN, a village in Anglesea where Henry Rowlands, the learned author of Mona Antiqua Restaurata, was interred. He was instituted to the vicarage of this place in October 1696. He lies under a black slab of anglesea marble, on which is the following inscription, written by himself. "M. S. Depositum Henrici Rowlands, de Plâs Gwyn, Clerici, Hugus Ecclesiæ Vicarii; qui hinc cum hisce Exuviis per spiritum Jesu, animam interea refocillantem in ultimo die se fore resuscitatum pia fide sperabat; ac inde, triumphante misericordia, in eternum cum Christo gaudium fore susceptum, quod maxime anhelabat; id est esse semper cum Domino. Obiit 21, die Novembris, anno salutis 1723, ætatis suæ 68. Spiritus ubi vult spirat. Laus tota Triuni. Omnia pro nihilo nisi quæ tribuebat egenis, ista valent cum artes pereant et scripta fatiscant.

To Moel y Don, 3 miles, Bingley.
To Plas Newydd, 3 miles, Hutton.

* * *

From Amlwch, 2 miles, Bingley.
—— Beaumaris, 16 miles, Pennant.

LLANELIAN is a village of Anglesea, near the northern coast, containing a very ancient Church, having been founded about the year 540 by *Elian Cannaid*. It contains portraits of St. Elian and the apostles. Adjoining to the church is a Chapel, where in one of it's walls, are 2 polygonal closets of wood. The front closet is called St. Elian's chest, which was used as a depository of the offerings made to him. Whoever can enter this chest by the small door-way and turn themselves round within the place, which measures between 3 and 4 feet in height, about 4 feet across the back, and 18 inches wide, believe they will live at least a year longer; but if their dimensions be too large, they give themselves up as lost!! In digging a grave in the churchyard about the year 1793, a deep trench was discovered running for about 20 yards transversely, filled with human bones. Llan Elian was formerly a sanctuary, or place of refuge, and confirmed by a charter from Caswallon Law-hir: of this charter, 2 copies are yet extant.

To Beaumaris the village of Llanfair is left about a mile to the right. Passing *Red-Wharf bay*, the village of *Pentreath*, (the end of the Sands) occurs. It is pleasantly situated, and it's little church is so picturesque, that mr. Grose has inserted a print of it in his antiquities. *Plâs Gwynn*, (the white mansion) is half a mile distant. Near the porter's lodge there are 2 stones at a considerable distance one from the other, which tradition says, marks the place where Einion ap Gwalchmai, some centuries ago obtained his wife by leaping fifty feet! There were 8 competitors, and the female offered to take him who could leap the farthest. The distance from this place to Beaumaris is 5 miles. The entrance into the town is pretty: the bay and castle, with Penmaen Mawr, and the *Orme's Head* at a distance, are seen in front; and the road is shaded with trees.—Bingley.

To Beaumaris, 14 miles, Bingley.
— Holyhead, by way of Amlwch, and the Parys Mountains, 29 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Lloughor, 4 miles, Barber; Evans.
—— Kidwelly, 9 miles, Malkin.
—— Pont ar Dulas, 6 miles, Skrine.

LLANELLY in Caermarvonshire, is a small irregular town, situated upon a creek near the sea. It contains an old seat of sir John Stepneys, which tho' deserted by the family, afforded habitations to numerous tenants, till the mischievous operation of the window tax, in driving them out left it to moulder and decay. The high square embattled tower of the church is remarkable, in being much wider at the base than upwards, forming a sort of cone. Llanelly is chiefly occupied by miners and sailors. The coal obtained here is esteemed remarkably good. The harbour is tolerably large, and is the controuling port, both for Caernarvon and Kidwelly. All clearances and entrances are here registered at the Custom-House.

At a few miles distance is the summit of *Pembree-hill*, whence is a marine view of great extent. The grand sweep of Caermarthen bay appears beneath, terminated on one side by Wormshead point and on the other by the insulated rock of Caldy in Pembrokeshire; the opposite shores of Somerset and Devon, forming the distance, faintly skirt the horizon beyond a vast expanse of sea, studded with vessels. Looking internally, the county exhibits a strong undulatory surface, variously chequered with wild heaths and rich cultivation. Descending the hill appears the neat regularly built town of new Kidwelly, or Cathweli; i. e. Cattælectus; because Leland says Cattus used here to make his bed in an oak. Those who wish to proceed TO GOWER will pursue the straight road to the ford over the Loughor; but the eastern boundary of this country is well worth tracing; and for this purpose the road to the left must be taken at *Pont Daven* near which is the small ruin of *Chapel Dewy,* with it's yew tree. On this change of direction the landscape rises in beauty, The river Loughor is a fine object from *Llangranach House,* which stands on the banks of the tributary *Morlas.* The road continues through the vale TO PONT AR DULAS, the situation of which is very interesting.

At the mouth of the Lloughor, 2 miles E. is a small island called *Bacchanmis* or *Machunis,* where St. Piro is said to have built a monastery, of which he was the first abbot.

To Kidwelly, 6 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.
— Pont ar Dulas, 5 miles, Malkin.

* * *

From Moel-y-Don, 18 miles, Aikin.

LLANERCHYMEDD is a considerable market town, supported chiefly through the circumstance of being stationed in the neighbourhood of the Parys Mountain in the northern side of Anglesea,

On the road to BANGOR-FERRY from *Red-wharf-bay,* on approaching the Menai, the Caernarvonshire mountains open on the traveller with great dignity, At first the insulated summits only appear, irregularly scattered along the line of the horizon; then the highest of the connecting ridges rise into view, and at length the whole ascent from the shores of the Menai to the peak of Snowdon is presented, forming the grandest boundary that can be conceived,

To Amlwch, 6 miles, to Cemmaes, miles, and back again to Llanerchymedd, thence by way of Red-wharf-bay to Bangor-ferry, 14 miles, Aikin.
— Kidwelly, 9 miles.

* * *

From Vale Crucis Abbey, 3 miles, Skrine; Bingley; Evans.
— Oswestry, 12 miles, Hutton.
— Corwen, 10 miles, Evans; Warner.
— Ruabon, 7 miles.
— Chirk, 7 miles, Wyndham; Pennant.
— Gresford, 14 miles, Pennant.
— Ruthin, 15¼ miles.

LLANGOLLEN, in Denbighshire, is an ill-looking and meanly built market-town, forming a wretched contrast to the scenery which surrounds it.

The Bridge over the Dee is formed of 5 irregular narrow pointed arches, and was erected in 1346, by John Trevor, bishop of St. Asaph, who died in 1357. In or about the Church there appears nothing remarkable. The name of it's patron saint is of extraordinary length; i. e. St. Collen ap Gwynnawg ap Clydawg ap Cowdra ap Caradog Freichfras ap Lleyr Merim ap Einion Yrth ap Cunedda Wledig. Almost contiguous and overlooking the town, is a neat small building called *Plâs Newydd,* in the cottage style, filled up by it's present occupiers lady *Eleanor Butler* and miss *Ponsonby,* (the former is of the Ormond family) who, disappointed or disgusted with fashionable life, have here fixed their residence. The rooms allowed to be inspected by strangers, are elegantly fitted up, and ornamented with drawings of the most picturesque spots in the vicinity. The window of the dining-room commands a prospect of the mountains; and from the study, containing a good selection of modern books, appears the well-arranged plantations adjoining.

INNS. The Hand is generally esteemed an exorbitant inn; as supper 2s. 6d. &c, Mr. Wigstead says "there is only one tolerable inn at Llangollen: and of the accommodations at that, *Cætera desunt,* which may be construed, "the less said the better."" The Three Eagles, however is far from being a bad inn; and at the King's-head is stabling and at least one excellent bed, clean rooms, obliging treatment, and moderate charges,

Upon a high conoid hill, about a mile distant from Llangollen, stands *Castell Dinas Bran.* The building appears to have been about 300 feet long and 150 broad. On one side it was defended by trenches cut out of the rock. The present remains are a few scattered walls. It's architecture indicates that it was founded by the Britons; but the period of it's erection as well as it's founder's name, are buried in oblivion. It's name seems to have been taken from the small river Brân, which runs just below. In 1257, it afforded an asylum, from the fury of his enraged countrymen, to *Gruffydd ap Madoc,* who basely sided with Henry 2, and betrayed his country. In 1390 this castle was inhabited by *Myfanwy Vech-*

an, a most beautiful and accomplished female, descended from the house of Tudor Trevor. She was beloved by Hoel ap Eynion Llygliw, an illustrious bard, who addressed her in a charming ode. On the NW. side of the hill is an adjacent vast rock called *Craig Eglwyseg*, or the Eagle's rock. For more than half a mile this rock lies stratum upon stratum in such a manner as to form a kind of steps parallel with the horizon called by naturalists Saxa sedilia. The prospects from the castle are very extensive, and to those who have not ascended Snowdon or Cader Idris, they will appear very extraordinary. It is remarkable that considering this hill is nearly 600 yards in perpendicular height, that the two wells, within the castle walls, are never deficient in water. PLANTS. Upon the N. wall grows the Pyrus hybrida; upon other parts of the walls Hieracium murorum.

When mr. Bingley visited this place, he made AN EXCURSION to the famous Aqueduct for conveying the Ellesmere canal across a valley over the river Dee, which he thus describes. "I crossed the bridge and went down the road, on the N. side of the river, which leads to Ruabon and Wrexham. The scenery in this direction was pretty, but from the lowness of the road it had nothing particularly interesting. The most beautiful prospects are had by looking back towards the town, where the castle, from it's great elevation, almost always formed a very conspicuous feature, and where the Dee in many places added considerable beauties to the scene. I passed *Trevor-hall*, the family mansion of the Lloyds, finely seated on an eminence above the road. Having proceeded somewhat more than 4 miles, I turned along a road on the right, leading over the Dee, at *Pont y Cysyllty*. A few hundred yards below, is the canal which passed across the vale of Llangollen and the river Dee, upon an aqueduct supported by eleven handsome square stone columns, at the height of 120 feet above the surface of the water. From a tablet on one of them I copied the following inscription. "The nobility and gentry of the adjacent counties having united their efforts with the great commercial interest of this country, in creating an intercourse and union, between England and N. Wales, by a navigable communication of the 3 rivers, Severn, Dee, and Mersey, for the mutual benefit of agriculture and trade, caused the first stone of this aqueduct of Pont Cysyllty, to be laid, on the 25th day of July 1795, when Richard Middleton of Chirk, esq. M. P. one of the original patrons of the Ellesmere canal, was lord of this manor, and in the reign of our sovereign George the third, when the equity of the laws and security of property, promoted the general welfare of the nation, while the arts and sciences flourished by his patronage, and the conduct of civil life was improved by his example." The navigation over this aqueduct was opened 29th November 1805. Length of the iron work 1007 feet. Heigth from the surface of the rock, on the S. side of the river to the top of the side plates, 126 feet 8 inches. Breadth of the water way, within the iron work 11 feet 10 inches. Number of the stone pillars besides abutments 18. Distance of ditto from each other at the top, 45 feet. Depth of the iron plates, for the canal part, 5 feet 3 inches. Length of the earthen embankment, S. side of the river 1503 feet 8 inches. Height of ditto at the S. abutment 75 feet. Mr. Bingley, returned to Llangollen by the Oswestry road on the S. side of the river; which is considerably elevated above the bottom of the vale, and whence all the surrounding objects, may be seen to great advantage. From these steep banks, the Dee's transparent stream winds in elegant curves, along the woody meadows below. The mountains on the opposite side of the vale finely varied in shape and colour; and *Trevor-hall*, seated on it's eminence, assists to decorate the scene. Hence Castell Dinas Brân, and it's conical hill, seems to close up the end of the vale, and imperiously command the country around. This sylvan vale, justly celebrated for it's numerous beauties, affords many picturesque and highly romantic scenes." Tour, vol. ii, 172, edit. 1804.

Mr. Pennant says, "I know no place in N. Wales, where the refined lover of picturesque scenes, the sentimental, or the romantic tourist can give into a fuller indulgence. No place abounds more with various rides or solemn walks. From this central spot, he may, as I have done, visit the seat of Owen Glyndwr, and the fine vallies of the Dee, to it's source, beyond the great *Llyn tegid*; or pass the mountains to the fertile *vale of Clwyd*; or make the tour of Wrexham; or visit the places which I have just left." Notwithstanding this opinion has been given by the discriminating and indefatigable Pennant, and tho' Langollen has long been the subject of much encomium, both in prose and verse, the opinion of other travellers declare that it cannot, in richness, be compared with the vale of Clwyd; nor equal, in picturesque scenery, to the vale of Festiniog. The Eglwyseg rocks, a formal range of limestone on the NE. side, greatly disfigure some of it's most beautiful scenes; but the prospect towards the plain of Salop and upwards, is uncommonly striking and beautiful.

The country from Llangollen TO CORWEN is highly interesting. The picturesque *vale of Crucis* extends, for about a mile, when *Glynn Dyfrdwy*, (the valley of the Dee) once the property of Owen Glyndwr, opens. The mountains here are high and their features bold and prominent. The river winds and the vale is so irregular as to produce a continued variety of Landscape. At the distance of 3 miles appears *Llandysilio Hall*, the family seat of the Jones's, upon a woody flat, near the opposite edge of the Dee. About half a mile beyond Llandysilio is a lofty hill, to which a gentle ascent leads from the road. The entire vale and all it's windings, with the serpentizing Dee appears immediately beneath. Castell Dinas Brân seems placed on a lower eminence. The vale of Llangollen and the flat country beyond, for many miles, may be seen hence, terminated by distant mountains. After the 4th mile-stone the road has a straight direction, by which a uniformity prevails, and beauty and variety of prospect subsides. About 4 miles beyond, at a place called *Sychnant*, is the site upon which stood the palace of *Owen Glyndwr*. It is marked by a small clump of furs on an eminence on the right. An oak wood is on the left. Except here and there a few scattered stones upon the ground, no remnant of such palace appears. The spot was surrounded with only one trench, which was deep, for the ground being elevated above the Dee, which runs 20 yards behind it, a deep cut supplied the water from the river. The moat is nearly square, including not a quarter of an acre, which refutes what Owen's bard, Iolo Goch sung. "That his house was as large as Westminster Hall." There is a small swell near the centre where the house stood. Here Glyndwr lived the life of a little sovereign in his own dominions, till a quarrel arose between him and his neighbour, lord Grey, of Ruthin castle, 12 miles distant, now in ruins. Their manors were contiguous. Grey wished to confine Glyndwr within the bounds of the Dee, and claimed the hills N. of the river, at the back of Glyndwr's house. This unjust seizure produced a suit. Owen gained it. But Henry 4 acceding to the crown, favoured the cause of Grey against his antagonist, and revived the quarrel, which lasted many years. By this means he sacrificed a hundred thousand lives, destroyed immense property, burnt numerous habitations, and excited that animosity which is not yet wholly extinguished. Grey was the most powerful in arms, Glyndwr in stratagem. Grey was backed by the crown, Glyndwr by his faithful Welch. Glyndwr expecting a visit from Grey, drove a great number of stakes into the ground, and covered each with a cap and jacket, which Grey mistaking for an army in battalia, retreated. Wishing to take Grey in ambush, he ordered the shoes of his horses to be reversed, in order to cause the enemy to think he was running away, which succeeding, Grey became his prisoner. The descendents of Grey were afterwards dukes of Kent. The room is still in being at Machynlleth wherein Glyndwr held his parliament, and where he took on himself, with the consent of the states, the sovereignty of Wales. As the power of England was superior to that of Wales, Glyndwr, at length was subdued, and afterwards lived in retirement. Three of his daughters were married to 3 Herefordshire gentlemen, whose descendents are in high life; i. e. Croft, Monnington, and Scudamore. Owen Glyndwr was the greatest general Wales ever produced; the scourge of the English, a tormenting thorn to Henry 4. and the ruin of his country. The family name of this extraordinary character was Vychan; he is styled Glyndwr, or Glyndwrdwy, from his possessions lying principally in the vale of Dee, (Dwrdwy) now called the vale of Llangollen. He was fourth in descent from Gruffydd Vychan, the surviving son of Gryffydd ap Madoc, Lord of Bromfield and Yale, whose residence was Castell Dinas Bran. By his mother's side he was allied to the N. Wallian Princes, from which descent he derived his claim to the throne of Wales. Writers vary respecting the time of his birth, some fixing that event to the year 1349 and others to 1354. He died on the 20th Sep. 1415, in the 61st year of his age, at the house of one of his daughters; but whether that of Scudamore or Monnington is uncertain. It is said he was buried in the church-yard of Monnington, but there is no memorial of him. For 2 miles before Corwen is arrived at, the vale completely changes it's aspect. It is destitute of wood, the mountains are cultivated, and the Dee assumes a placid form.

On the road TO CHIRK, 5 miles, occurs the famous boundary between England and Wales, called *Clawdd Offa*, or *Offa's Dyke*. This boundary is often mistaken and confounded with Watt's Dyke. Both are accurately delineated in Evans's Map of N. Wales, and in Smith's 2 sheets map.

Mr. Warner made AN EXCURSION from Llangollen, to CRUCIS-ABBEY, and *Dinas-Bran-Castle*. Afterwards he visited *Pont y Cysyllty*: thence, returning from the river, and passing over a hill of rich and productive limestone, he crossed into the *old* Oswestry road, and continued in it till he reached a farm called *Vron farm*. In a field belonging to this estate, and immediately adjoining to the turnpike-road, is a knoll, or elevation, commanding a prospect wonderfully extensive and diversified; the vale of Llangollen, and it's surrounding mountains, the hills of Cheshire and Shropshire, the mazy windings of the Dee, and the rich country through which it flows; the mansions of Chirk Castle and Wynnstay; with other elegant seats, and a large portion of 13 counties. He then quitted the turnpike-road, and bent his course towards CHIRK Castle, through the Park.

Mr. Skrine, under the escort of an ignorant guide, crossed the Berwyn, to the tolerable inn of LLANRHAIADR, whence he proceeded down a rough lane to the celebrated cataract of *Pistyl Rhaiadr*.

TO RUABON, or Rhiwabon, the banks of the Dee is followed for a while, watering a beautiful narrow vale. The hills at length aproximate so nearly, as only to leave room for a most picturesque passage shaded with trees. Cross the New-bridge, and ascend for some space, leaving upon the left considerable pits of coal.

On the road TO LLAN RHAIADR, occurs the village of *Llansantfraid*, 3 miles, situated in *Glyn Ceiriog* or the valley of the *Ceiriog*; following the course of the Ceiriog for 3 miles, occurs the village of *Llanarmon*, where the vale becomes enlarged and cultivated, and hence is called *Duffryn Ceiriog*. This village lies in the hundred of Yale, and was once famous as the resort of pilgrims with offerings to Saint Armon. In the Church is a monument inscribed, "Hic jacet Gruffydd Llewelyn ap Ynyr," with 5 bloody fingers on his shield, and a dog at his feet, carved upon the lid of a stone coffin. In this district are many tumuli, composed of loose stones and earth, under a layer of soil, 2 feet thick, and a coat of turf, in some of which have been found several urns, reversed, and sometimes a flat stone without urns; also considerable fragments of burnt bones. [See 151.] Entering the cross road from the Berwyn mountains, you regain that which was left near *Llan Cadwalader*, 1½ miles. To Llanrhaiadr the distance is 4 miles. Midway, about a mile to the right, is *Llanarmon Bychan*.

ON SEEING LLANGOLLEN VALE.

O thou, too captious of each airy scheme,
Fancy! thou dear delusive traitor, say,
are not thy charms the phantoms of a day,
that mock possession, like a fleeting dream?
Here could I spend, if such had been my lot,
my quiet life; nor should the shiv'ring poor
depart unfed, unaided, from my door.
"Content is wealth," the emblem of my cot.
Here by the brook, that gently babbles by,
should stand my garden; there the blushing rose
and woodbine should their sweetest scents disclose.
But ah! farewell these dreams; my dimmed eye
swells with the bursting tear, to think, how few
the road to real happiness pursue.

[From The Cambrian Directory.]

To Valle Crucis Abbey, 2½ miles, Pennant.
— Valle Crucis Abbey, back to Llangollen, thence to Chirk Castle, Evans.
— Corwen, 10 miles, Bingley; Hutton.
— Chirk Castle, 9 miles, Warner.
To and from Valle Crucis, 5 miles; to and from Castle Dinas Bran 4 miles; to Corwen, 10 miles, Wyndham.
— Oswestry, 12 miles.
— Llanrhaiadr, 11 miles, Skrine.
— Ruabon, 7 miles, Pennant.

From Bala, 10½ miles, Bingley.
—— Llanrhaiadr, yn Mochnant, 4½ miles, Aikin.

Mr. Pennant passed from Downing to this place, on setting out on his third excursion in N. Wales, where he began his account.

LLANGYNOG or Llangannoch, (the church of St. Cunog) is a small village in Montgomeryshire, situated in a pleasing slip of fertile land, above which rises a stupendous rock of coarse slate, abounding with white opaque amorphous quartz, in which are found considerable quantities of lead and calamine; these are sent in their raw state to the founderies near Ruabon. None of the shafts, however, run to any considerable depth, nor are any engines made use of, except a simple wheel and bucket. The great lead-mine of Llangynnog, called *Craig y mwyn*, was discovered in 1692, when the vein of ore was 3½ yards thick and afforded, for the space of 40 years, a clear annual revenue of 20,000*l*. At the depth of 100 yards the water broke in, which caused the undertaking to be given up. It is situated 2½ miles from the village, in the mountainous ridge which divides the vales of Rhaiadr and Tinnad.

Opposite the first mentioned lead-mines, on the other side of the village, rises almost perpendicular, the lofty rock of Llangynnog, from which is obtained a considerable quantity of coarse slates: they are brought down in a very singular manner. The vehicle of conveyance is a small sledge, containing 3 or 4 cwt. of slate; on the fore part of it is fastened a short rope by each end. When loaded and drawn to the edge of the declivity, a man places himself before it, with the rope round his shoulders, then sitting upon the sledge and seizing hold of the front, he raises his feet from the ground, when the load and it's conductor begin to descend, along a narrow winding path. The motion accelerates, and the manager of this strange conveyance has to govern it's increasing velocity, and to keep it in it's proper path by opposing his feet to the ground and projecting parts of the rocks. The least inattention or want of dexterity, would be certain destruction. Yet this man makes these journies 4 or 5 times a day for the scanty sum of two-pence a time.

The road to BALA hence lies along the pleasing vale of Llangynog, enclosed on all sides by the *Berwyn mountains*. This ridge occupies the eastern side of Merionethshire, and branches into Denbighshire and Montgomeryshire; it's northern boundary is the Dee, it's southern the Tannad. From N. to S. it's length is 16 miles; it's breadth from E. to W. varies from 5 to 10. *Cadar Ferwyn* is near the southern and *Cadar Fronwyn* near the northern extremity, and are the most elevated points. The road runs along the side of the hills considerably above the level of the valley, which at the distance of 3 miles ascends from the vale, and is carried for 7 miles across the Berwyn mountains. At length the traveller attains the brow of a hill, whence the *vale of the Dee*, is overlooked, affording a most delightful view. An easy descent leads to *Llandervel*, a small village beautifully situated on the river side. Crossing the bridge and meeting the stream, the prospect is grand, in which the cloudy summits of *Arran-ben-Llyn* and *Arran-fowddy*, soaring to a vast height, form the extreme boundary. The nearer part is filled on one side with wooded hills, contrasting with a rugged slate rock on the other, between which rolls the dusky Dee.

From Llangynog mr. Pennant turned up a valley to the right, to pay his respects at the shrine of *St. Monacella*, or Melangell, who was buried in the neighbouring church called *Pennant Melangell*. The legend of this saint is perpetuated by some rude wooden carvings, with numbers of hares scuttling to her for protection. She became their patroness. Previous to the 16th century, no person would kill a hare in the parish; and since, when a hare was pursued by dogs, is was firmly believed, that if any one cried, "God and saint Monacella be with thee," it was certain to escape. A barbarous propensity, it seems, can even overcome religious superstition, than which perhaps nothing is more binding to the consciences of mankind. In the church-yard is a stone bearing the figure of an armed man, which now serves as a common grave-stone, but once covered the remains of the eldest son of Owen Gwynedd, *Jorwerth Drwyndwn*. Tradition says he was killed not far hence, at a place called *Bwlch Croes Jorwerth*. This valley is exceedingly picturesque; inclosed by hills on all sides, except it's entrance; and watered by the *Tanad*, which rises not far distant. On this river it is supposed that the roman station of Mediolanum was placed. The upper end is bounded by two vast precipices; between them juts out the rude promontory of *Moel-ddu mawr*. On the side of this valley is the house of *Llechweddgarth*, the residence of Thomas Thomas, esq.

To Llanrhaiadr, 4½ miles, Wyndham; Bingley.
To Bala, 11 miles, Aikin.
— Llanvyllin, 7 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Bryn Gwyn, 1 mile, Hutton.
—— Caernarvon, by way of Newborough, 11 miles, Pennant.

LLAN IDAN, a village in Anglesea, not far from which is the spot where the Romans landed, headed by Suetonius Paulinus, who murdered the Britons by thousands. It is called by Rowlands *Maes Mawr Gad*, the great Army's field. It lies 300 yards from the Menai and consists of about 20 acres. The Romans entered the water about 200 yards s. of Llanfair-iscar church, where the shore is most flat, the water the shallowest, and only three quarters of a mile wide. At low water and a neap tide, most of the bed is dry. After the death of Nero, in the year 67, the natives having born the roman yoke 6 years, threw it off, the Druids returned, assumed their authority, property, and pride, which they held till the year 76, when Agricola crossed the Menai, nearly a mile farther n., landed at a field yet called *Pont yr Yscraphie* (Bridge of Boats) where the same tragedy was reacted in this and the two adjoining fields called *Llanai-lymyon*, and *Bryn Lader*. In the Church is a reliquary, made, not of gold or silver, nor ornamented with precious stones, but of very ordinary grit-stone, called *Maen Mordhwyd*, or the stone of the thigh. Giraldus says it was so constant to one place, that let it be carried ever so far, it would return at night. Hugh Lupus, earl of Chester, determined to subdue it's loco-motive faculties, fastened it with a chain to a far greater stone, and flung it into the sea; but to the astonishment of all beholders, it was found next morning in it's usual place!! It is certainly now well secured, for it forms a part of the wall of the church. At *Tre r Dryw*, or the habitation of the arch-druid, mr. Pennant met with the mutilated remains described by Rowlands. His *Bryn Gwyn*, or *Brein Gwyn*, (royal tribunal) is a circular hollow of 180 feet in diameter, surrounded by an immense agger of earth and stones. Not far from it was one of the *Gorseddau*, now much dispersed, but once consisted of a great copped heap of stones, upon which sate aloft the druid while he instructed the people. Here were also the reliques of a circle of stones, with a cromlech in the midst, now extremely imperfect. Two of the stones are very large; one serving for the end of a house. It is conjectured, by Rowlands, that the whole of these remains were surrounded with a circle of oaks, forming a deep grove. Near this is *Caer-leb*, or the moated intrenchment; of a square form, with a double rampart. Within are foundations of circular and of square buildings. At *Trev wry*, are several faint traces of circles of stones, and other vestiges of buildings, all much delapidated, or covered by weeds.

Bod-druidian (the abode of the druids), *Tre'r-Beirdd* (that of the bard), and *Bodowyr* (that of the priest), are all hamlets, nearly surrounding *Caer-leb*, the seat of the chief druid; at the last is a cromlech resting upon 3 stones. At *Bryn Gwydryn*, behind Llanidan, are 2 or 3 dikes and fosses, of a semicircular form, each end of which terminates at a precipice, leaving an intervening area.

Plants. In dry meadows near Llanidan grows the Salvia pratensis. Near the church Valeriana rubra.

To Llanedwen, 2 miles, Hutton.
— Plas Newydd, 3 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Machynllaeth, 19 miles, Bingley.
—— Newtown, 14 miles, Pennant; Skrine; Evans.

LLANIDLOES (the church of St. Idlos), is built in the form of a cross, with an ill-looking market-house nearly in the centre. The streets are wide, and the houses irregular. Most of the buildings are constructed with wood, or with timber, lath, and plaster. A considerable flannel manufactory is carried on here. Within the Church are 6 arches, the columns of which are surrounded with round pillars, ending in capitals of palm leaves. These, it is said, were brought from Cwm Hir abbey, in Radnorshire, at the dissolution of that monastery, in 1542. The town, tho' small and dirty, is pleasantly situated near the Severn. About the town are some extensive sheep-walks, which contribute to the support and employment of the inhabitants: there is also in the neighbourhood an excellent quarry of coarse slate.

Inn. The New Inn ranks foremost as a house of reception to the well equipped traveller.

In EXPLORING THE SEVERN TO IT'S SOURCE FROM LLANIDLOES, the vale contracts so much at *Glyn Avren* as to confine the waters within a very narrow bed. The following is the rev. J. Evans's account of his EXCURSION. "Wearied with following the meanderings of the river, and meeting with few plants which are not found upon the banks of most streams, our anxiety increased to discover it's appearance at it's source; we had however 12 miles to pass. The vale was shut in by lofty mountains to the right and left, through the apertures of which several streams rolled down the cwms to bring their tributary waters to the Severn. We pressed forwards, sometimes along the trackless vale, sometimes ascending the steep acclivities of the mountain barrier, to obtain a sight of the surrounding country; passing here and there a miserable farm and cottage, destitute of inhabitants. This is literally a land of sheep walks, and of shepherds, tho' not of arcadian scenes. Continuing our journey, with the Biga mountains on our right, and those which separate the vale of the Wye from the vale of the Severn on our left, we met with little worthy of observation, save the Jassione montana, and a few plants, the common inhabitants of boggy soils. The distance between the Severn and the Wye is here not 2 miles. Suddenly, however, the Ardua Moles of Plinlimmon rose in sullen grandeur before us; the vale opening to the N. and S., discovered the mountain, appearing with less abruptness and elevation than we had expected. It's sides, as well as the adjacent hills, were totally destitute of wood. It is remarkable, that this dreary spot gives birth to 4 considerable rivers; two of which stand unrivalled in point of picturesque beauty, and the third, (after Father Thames) in commercial importance: the *Llyffnant*, *Rhydol*, *Wye*, and *Severn*. The Rhydol flows from the *Llyn Llygad Rhydol*, and taking a south-westery course falls into the sea at Aberystwith. On the south-eastern side, the Wye issues from 2 large fountains, called Wye or the River, by way of eminence; which becomes instantly so impatient of controul, as to rush with great precipitation, and roll it's impetuous torrents over a ledge of rocks, so as to form a bold tho' barren cascade; taking a south easterly direction, after watering the counties of Radnor, Brecon, and Monmouth, flows into the Severn below Chepstow. The springs on the N. side of the mountain unite in a considerable lake, called *Glas Llyn*, whence flows the mountain river Llyffnant, which joins the Dovey near Machynllaeth. The ascent was not difficult from steepness, but troublesome from the frequent bogs, which oblige the traveller to change his course. Near the summit on the north-eastern side, from a small pond, rises the Severn; which running north-east to Shrewsbury, turns suddenly to the S., watering the counties of Salop, Worcester, and Glocester, an extent of two hundred miles, empties itself into the sea below Bristol. The inhabitants of the country name this river *Hafren* or *Havren;* and a small hamlet which we passed, is called *Glyn Hafren*. At Llanidloes it is joined by a small river bearing the name of *Si* or *Se*, from the hissing sound of it's waters. Here a double junction is formed of the names, as well as the waters of these cogenitors of the Severn. The alteration is easy from Sehavren, or as we have it in old maps Seavren, to Severn. The height of PLINLIMMON is not great, when compared with it's neighbour CADAR IDRIS, yet the view from it's summit is extensively grand; tho' part of it lies over the trackless sheep-downs of Montgomery, and the barren turbaries of Caerdigan. On the N. the Cadar chain appears enveloped in mists, stretching out towards the sea; on the E. the *Breidden* and the mountains of Radnor; on the W. the romantic vale of the Rhydol, the estuary of the Dovey, and the beautiful bay of Caerdigan, diversified by a few sails of vessels at Aberystwith and Aberdovey; with the grand expanse of the ocean, uniting with the horizon.

Quitting the banks of the Severn, mr. Skrine advanced towards the Wye, and after a ride of several miles, unmarked by any pleasing object, descended to that river, at the melancholy village of *Llangerig*, and tracing it for some time, afterwards crossed it by a stony ford, where it is little more than a rivulet. The road then became inexpressibly laborious and frightful, being carried over a narrow shelf of the impending precipices. At length he reached one of the heights of these precipices, descended precipitately to the banks of the Rhydol, and reaching the village of *Spwtty*, soon afterwards crossed his original track from Aberystwith to *Rhayadrgowy*, near Pont y Monach. Passing beneath the woods of HAFOD, he descended to the banks of the Tivy, to visit the mouldering remains of STRATA FLORIDA ABBEY.

The road TO NEWTOWN from Llanidloes is more highly cultivated than in the interior of Wales. The river Severn glides smoothly and silently, almost all the way, contiguous to the road. After having passed the village of *Llanddinam*, 6¼ miles, the river may be crossed to *Caer-sws*, now a small hamlet, but formerly a roman station. The site of the encampment is yet discernible, being a rampart of about 150 yards square. On the NW. side are hollows, which were probably part of the fosses of the old precincts. [From this station the Romans had a road, called *Sarn-sws, or Sarn Swsan*, which is supposed to have led to Chester. There are remains of 3 encampments in it's vicinity, *Rhosddiarbed*, *Gwynfynydd y gaer-fechan*, and *Cefyncarnedd*.] Return to *Pen y strywad*, 3¼ miles; thence to Newtown 3 miles.

The Rosa villosa grows in the hedges almost all the way.

Back to Newtown, from an excursion to Plinlimmon, Evans.
To Newtown, 13 miles, Bingley; Evans.
— Strata Florida, about 20 miles, Skrine.
Back to Newtown, 14 miles, Pennant.
To Plinlimmon, about 12 miles.

* * *

From Dolgelle, 2 miles, Pennant; Aikin.

LLANILLTYD, is a flourishing village in Merionethshire, containing several good houses, beautifully situated on the river Mawddach, or Maw. It serves as a port to Dolgelle, and many small vessels are built here. On the river side are lime-kilns. Further down the river is a forge, a little beyond which a prospect opens which for beauty and picturesque effect can scarcely be equalled. The wide estuary of the Mawddach, appears in front, and is frequently enlivened here and there by a barge or pleasure-boat; the banks on each side running out alternately in steep promontories, wooded to the water's edge, so as completely to hide the termination of the river, and cause it to resemble a broad and beautiful lake; while on the s. from behind the banks, rise abruptly the vast and craggy cliffs which surround and almost conceal, the summit of Cadar Idris.

The road TO MAENTWROG lies northwards up the vale of the Maw. The river here assumes the character of a wide mountain torrent, leaping over the inequalities of it's rocky channel, and shaded by the fine hanging woods of *Nanneau-park* which overspreads the steep declivity of the rocks on our right, with their deep and varied foliage. At *Pont-ar-Garſa*, or the union of the Garſa with the Maw, are beautiful cascades; these, however, are only introductory to the scenes of grandeur and beauty which are profusely distributed about 2 miles higher up the Maw, resembling considerably, tho' far superior in kind, the romantic views about the Devil's-bridge. Crossing a lofty slate mountain, and descending towards the river, the tourist follows a wild path, sometimes hidden among trees, at other times skirting the edge of the wood, and arrives at *Pistyl y Cain*, which is a single sheet of water, consisting of the whole current of the river Cain, dashing down into a deep and rocky bason. When seen from below this sheet appears to great advantage. The water falls into a deep glen with steep rocky sides, shaded by old oaks, crowned with pendent birches, and interspersed with young trees, and a profusion of thick underwood, planted in a very happy style of studied negligence. The neighbouring fall of the Mawddach is 2 or 300 yards distant from this place, which bears the same enchanting style, but is more open to the light, and the water falls in a fuller stream, forming two noble cataracts, before it loses itself in the thickets below. Regaining the road, the pedestrian passes through *Trawſfynydd*, a large village situated in an open barren country.

To Maentwrog, 11 miles, Aikin.
— Barmouth, 10 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Clynog, 8 miles, Hutton.
—— Caernarvon, 8 miles, Warner.

LLANLLYFNI, is a village in Caernarvonshire, beautifully situated among meadows, bounded by mountains, in the road from Crickaeth to Caernarvon.

On the way TO CAERNARVON, *Drws y Coed*, (door of the wood) may be passed, which road commands a charming prospect of Snowdon and his two sons, Cryb y Distyl on the right, and Cryb Goch on the left, through a vista 8 miles long. In this track are the celebrated lakes of *Llynniau Nantlle*, in a romantic vale, each nearly a mile long divided by an isthmus, 20 yards wide. On the right, by the lakes, at the foot of the Cadar, is a small old house, where Edward I, delighted with the spot, frequently spent a fortnight at a time. It was at *Drws y Coed* whence Wilson took his excellent drawing of Snowdon, but being remotely situated is only visited by ardent tourists. Pennant remarks that the "completest view of Snowdon is from this place." Mr. Hutton in quoting this passage from Pennant, remarks that the "man who becomes an author, exhibits his own folly," but does not further explain his meaning. He adds, however, that he "could not rest without a sight of this unfrequented spot, tho' it cost him a walk of 30 miles. In this day's excursion from Caernarvon, he says, "I had 9 miles to walk from *Drws y Coed*, after the sun was set. It was dark ere I reached Caernarvon, and was completely jaded. Those who have not acted like me, will be inclined to say, "He has exhibited his own folly." I can only reply in Irish, "Every man has his hobby-horse, and I ride mine while I walk on foot."

To PEN-MORVA, mr. Warner deviated to visit the large slate quarries upon the mountain near Llanllyfni, and the lakes of *Lynnian Nantlle;* a walk which produced various, sublime, and fantastic appearances.

To Caernarvon, 8 miles, Hutton.
— Penmorva, 11 miles, Warner.

From Denbigh, 4 miles, Bingley; Pennant.

LLANRHAIADR, (the village of the fountain) near Denbigh, is situated on a small eminence in the fertile vale of Clwyd. It derives it's name from a spring at a short distance called *Ffynnon Ddyfnog*, where once was a bath and a chapel dedicated to St. Ddyfnog. The Church is a handsome structure. On the E. window is a painting of the genealogy of Christ from Jesse, executed about 1533. The patriarch is represented sprawling upon his back, with the genealogic tree springing from his stomach! In the church-yard is the following inscription. "Here lyeth the body of John, ap Robert of Porth, ap David, ap Griffith, ap David Vaughan, ap Blethyn, ap Griffith, ap Meredith, ap Ierworth, ap Llewelyn, ap Ieroth, ap Heilin, ap Cowryd, ap Cadvan, ap Alawgwa, ap Cadell, the king of Powis: who departed this life the xx day of March, in the year of our Lord God, 1643, and of his age xcv. In the church lies Maurice Jones, esq. who founded some alms-houses in the year 1720.

The scenery all the way TO RUTHIN is exceedingly beautiful.

To Ruthin, 4 miles, Bingley; Pennant.

From Llangynog, 4½ miles, Wyndham; Bingley.
—— Bala, 15 miles.
—— Llanymynach, 10 miles, Aikin.
—— Llangollen, 11 miles, Skrine.
—— Llanvyllin, 5 miles, Pennant.

LLANRHAIADR YN MOCHNANT, a poor village (so called to distinguish it from *Llanrhaiadr*, between Ruthin and Denbigh, See 155 and the foregoing part of this page) situated at the southern extremity of Denbighshire, on the road between BALA and LLANYMYNACH, in a deep hollow, surrounded on all sides by mountains. The houses are extremely irregular and old, yet give, from many points, an addition to the landscape. The Church is rather a good building, and the vicarage rich. The parish is populous, consisting of 17 townships, situated partly in Denbighshire and partly in Montgomeryshire. Dr. *William Morgan*, the first translator of the Bible into Welsh, was native and vicar of this place. He was afterwards promoted to the bishopric of Llandaff, and in 1601 to that of St. Asaph, where he died, in 1604.

INN. There is tolerable accommodations at the Coach and Horses.

This valley is called Mochnant (the vale of the rapid brook) at the extremity of which, distant from the village about 4½ miles, is *Pistyll-Rhaiadr* (the spout of the cataract) the largest waterfall in Wales. The little river Rhaiadr here falls down an almost perpendicular black crag, of 210 feet in height. For about two-thirds of this space the water slides down the flat face of a naked rock; it rages thence through a natural arch, and passing between 2 prominent sides falls into a bason. It then passes through a well wooded dell, forming a boundary line which separates the counties of Denbigh and Merioneth, and after assisting to form some pleasing scenes, falls into the Tanat, or Severn. The cataract is destitute of wood; notwithstanding which it retains an air of simple grandieur. When the sun shines on the upper part of the cataract it is visible at a great distance. Near the foot of the rock is a small room built for the use of visitors under the patronage and influence of the late dr. Worthington, vicar of Llanrhaiadr, which is found a very convenient shade and resting-place to those who bring refreshments. "Tho' certainly the highest," says mr. Skrine, "this is far from being the most picturesque waterfall we had seen in our tour; and perhaps it fails at the first view to strike the sight so forcibly as might be expected, in consequence of the great absence of all external scenic beauty." He could not, however, help being impressed with it's magnitude, when he reached the spot, tho' the stream was more scanty than usual.

In order to reach the village of LLANGYNNOG, mr. Aikin scaled the cliff with considerable difficulty, forded the Rhaiadr about half a mile above the fall, and traversed the bogs on the top of the mountains; a path in which few will be emulous of following him.

PLANTS. Near the fall grow Pinguciula vulgaris, Cotyledon umbilicus; Saponaria officinalis; Fumaria claviculata. The two last grow in the lane leading to Pistyll Rhaiadr.

On the road TO LLANYMYNACH, at the distance of 3½ miles, is the village of *Llangedwin*, near which is a handsome stone edifice, the property of the present sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and a favourite residence of the late baronet. Four miles and a half beyond is placed *Llan y blodwel Hall*, in former times the residence of *Gwervul Hael*, full oft the theme of many a bardic song.

To Llanymynach, 10 miles, Bingley.
— Llangynog, 4½ miles, Aikin.
To Llanvyllin, 5 miles, Wyndham · Skrine.
— Oswestry, 14 miles, Wyndham's 2d. tour.
— Llangollen, 11 miles.
Back to Llanvyllin, Pennant.

* * *

From Dolwyddelan Castle, 11 miles, Pennant;
Bingley; Aikin.
—— Cernioge, 11 miles, Hutton.
—— Conwy, 12 miles, Evans; Wyndham;
Warner.
—— Conwy-ferry, 14 miles, Skrine.
—— Capel Curig, 17 miles.

LLANRWST is a small town finely situated on the eastern bank of the Conwy, just within the Denbighshire border. The streets are narrow and the houses irregular. The high road from Shropshire to Holyhead passes through it. It is remarkable for little besides it's bridge built by Inigo Jones, [See DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE,] yet mr. Burke has pronounced it "the most charming spot in Wales." Here is a good market-hall, and a well-endowed free-school. A small trade is carried on in harp-making. The church is dedicated to saint Rystyd, or Restitutus, a bishop of London in 360; in which is some curious carved work said to be brought from the neighbouring abbey of Maenan. Adjoining is a chapel, erected in 1683, at the expense of sir Richard Wynne, from a design by Inigo Jones. In this chapel are some monuments belonging the Wynne family worth the attention of the curious. They are brasses, each containing, besides an inscription, the portrait of the person to whose memory they were engraved. To this place has been removed from the church an ancient monument of Howel Coytmor, who was grandson to Gryffydd, whose monument is at *Bettws y coed*, in the road from Dolwyddelan Castle. Near this is a large stone coffin supposed to have been that of the prince Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, denominated Llewelyn the great. Besides these, there is only one monument deserving notice, which contains a long and curious inscription, of the pedigree of the Wynne family, from Owen Gwynnedd to sir Richard Wynne, who died in 1649.

INN. The Eagles is accounted the best inn, yet is an indifferent one, where the owners shew much consequential inattention.

Meadow land in the immediate vicinity of the town lets as high as 3 or 4 guineas an acre; but farms at a little distance, average 7*s.* 6*d*. Lord Gwydir is one of the largest proprietors in the neighbourhood, and one of the most indulgent to his tenants.

The river Conwy runs close past the church-yard, whence there is a fine prospect of the bridge and high woods of *Gwydir* behind it. Gwydir derives it's name from gwaed-dûr, (the bloody land) in allusion to the battle fought here by Llywarch Hên, about the year 610. While at this place mr. Aikin and his companions, devoted a whole morning to a stroll in these woods, which mr. Aikin describes as follows. "The ancient mansion, built in 1558, by John Wynne ap Meredydd, is an extensive pile of building, without much regularity, but shews the splendor of it's former possessors. Immediately beyond the house, the ground rises very rapidly to the foot of the perpendicular cliffs forming the western boundary of the valley, all which space is now occupied by a fine wood, consisting of firs, oaks, sycamores, beeches, and ashes, in the highest luxuriance of growth that can be imagined, while the summit of the rocks, and every crevice or step in their steep sides, is adorned by the spiry spruce fir, the light, airy, pendent birch, agreeably mingled with the bright foliage and scarlet berries of the mountain ash. Half way up the rocks is an irregular plain of 4 or 5 acres, containing a few cottages, the remains of a magnificent terrace, and a handsome domestic chapel, built in the gothic style, and overshadowed by a large spanish Chesnut tree about 13 feet in girth. We climbed to the top of the cliffs which overlook this lovely scene, and were gratified with a view over the rich broad vale of Llanrwst, watered by the windings of the Conwy, covered with meadows and corn-fields, enlivened by villages, and seats peeping from among the sheltering woods which clothe the higher and bleaker parts of the valley." At a little distance among the woods above this mansion, was Upper Gwyder, a house erected by sir John Wynne in 1604. The house has been demolished, but the family chapel, mentioned by mr. Aikin, is still left. This ancient seat continued in the family of the Wynnes till 1678, when it passed to that of Ancaster, by marriage of Mary, the heiress of sir Richard Wynne, to the marquis of Lyndsey, and afterwards possessed by sir Peter Burrell, knight, in right of his wife, the baroness of Willoughby, eldest daughter of the late duke of Ancaster, in which family it now remains under the title of Lord Gwydir.

Plants. In moist ground, a mile distant from the town, and within 3 or 4 yards of the road thence to Conwy grow the Centunculus minimus, and Stellaria uliginosa. On road sides near the town and near Rhaiadr y Wenol, distant 5 miles, Campanula hederacea; on the road side to Ffestiniog, near the bridge, a mile from Penmachno, and in moist high woods about Gwydir, Vaccinium uliginosum and Rubus idæus; on a wall s. of Gwydir chapel, by the road side leading to Capel Curig, Sedum rupestre; in sandy barren places, Tormentilla reptans; by the side of a rivulet, on a dingle, called Nant Bwlch yr hiarn, a mile from Llanrwst bridge, 20 yards from the turnpike-road leading to Conwy, Thlaspi alpestre; in meadows on the banks of Conwy, about 7 miles from Llanrwst, Orobus sylvaticus.

At *Mayne*, within a mile of Llanrwst, is a spring of high repute, and frequently used with good effect as a cold bath. The water is uncommonly soft, and impregnated with ætherial spirits. With spirits of sal volatile it turns milk white, with the oil of tartar a pearl colour. Vitrioline acid causes an effervescence, and increases it's whiteness.

SE. of Llanrwst, 5 miles, is *Gwytheryn*, an ancient nunnery, where *st. Winefred* is said to have been buried. In the Church-yard is 4 rude upright stones, one of which is shaped like a prism, and bears an old inscription. The box in which the relics of this saint were deposited is shewn in the church, but her chapel on the s. side is totally destroyed. Three miles to the n. once stood the *abbey of Manan;* but a large old house built out of it's ruins, is all which exists of it.

On the road to Penmachno, about 5 miles from Llanrwst, and over some fields to the left, is a small waterfall of 12 or 14 yards on the river Conwy. Proceeding 1 mile, at a fulling-mill, near *Pont y Pandy*, is a truly romantic and picturesque cataract, called *Rhaiadr y Craig Llwyd*. The high banks on each side are ornamented with pendant shrubs, and a mill and rude wooden aqueduct (which conveys water to an old overshot wheel) overgrown with mosses and grass, come in to complete this elegant landscape. The descent to the bottom is steep and difficult, but the trouble is amply repaid by seeing the fall to a much greater advantage than from above. The river accompanies the road to some distance beyond this waterfall. Where they part, the road may be left to follow the banks of the stream. After some time the traveller will arrive at an uncommonly wild scene of wooded and projecting rocks, overhanging the stream. Returning from this scene, the tourist may pursue the road to Penmachno, which lies over a mountainous, but not an interesting or romantic country.

The road TO CERNIOGE and CERIG Y DRUIDION on the eastern side of the river Conwy, winds through an extensive wood of sapling oaks, interspersed with beech and chesnut; the elegant spruce, the pensile birch, and the rich scarlet berries of the mountain ash, add a pleasing variety to the sylvan scené. The opposite rocks and woods of Gwydir, the valley below, and the meandering river, form a landscape peculiarly pleasing. But an ascent of 5 miles in length through a desert succeeds. A gloomy heath, a barren morass, circumscribed by naked dark brown mountains, unrelieved by any beauty. At length the venerable plantations appear which encircle *Voelas Hall*, an old mansion of the Wynnes. An artificial mount is to be seen here, on which formerly stood a castelet, destroyed by Llewelyn the great. A remarkable column bears a very obscure inscription, part in Latin and part in Welsh. Two miles to the right is *Ispytty Evan* or Ysbytty-Jeuan, a small village, where formerly stood a hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, an asylum for travellers in this wild country during the inhospitality and perils of war. After the abolition of the knights of this order, it became the residence of theives and murderers, who committed great cruelties in the county, but were extirpated by the bravery and prudence of Meredydd ap Evan, in the reign of Henry 7. Capt. Richard Vaughan founded here an amshouse for 6 poor men, now much neglected. In the Church are monuments to the memory of Rhys ap Meredydd, who was appointed standard bearer by Henry 7 at the battle of Bosworth; another for his wife Lowry; and another to his son Robert, crossbearer and chaplain to Cardinal Wolsey.

Descending to the small village of *Capel Voelas*, and crossing a bridge over a stream tributary to the Dee, the tourist passes over a tract of sterile and boggy meadow-land, which introduces him to the solitary inn of CERNIOGE. Three miles farther is CERIG Y DRUIDION.

To CERNIOGE, on the western side of the Conwy, the road is less direct than the new one on the eastern side, but certainly more picturesque. Passing in view of and amid the scenery of *Gwydir-house* a considerable way, several neat and pleasant seats appear on the opposite side of the vale, on the banks of the river, which receives many tributary mountainous' streams in it's progress. Pass *Pont y Pair*, near *Bettws y coed* where the new road through CAPEL CURIG branches off. Immediately above this bridge over the Llugwy, is a pretty little cataract among ledges of rocks, hollowed out into the most fantastic forms, by the incessant action of the water. The cascade of *Rhaiadr y Wenol* lies at the distance of 2 miles. The Conwy may be here crossed by a new and lofty bridge, unless you choose to take the still more circuitous rout by way of the *Falls of the Conwy* near *Penmachno*. Not far from Pont y Pair the Conwy and the Llugwy, which have for some space been foaming along a declivity of broken rocks, unite their streams, and become tranquil and clear. Ascend by a precipitous road, properly guarded on one side by a stone wall, and cut out of the rock on the other, where the vale contracts to a deep dell, through which the Conwy again thunders, at a great distance below. The scenery here is well wooded and grand. LAND lets in this neighbourhood at from one to 5*s.* an acre, according to it's quality; and the rent of farms average at about 30*l.* a year. On gaining the summit of the ascent, enter on a track of milder features, amid woods and cultivation. Observe at a short distance from the road the new inn of *Rhyddlan Fair*, and *Plas Newedd*, the seat of —— Humphries, esq. on the right, in the midst of fine plantations of birch, larch, and oak. Cross the rocky bed of a mountain torrent which falls into the Conwy, and pass on the left *Voelas-hall*, the fanciful seat of the honourable C. Finch; and soon after leave, in the same direction, the village of *Capel Voelas*. The land now assumes a steril aspect, producing only oats and coarse grass. In many places the soil is boggy, but yields turf in abundance, which forms the principal part of the fuel of the inhabitants.

On his way TO CAPEL CURIG, mr. Pennant visited the village of *Trefriw*, where numbers of small vessels are built, and sent down the river at spring tides. Llewelyn had a palace near this place; by whom the church of Trefriw was originally built. This district is chiefly remarked on account of a mineral water, containing common salt, which a solution of silver turns milky. Hence he went back as far as *Gwydir*, and ascended a very steep hill, leaving the park on the left. Went over an open space called *Bwlch-yn Haiarn*, full of turberies. The Myrica gale is here abundant. After gaining the summit, visit, to the right, *Llyn Geirion-nydd*, a small lake; near which the celebrated *Taliesin*, who flourished about the year 560, had a habitation. Descend a great steep, into *Glyn Llugwy*, a bottom watered by the Llugwy, fertile in grass. Go through a narrow pass, high above a raging torrent, falling in broken cascades from rock to rock. At a short distance enter *Duffryn Mymbyr*, a valley in which there is no trees. The small church of Capel Curig, and a few scattered houses, give a little animation to this dreary tract. On the road TO CAPEL CURIG the traveller may skirt the northern extremity of Snowdon. Ascending the western boundary of Llanrwst vale, by the road to Capel Curig, passing at the foot of Gwydir woods, at the distance of about 2 miles, occurs an extensive dip between the mountains abounding with mines. Hence proceeding up a rather narrow wooded valley, 2 or 3 fine waterfalls are formed by the river Llugwy, one of which called *Rhaiadr y Wenol*, is particularly striking: it's height is not great, but a considerable body of water falls in 4 foaming torrents into a deep bason in the centre of a very rocky channel: a number of footsteps cut in the rock, shew that it is a spot much resorted to. In the prospects on this part of the road *Moel-Shiabod*, a mountain so lofty as to conceal behind it the crags of Snowdon, forms an object of admiration, both on account of it's size, and the elegance of it's outline.

The road TO DENBIGH lies over some heathy hills till within the distance of 5 miles, when the beauty of the country begins sensibly to increase, and to prepare the traveller for the rich and fertile prospects, which gladden the vale of Clwyd.

From Llanrwst, mr. Skrine, proceeded up the vale of Conwy till the closing hills barely left room for the foaming river; then turning to the right, he coursed the *Llugwy*, and soon came to a spot, where it dashes with great rapidity over a ledge of broken rocks, on the craggy points of which an extraordinary bridge of 5 arches, called *Pont y pair*, is founded. He then penetrated into the recesses of that pile of mountains, which form the base of Snowdon, for the purpose of viewing the cataract of *Rhaiadr y Wenol*. The river here tearing it's way through opposing obstacles, increased the horror of this savage desert, by a precipitate fall from rock to rock, into the abyss of an excessively deep hollow, whence it rushes with prodigious impetuosity for several miles to the bridge which he lately passed. At the cataract, a dark column of wood overhangs and fringes it's banks, which combined with the colour and largeness of the rocks, give an indescribable sublimity to the scene. Returning to Llanrwst, he passed near the old mansion of Gwydir. Pursuing the turnpike-road, on the Caernarvonshire side of the river, he soon reached the town of CONWY. On approaching CONWY from Llanrwst, the castle, and the walls enclosing the town appear to great advantage, especially where is seen in one view the s. wall, upon the sea side; the town; the turrets; and the castle, backed by a most beautiful and rising wood.

A new road is now opened from Llanrwst TO BANGOR, through NANT FRANGON.

TO MAENTWROG, 20½ miles. 3¼ miles, *Bettws*; 1¼, a small cataract upon the Conwy; 1, *Rhaiadr y Craig Lwyd*, the fall of the Conwy; 2, PENMACHNO; 10, FFESTINIOG; near it the falls of the *Cyn-fael*; 1, the vale of Maentwrog (often called the vale of Ffestiniog); 1½, MAENTWROG, where is a good inn; TANYBWLCH inn is only ½ a mile distant, over the bridge to the left.

To Penmachno, 5 miles, Bingley.
— Capel Curig, 7 miles, Pennant; Aikin.
— Conwy, 12 miles, Hutton; Skrine.
— Cerig y Druidion, 14 miles, Evans.
— Cernioge, 12 miles, Warner.
— Denbigh, 18 miles, Wyndham.
— To Maentwrog, 20½ miles.

From Llaugharne, 5 miles, Malkin.
—— Kidwelly, 5 miles, Skrine; Evans.
—— Caermarthen, 7 miles, Wyndham.

LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE crowns the summit of a bold wooded promontory, guarding the western entrance of the river Towey, the precipitous base of which is washed by the sea. It's broken walls enclose a large area; and, furnished with several encircling earthen ramparts, appear to have possessed considerable strength. From numerous stations it offers a truly picturesque appearance; and in the approach charmingly combines with the surrounding landscape; which, ever varying, is sometimes confined to a woody character; at others, exhibits the wide estuary, the rocky promontory forming it's opposite shore, and the boundless sea. This castle is said to have been built by the sons of Uchtred, prince of Merionethshire, A. D. 1138; but soon after fell into the hands of the Normans and Flemings; in 1143 it was taken from them by Cadelh, son of Rhys Prince of S. Wales; and so vigourously maintained, that the utmost force which the foreigners could raise was unable to retake it. However, by the year 1189 it must have been in the possession of the English, as Caradoc informs us that it was then taken from them by Prince Rhys, or Rees ap Gryffyth. There is a handsome modern house on the same hill on which the castle stands.

The village, is snugly situated beneath the "Castle-cap'd hill," in a woody hollow; whence a lofty ridge, commanding extensive views, leads to a neighbouring estuary, formed by the Tave or Twyy near it's junction with the sea. When the tide is out, tourists cannot avail themselves of the ferry; but the sands may by crossed on horseback with a guide. Mr. Barber and his companion received what they thought ample directions and set out without a guide; but the description received for their guidance proved of so general a kind that they were unable to select the rout intended. "Ignorant how to proceed," says mr. Barber "and unwilling to return 3 or 4 miles for fresh instructions, we gladly observed a couple of young women trudging on the sands in a direction towards us. The proper place for fording was now pointed out, where, it was said, the water would scarcely cover our horse's knees; we deemed it most prudent, however, to let the natives go first, and they accordingly entered the river, using the precaution of raising their drapery. We followed close; but the lasses had considerably underrated the depth of the water, for it took both them and our horses above half their height; yet so carefully were the clothes of the former held up, that not a thread was wetted. On reaching the opposite shore, their petticoats were suffered to descend."

Proceeding under an overhanging rock of red granite, crowned with the ivymantled remains of LAUGHARNE CASTLE, the town, (which is an irregularly built little place, seated on a low bank of the estuary) appears. To this place mr. Skrine took the ferry over the wide estuary, and crossed the Tave at a short distance.

The whole of the vale, from Llanstephan to *Ystrad Ffin*, abounds in interesting objects of various description. The first stretch of country TO CAERMARTHEN is rich and beautiful. The road lies mostly along the western ridge, continually commanding the river and all it's luxuriant accompaniments. The first view of Caermarthen is particularly striking. The three hills backing the town, decorated villas, the castle, the bridge, and vessels on the river, all conspire to form a grand impressive scene.—B. H Malkin.

Mr. Evans took A BOAT TO CAERMARTHEN, for the sake of viewing to advantage this part of *Ystrad Tywy*. On the left, just above the castle, the river makes a fine curve forming a small haven, called *Green haven*, where vessels wait for a wind to pass *the bar*. The coracle fishery is much practised on this part of the river. At Caermarthen the landing-place is near a fine old stone bridge of 7 arches.

To Llaugharne, 5 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Barber.
— Caermarthen, 7 miles, Malkin; Evans.

From the Hay, 11 miles, Wyndham.
—— Abergavenny, 10 miles, Skrine.

LLANTHONY ABBEY, is situated about 10 miles N. of ABERGAVENNY, Monmouthshire. In the deeply secluded vale of *Ewias*, encircled by the barren summits of the Black Mountains; but with some local cultivation, and enlivened by the crystalline Hondy. It was a cistertian house, founded by Walter de Lacy, in 1108, and afterwards endowed liberally by Milo, earl of Hereford. Venerable and grand, but wholly devoid of ornament, it partakes of the character of the surrounding scenery. Not a single tendril of ivy decorates the massive walls of the structure, and but a sprinkling of shrubs and light-branchy trees fringe the parapets or shade the broken fragments beneath. The area of the church is not very extensive; the length is 212 feet; the breadth 50; and it measures 100 across the transepts. The roof has long since fallen in, and a great part of the s. wall is now prostrate; but the view afforded of the interior, in consequence, is extremely grand and picturesque. A double row of pointed arches, reposing on massive piers, separate the side aisles from the nave; above which, divided from the gothic form by a strait band or fascia, is a series of small circular arches: an intermixture and arrangement of the 2 forms which characterize the earliest use of gothic architecture. Two lofty arches, rising from the middle of the church, still sustain a massive portion of the tower. The grandeur of the western front cannot be passed unnoticed; nor looking over the fragments of the choir, the fine view of the inside ruin seen through the great eastern arch of the tower; neither is a small chapel adjoining the s. transept, with a well-formed engroined roof to be overlooked: the transept is remarkable for a large norman archway which led into the s. aisle of the choir. Since mr. Wyndham visited this abbey in 1777, the eastern front has fallen. Many portions of building appear in detached heaps near the abbey church, particularly a bold arch in a neighbouring barn, which seems to have formed the principal entrance to the abbey. Among these the natives point out a low subterraneous passage, faced with hewn stone, which they suppose to have had a connection with *Old Castle*, about 3 miles distant. St. David, the uncle of king Arthur (say ancient legends), was so struck with this sequestered recess, then almost unconscious of a human footstep, that he built a chapel on the spot, and passed many years in it as a hermit. William, a retrainer of the earl of Hereford's, in the reign of William Rufus, being led into the valley in pursuit of a deer, espied the hermitage. The deep solitude of the place, and the mysterious appearance of the building conspired to fill him with religious enthusiasm; and he instantly disclaimed all worldly enjoyments.—J. T. Barber. This abbey was rebuilt, and the monastery appropriated for Augustine Monks, by sir William de Lacy, in the year 1108. The mountains of *Ewias*, now called the *Hatterel-hills*, rise above the monastery of Llanthony, and join the Black Mountains of Talgarth at Capel y Ffin; or the chapel upon the boundary, near which the counties of Hereford, Brecknock, and Monmouth form a point of union.

On his way TO CRICKHOWELL, mr. Skrine entered the opening between the mountains through which flows the Usk. "Here" says he, "I first viewed the small but charming territory, of which I afterwards became the proprietor; and I must risk even the imputation of partiality, to bestow a well merited degree of praise on the transcendent beauties of *Dany Park* and it's vicinity. The house stands in a spacious lawn, beneath a thick range of spreading woods, which descending from a great height, form at last an open grove, covering an abrupt knoll, immediately over it. Above these, a fine mixture of pasturage and corn-fields stretch up to the feet of the mountains, which rise in native sublimity, and are crowned with the perpendicular rock of *Desguilfa* (the prospect) so called from it's almost unlimited view. Such is the southern aspect. Towards the N., stretches a charming variety of enamelled meadows, watered by the Usk, to some fertile and ornamented hills. Towards the W. the Usk, emerging from the mountains, which bound the vale of Brecknock, passes round a high pyramidal hill, and dividing the village of Llangattock from the town and castle of Crickhowell, flows rapidly through the ivy-arched bridge; while, on the E. it glides more gently between the verdant meads of Dany-park and *Court-y-Gollen*, towards Abergavenny, which appears at the distance of 6 miles, at the bottom of the vale.

The following interesting Inscription for a Monument in the Vale of Ewias, by R. Southey, esq. may appropriately be introduced here.

Here was it, stranger, that the patron saint
of Cambria pass'd his age of penitence,
a solitary man; and here he made
his hermitage, the roots his food, his drink

of Honddy's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
has read with eager wonder how the Knight
of Wales, in Ormandine's enchanted bower,
slept the long sleep: and if that in thy veins
flows the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
has flow'd with quicker impulse at the tale
of Dafydd's deeds, when through the press of war
his gallant comrades followed his green crest
to conquests. Stranger! Hatterel's mountain heights,
and this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
of Honddy, to thine after-thoughts will rise
more grateful, thus associate with the name
of Dafydd and the deeds of other days.

To Abergavenny, 11 miles, Wyndham.
— Crickhowell, 7 miles, Skrine.

From Coity, 8 miles, Barber.

LLANTRISSANT, is situated near the summit of a cleft, in one of the high hills which bounds the vale of Glamorgan. It is only by a circuitous road, of fatiguing ascent, that it can be approached. One narrow irregular street, composed of poor gothic habitations, makes up nearly the whole of this place. Little besides a lofty round tower appears of the Castle, the vestiges of it's outworks being nearly concealed by tangling shrubs. Within the precincts of the castle is a neat market-house and town-hall, erected at the expense of the earl of Bute. The Church is a large norman edifice. From the cemetery a surprisingly extensive view may be had. This place unites with Caerdiff, Swansea, &c. in sending one member to parliament. This district abounds in lead ore, the property of the marquis of Bute, who is lord of the manor. The principal Inns are the Cross-Keys and New Inn. There is a good road from this ancient town to Pont y pridd,

To Pont y pridd, 5 miles, Bingley.

LLANFAIR, in the isle of Anglesea, is celebrated as the birth-place of *Goronwy Owen*, a man inferior in talent and genius to none which Wales has produced. He was born in 1722, and died in Virginia. In the Church-yard is a modern Carnedd, composed of a rude heap of stones, which has probably received the family of Wynne for ages. It is 5 feet high, 12 wide, and 18 long. In the centre is the stump of a large old tree, worn with age, and towards the s. end is a gigantic yew, which having overshaded the dead for several centuries, is itself dying. The entrance, according to the old jewish custom, as well as british, is guarded by a stone.

From Welsh Pool, 8 miles, Evans.
—— Newtown, 12 miles, Evans.
—— Cann-office, 7½ miles, Skrine.
—— Dinas Mowddwy, 20 miles.

LLANVAIR, Montgomeryshire, is a small town situated between hills, on the banks of the spreading Virnwy. This river abounds, with such a quantity and variety of fish as justly to entitle it to the name of Amnis Piscosus. The inhabitants of this place are said to excel in the unmanly practice of *spearing* fish.

On the road to Montgomery, 4 miles, occurs the *Castle of Caereineon*, a roman fortress, of which there are few remains. On this track the botanist will observe the Ornithogalum luteum, and Carduus eriophorus. Four miles further is the small village of *Berkiw*, which possesses simplicity, with content and plenty. The little Church, the parsonage, and a venerable mansion at the termination of an avenue of aged trees, the seat of the late Arthur Blaney, esq. (a descendent from Brochwel ys Chythrog; who was the parent and friend of his numerous tenantry) form it's principal parts.

On the road to Mallwyd and Dinas Mowddwy, distant 16 miles, occurs the village of *Llanervul*, which consists of 6 townships: *Llysyn*, *Coed-Talog*, *Cynniwyll*, *Crân*, *Cevn-llys-ucha*, *Cevn-llys isa*. The church is dedicated to Urvul Santes, whose feast is kept on the sunday following the 6th of July. It is supposed that the stone monument in the yard was erected to her memory. A lady descended from the Herberts of Llysyn left a legacy towards endowing a free school. Upon *Moelddolwen*, in this parish, is a fortified camp of an oblong form, 100 yards in length. The entrance is on the w. on which side the ascent is easiest. Upon a hill near Llanervul is *Gardden*, a diminutive of Garth, i. e. a promontory, a fort. It is a circular rampart, enclosing an area of about 70 yards diameter. It is observable that the entrance into both these strong-holds is broad, and left open on the most accessible part of the fort, seemingly so contrived as to let in the scythed chariots. There is another small *garddin* upon *Moelfeliarth.* In *Maes-llemysten* township, is a small encampment on the top of a precipice, enclosed on the accessible side with a high ditch: over against this, on the summit of *Mopart,* is a ditch full as large as Offa's, cut across the hill, by way of defence against the incursions of the enemy from the mountains above. Another similar ditch may be seen on crossing the vale of the *Banwy,* near *Rhos y gall,* in the parish of Llanervul. Near Llanervul, is an uncommonly ancient mansion-house called *Neuadd wen.* This was the seat of Meredith ab Kynan, brother of *Gruffudd ab Kynan,* prince of N. Wales, who served the princes of Powis, and was termed lord of Rhiwhirièth, Coed-talog, and Neuadd wen. The present name was probably given to the new structure, for there is a tradition that it's former appellation was Llys Wgan. The brook which runs by is called Nant Wgan. Below this house, on the side of the road, once stood a stone, whereon was a cross fleury, but it was lately broken by a silly wretch in search of treasure. Adjoining to Neuadd wen lies the capital farm of *Llysfyn,* sometime the estate of Ieuan ab Bedo Gwyn, descendent of a cadet branch of the family of Neuadd wen, whose name appears among the bards. This estate was purchased by the Herberts, ancestors to the earl of Powis, and was the residence of some of it's branches. In the church-yard of Llanervul is a well called *Ffynnon Ervul* arched over, and a channel is formed to convey the water to a spout, where the votaries performed their devotions. On the *Drum* in this parish are 3 pools. *Llyn y grinwydden,* (the pool of the withered tree) 70 yards over, is said to be unfathomable. *Llyn hir* (the long pool) is about 800 yards long and 50 broad. The upper part is skinned over by the slough brought down by the floods from the turbaries above; so that sheep can walk upon it like a quagmire. Tho' it gains at this end, it loses at the other by the beating of the waves. On the N side, in dry seasons, may be seen a flat stone inscribed MET R 1430. This ston lies 7 feet from the bank. The probable distance which the water has encroached since it's date The bottom of this pool is full of roots and stumps of trees. *Llyn y bugail* (the shepherds pool) is remarkable on no account except for producing nothing but eels. On the borders of *Llanbryn Mair* stands the pool of *Llyn Gwyddior* or *Llyn Cadiver,* a british proper name. The pool is of a rhomboidal form, and about a mile in circumference. To the W. are very deep hollows, through which the wind sometimes drives the water in a rapid torrent. One mile and a half beyond Llanervul is CANN-OFFICE. Two miles further along the Vyrnwy river, soon after crossing the Twrch, is *Garth Beibio,* a township included between the rivers Twrch and Banwy, containing about 44 families. The Church is dedicated to St. Tydecho ab Annyn Ddu ab Emyr Llydaw. A well adjoining the church, called *Ffynnon Dydecho,* is constructed for a cold bath, and some virtue is ascribed to it in curing the rheumatism. Pins in great number are to be seen in the bottom, thrown in as offerings. The mansion-house of *Dol y maen,* in this village, has been the residence of some of the Llwydiarth family. There was lately to be seen over an old parlour door, an inscription of the 16th century, I D V 15.. Near Garthbeibio, when the new road and bridge were making, a stone chest was found, but the curiosity of former ages had robbed it of it's contents: the lid was thrown aside and the chest filled with loose stones. About a dozen more *carneddau,* from 30 to 60 yards in circumferance, are to be met with in the 3 contiguous parishes of *Llanerful, Llangadvan,* and *Garth beiblio,* besides a greater number of smaller ones. The chests or stone coffins are placed in the centre, where the carn is always more protuberant. A circular range of large stones are generally pitched on the end, outside of the heap; and the stones contained within, are piled loosely in circles about the tomb, and the interstices are filled up with lesser stones. Some of the carns are covered with earth, as that at *Nant brin,* and another by *Ty gwyn,* in Llanervul. Some are almost conic and approach near to the form of a tumulus, such as that upon the summit of *Bwlch y fedwen.* The stones bear marks of ignition, and nodules of quartz may be found among them, reddened and made brittle by the action of fire. A very large stone is placed endwise within 10, 20 or 50 yards from each carn. Where such are wanting they have been converted to other uses. The tumuli and carns were probably the funeral monuments of the ancient chiefs, and their immediate dependents. The sepulchres of the commonality are found upon the hills; where there is a declivity, a slight hollow is to be seen, and the earth heaped below like a small hillock of an oblong form. When these are opened, a stratum of ashes, blackish, or red burnt earth, is discovered. These sepulchres are to be seen in great numbers upon a hill called *Pen-coed*, in Llangadvan. All these hollows are graves, and their manner of burial was thus performed. The dead body was laid upon the bare sward, plastered over with clay, and covered with dry turf; a fire was then made over it with furze, wood, &c. until the corpse was reduced to ashes, or so that the flesh was consumed, and the bones nearly burnt: then the charcoal and ashes were covered with earth, and sometimes stones were laid upon it. These and similar barrows were probably raised a thousand years before either roman or saxon invader ever arrived upon the spot.—Cam. Register 1796, p. 382,

To Montgomery, 12 miles, Evans; Skrine.
— Mallwyd, 16 miles.
— Dinas Mowddy, 17½ miles.

* * *

From Dinham, 2 miles, Barber.
—— Caerwent, 2 miles, Warner; Skrine.
—— Penscoed Castle, 5 miles, Coxe.
—— Tintern, 7½ miles, Wyndham.

LLANVAIR ISCOED CASTLE, in Monmouthshire, is situated on a small eminence, about 2 miles from Caerwent, on the road to Usk. In approaching this ruin, an effect caught through the intervening trees is pleasingly picturesque; but the castle aspires not to grandeur, and is much concealed by embowering verdure, yet examined nearly, large foundations are evident, and the walls are no where less than 7 feet in thickness. A square and two round towers are the most conspicuous features in the ruin which is in part moulded into a farm house: the area of the principal court is employed as a kitchen garden. Beneath the castellated eminence is the village church, a simple rustic building. The village cemetery is bounded by the turnpike-road. Mr. Warner gives the following stanza, copied verbatim et literatim, from the stile which leads from the place.

> "Who Ever hear on Sunday
> Will practis playing at Ball
> It may be beFore Monday
> the Devil will have you all."

The road TO PENCAMAWR summit lies on that to Usk over the forest of Wentwood, by a laborious ascent.

After traversing a succession of inequalities, mr. Skrine reached one of the points, where they terminate in the vale of the Severn, and crossing that river, passed *Nantcribba*, a pleasant seat of lord Hereford, in his way TO MONTGOMERY.

To Pencamawr summit, 3 miles, Barber; Skrine.
— Usk, 10½ miles, Warner.
— Striguil Castle, 3½ miles, Wyndham; Coxe.

* * *

From Penmaen Mawr, 3 miles, Bingley.
—— Aber, 2 miles, Pennant.

LLANVAIR VECHAN parish in Caernarvonshire, is remarkable for the beauty of it's site, and the earliness of the vegetable produce; corn being 3 weeks earlier than any other in Wales. Probably this forwardness proceeds from the situation, rather than the richness of the soil. In a wood called *Coed Ise* are circles of stone, supposed to be druidic.

To Aber, 2 miles, Bingley.
— Penmaen-mawr, 3 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Llanrhaiadr, 5 miles, Wyndham; Skrine.
—— Llangynog, 7 miles, Pennant.

LLANVYLLIN, is a market town situated in one of the pleasant vallies of Montgomeryshire, first incorporated by Llewelyn ap Gryffydd, in the reign of Edw. 1. It is governed by two bailiffs, chosen annually. Many roman coins have been found here; notwithstanding, antiquarians say that it was not a roman station; because the Britons did not prefix *llan* or church, to the names of roman cities, but *caer*, signifying fort or fence. The assertion that the ancient Mediolanum was here is therefore generally disbelieved, and is conjectured to have been at *Meifod*.

About a mile N. of this place is *Bodfach*, formerly belonging to the Kyffins; situated in a valley, admirably cultivated, and watered by the Cain. The town and church of Llanvyllin, happily fill one angle, and vary the view. Six miles to the SW. is *Llwydiarth*, a large old house, seated in a hilly naked country; formerly the property of the Vaughans, descended from Aleth Hen, king of Dived, or Pembrokeshire.

Mr. Pennant passed on the Oswestry-road for 4 miles, then ascended to the right; passed near *Bryn Gwyn*, a seat of the Mostyn family, above which is a circular british post. Many of these front the low country, as if to protect the internal parts. There is a very strong rampart, to defend a pass into the vale of *Meifod*: the church and village are situated in the middle, which is a flat extending upwards of 5 miles, and is about half a mile broad. Three parts are bounded by low hills, prettily wooded; one end opens into the plain, finely terminated by the *Breiddin hills*, which form a conspicuous feature in this county and part of Shropshire. The *Vyrnwy*, a beautiful river, winds along the middle of the vale; it's borders rich in wheat, rye, and grass. Meifod is said to have been the archdeaconry of all Powysland, and that it had 2 churches besides the present. In the principal church were interred the princes and great men of Powys; as *Madoc ap Meredydd* ap Blyddyn ap Cynvyn, prince of Powys, who died in 1160, and was conveyed hither; and the noble *Gryffydd Maelor*, lord of Bromefield, who died in 1188. Not far above Meifod, two rivers, both of the name of Vyrnwy, unite. Upon a steep bank above one of them, stood *Mathraval*, once the seat of the princes of Powys, now only a farm house. In a wood opposite, called *Gwern ddu*, is a circular entrenchment. The country, for 7 miles, continues hilly, abounding with unpleasant moors. Reached *Crygynnog*, the seat of Arthur Blainey, esq. Was conducted hence to *Castell Dolforwyn*, placed upon a high ridge of a hill, almost surrounded by a wooded dingle. At the bottom runs a brook which falls into the Severn, distant a mile. This fortress is very ruinous, and resembles much in it's masonry, Castell dinas bran. On 2 more accessible sides are deep trenches, cut through the rock. It commands a fine view of the rich vale of the Severn. [See Newport.] Not far distant is *Abervechan*, an old house; which after being inherited by the Blaineys, the Prices, and the Lloyds, is possessed by the Cliftons. Descend into the *vale of Severn*, and cross the river by a wooden bridge to Newtown.

The road to Welch Pool lies through a valley, over an indifferent road. About half way, the silent and deep river Vyrnwy is crossed.

To Welsh-Pool, 12 miles, Wyndham; Skrine.
— Newton, about 16 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Welsh-Pool, 5½ miles, Pennant; Bingley.
—— Llanraiadr, 10 miles, Bingley.
—— Oswestry, 6 miles, Warner.

LLAN Y MYNACH, (the village of the miners) is situated on the western borders of Shropshire, on the banks of the Vyrnwy. This parish contains 3 townships, *Carreg Hwva*, *Llwyn Tydmon*, and *Treprenal*; the first lies in a detached part of Denbighshire; the two latter are separated by Offa's dike, and are situated in Shropshire. The river Tanad washes it's western side, dividing it from the parishes of *Llanymlodvoel* and *Llansainfraid*; then joining the Vyrnwy, it bounds it's southern part, dividing it from the parishes of Llansainfraid and Llandysilio. The Vyrnwy becomes navigable here in the winter months for barges of 40 or 50 tons burden. Great quantities of Llangynog slate have been sent hence to Bristol; and, of late years, ores of lead and zink have been conveyed by the Stourport canal, to Birmingham, Macclesfield, and other places.

On the adjoining hill about 150 men are generally employed in burning lime during the summer season, and in winter 50 in raising and breaking the stone. The hill affords also copper, zinc, lead, and calamine. It seems to have been wrought in the time of the Romans. One vestage of their labours appears in an artificial cave of an immense length, called *Ogo*, whence they obtained copper. The windings of this cavern are numerous and intricate. About the year 1760, some miners, in search of copper, found, in the recesses of this place, several skeletons lying in it. Some culinary utensils, a fire-place, and a small hatchet were near them. One skeleton had a bracelet of glass beads encircling his left wrist, and a battle-ax by his side. There was also found a number of roman coins of Antoninus, Faustina, and others. About 15 years after this discovery, other miners found several human bones, and a golden bracelet round a wrist. Tools, judged to be roman, have been also found, some of which are preserved in the library of Shrewsbury Free-School. One glass bead and one copper coin were in the possession of mr. Robert Baugh, of this place, who keeps the inn of the Cross-keys, the ingenious engraver of the Map of North Wales, by John Evans, esq. of Llwyn y Groes. From the summit is an extensive view over the plains towards Shrewsbury, on the e.; and on the other side the rugged county of Montgomery. The Severn with it's tributary streams the Vyrnwy and Tanad, may be seen proceeding from their respective vales, and at length uniting and flowing into the rich plain of Shrewsbury. At a considerable distance, when enlightened by the sun, may be seen, the glistening water-fall of Pistyll Rhaiadr, on the left are the Breiddin-hills, and in front the Ferwyn mountains compose the distant horizon. The plants on the rock are such as indicate the presence of calcarious earth; as Anthyllis vulneraria, Cistus helianthemum, and Rosa spinosissima.

On the w. side of Llanymynach hill runs the rampart made by Offa king of Mercia, to divide his country from Wales, called *Clawdd Offa*, or *Offa's-dyke*, which commences at the river Wye near Bristol, and passes along the counties of Hereford, Radnor, part of Salop, and Denbigh, and ends near Treuddyn in Flintshire. This mud wall was the line of separation between the two countries, till about the conquest. The late ingenious mr. Evans, in his survey of N. Wales, discovered, that Offa discontinued his dyke near Treuddyn in Flintshire; and that the foss, which is found to terminate on the Dee, near Basingwerk, has it's beginning at Maesbury near Oswestry, about 1 mile below Offa's dyke, from which Wattstay, now Wynnstay, had it's name.

Parallel with two other dykes across this hill, runs a stupendous rampart of loose stones, with a deep foss, which follows the brow of the hill and encompasses about one half of it's extent. This was probably constructed by the Romans to guard their ores from the plunder of the Britons. Upon the eastern brow of this hill once stood a *Cromlech*, measuring 7 feet by 6, and 18 inches thick. It was taken down from the vain desire of searching for treasure, in which state it lies. It is thus that avarice stimulates men even to overthrow the altars of the gods.

About 2 miles n.w. of Llanymynach, on the bank of the Vyrnwy, once stood *Carreg Hwva castle*, of which no vestige now remains except the foss on the e. side. History contains little relating to this place of refuge, save that in the year 1162 it was taken by the two cousins, Owain Cyveilog and Owen ap Madoc, in whose possession it continued 25 years; at the termination of which period it was besieged by Gwenwynwyn and Cadwallon, when Owen ap Madoc was slain. Within half a mile of this castle lies *Gwern y vign*, where a battle was fought about the year 1202. [See a statistical account of Llanymynach, in the Cam. Reg. for 1795, p. 265.]

When at Llanymynach, mr. Pennant rode to the *New-bridge*, composed of 7 arches, over the Vyrnwy, about 3 miles above the ford. The river is confined by a mill-dam, forming a fine reach. The overflowings produce a pretty cascade; and the views upwards, of small vallies and hanging woods, are exceedingly beautiful. Passed again by *Llandysilio*. Traversed *Dongay common*, and passed through the village of *Llandreinio*; went over the bridge of 3 arches. Crossed the Severn and proceeded along the feet of those massy mountains *Breiddin*, *Moel y golfa*, and *Cevn y castell*. On *Crew green*, far to the left, starts up *Belin mount*, a round insulated rock. Beneath lies a vast extent of flat country, part of the great plain of Shropshire. The village of *Meverley* lies upon the opposite side of the Severn, near where the Vyrnwy falls into it. Near a small brook quitted Montgomeryshire and entered the county of Salop. Visited, a little to the right, *Wattebyrg castle*, an old house, with a square tower still older. It lies upon the roman road from Llanrhaiadr yn Mochnant. A little further is *Loton*, an ancient seat of the family of Leighton. Not far from the house are remains of the ancient mansion or castle of *Alberbury*; a tower and some walls yet exist. A little to the e. is *Kouton*, the seat of the Listers; formerly possessed by the lords Strange of Knockin, who had here a castle. Turning towards the Severn, upon a lofty bank above the river, at *Little Shrawardine*, saw a vast artificial mount, the former site of a castelet. Upon the opposite bank is the village of *Great Shrawardine*. Only 3 or 4 fragments of the castle remain. The river from this neighbourhood begins to grow very beautiful. The banks are elevated, and in many places cloathed with hanging woods. Go through the village of *Ford*. Leave on the right *Dintle*, and *Onslow*. Upon the N. side of the river, on a delightful bank, are the village and church of *Montford*. A little farther is Montford-bridge. Shrewsbury is 4 miles in a direct line from this place; but preferred following the course of the river, tempted by the pleasingness of the scenery. Crossed Montford-bridge, turned to the right, over the Perry, not far above it's junction with the Severn. The hamlet of *Mitton*, i. e. middle town, lies in the midst of a narrow neck of land between the two rivers. The Severn here makes a great bend, and forms, upon the opposite side, a peninsula, with so very narrow an isthmus, as to occasion it to be called the *Isle of Up Rossel*; being encompassed by the river for the space of 5 miles, except at the entrance, which forms a neck of only 380 yards in breadth. *Fitties*, the parish church of Mitton, is seated at a short distance, upon an eminence. A large exploratory mount is contiguous. From a field, at a little distance from the church-yard, is a most beautiful view of the Severn, which lies far beneath; when added to the surrounding scenery, it forms one of the finest views this country can boast. Pass by the upper and lower *Berwick*, both commanding most delicious views of the river and town of SHREWSBURY, which is entered hence through the North-gate.

On approaching OSWESTRY, 4 miles, on the right is a ridiculously splendid brick-building, intended, not for a purpose which it's exterior seems to prompt, but for the abode of the indigent, and wretched. 'T is a strange perversion of common sense, made by ostentation and folly, when elegance and show become the concealment of poverty and distress. Convenience, humility, and obscurity, should rather distinguish the dwelling of the unfortunate, whether their circumstances be derived from their own crimes or from the crimes of others.

On the road TO SHREWSBURY the *Breiddin hills* appear for a few miles on the right. At the distance of 4 miles is the village of *Knockin*. The Hall was the residence of the family of *L'Estrange*, who built the town. Four miles, Nesscliffe, 4, Montford-bridge, 4 *Shrewsbury*. About half way is a high rock of red free-stone called also Ness Cliff. In the S. E. side of this rock there is a cave, called *Kynaston's Cave*; from having once been the retreat of Humphrey, son of Roger Kynaston, of Harlech castle and his mad companions.

On the road TO WELSH POOL, cross the Vyrnwy, a river famed for the variety and quantity of it's fish, by a ferry, or more circuitously by the *New bridge* before-mentioned. Pass through Llandisylio, a small village, and at intervals cross the Montgomery canal. At the New Quay on the Severn much business is carried on, whence is a fine view of *Moel-y-golfa*, the highest peak of the Breiddin mountains, on which is placed the pillar erected to the memory of Rodney. In approaching Welsh-pool, the country becomes more rich and beautiful. On rising ground to the left stands the magnificent structure of POWIS CASTLE.

Mr. Warner took the side of the canal TO WELSH POOL, which only increased the distance 1 mile, and relieved him, he says, "from floundering through a Shropshire turnpike-road, of all public ways, the most abominable." At the distance of 2 miles, is an aqueduct of great strength over the river Vyrnwy.

At about half of the way on the road TO LLANVAIR, is the village of *Meifod*, said to have been the archdeaconry of Powys-land. It had formerly two churches. [See page 355.] The present remaining church has attached to it a cemetery of nearly 9 acres. At *Err'y-Porth*, or gateway, and contiguous fields, labourers have, at different times, discovered causeways, foundations of buildings, floors, and hearths; but no inscription has been found to develope it's abstruse history, or to ascertain the propriety of the appelation of the Mediolanum of the Romans, with which some antiquarians have honoured it. About 1 mile above Meifod is *Mathraval*, once a splendid place, now a farm house, erected upon the site of a stately castle, which occupied nearly 2 acres in Powys-land, guarded on one side by the river Vyrnwy, and on the other by a vast rampart of stone and earth, with a deep fosse and a high keep at one corner. The original fortress, according to Caradoc, was built by Robert Uspo in 1211, and soon after besieged by Llewelyn ap Jorwerth; but king John drew up an army and raised the siege, ordering the castle to be burnt. On the opposite side of the river, in *Gwern-ddu* wood, is the circular intrenchment, mentioned p. 355, and in a field beyond, a round moat, supposed to have been a winter station of the Romans.

To Oswestry, 5½ miles, Bingley.
—Shrewsbury, 16 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
—Llanrhaiadr, 10 miles, Aikin.
—Welsh Pool, 2 miles, Warner.

From Llanstephan Castle, 4 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Barber.
—Tenby, 13 miles, Malkin.
—Caermarthen, 12 miles, Donovan; Evans.

LLAUGHARNE, or Talachar, in Caermarthenshire, is one of the most sequestered towns that can be conceived; much inhabited by those who seek an economic retirement; but of small importance as a sea port. The Church is large, handsome, and in good condition. The view from the upper part of the church yard is very rich.

The principal Inn is denominated the Castle.

The Castle tho' neither very extensive, nor generally striking from picturesque disposition, has a noble aspect towards the town. It protected the western entrance of the river Taw, which is fordable at low water. The foundation of this castle is not transmitted to us in the welsh annals, but is, doubtless, of high antiquity; it was occupied, and probably built by the Normans and Flemings on their conquest of these parts; afterwards, in the year 1215, it was besieged and taken by Llewelyn: Leland says, "it longid some time to the earl of Northumberland." It is now the property of the Ravenscroft family.

The sands in the neighbourhood of Llaugharne, Mr. Donovan says, are bestrewed with uncommon shells, particularly of the Solen genus; as the species Siliqua, Vagina, Ensis, Legumen, and Pellucidus. Also with many curious shells of the Tellina, and other genera. About the loose sands which lie between a cluster of cottages and the point of Llaugharne, the shells of Mactra lutraria occur in great profusion.

At a few miles from Llaugharne, is the village of *Llandowror*, on the southern bank of the Taw. The scenery is highly beautiful. ANOTHER EXCURSION may be made from Llaugharne to *Whitland*, where are the vestiges of an ancient abbey. From this place to CAERMARTHEN the nearest way is by the village of *St. Clare*; but Mr. Malkin says, that the traveller in pursuit of objects, should return to visit LLANSTEPHAN CASTLE and KIDWELLY, whence he may either make his way to CAERMARTHEN, or cross Burry River to *Cheriton* in Gower. At *St. Clare* there was anciently a castle. [see also page 86.]

Mr. Evans went to a remarkable place, 5 miles distant from Llaugharne, called the "green bridge in Wales." It is a natural excavation in a rock, through which runs a small rivulet, and there disappears till it mingles it's waters with the ocean. After which he ascended the Taw to the ruins of *Abbe Llanda*; or the *Abbey of White Land*; founded, according to Speed, by Rhys ap Theodor, in 1086, and became a burial place for the princes and chieftains of South Wales; among whom was Cadwallader, son of Rhys ap Gryffydd, 1187. Others say it was built by Bernard, bishop of St. Davids, who died about the year 1148. This abbey was erected upon the site of a building of greater antiquity called Alba Domus or in welsh *Ty-gwyn ar Dav*, the summer residence of the great Cambrian legislator, the Justinian of Britain, *Howel Dha*. It was here that he formed a code of laws founded on long established customs, which has been the wonder of latter ages, for their wisdom, mildness, and humanity. This collection of laws was published by Wotton, in 1730, under the title of "Cyfreithjeu Hywel Dha ac erail; seu leges Wallicæ ecclesiasticæ et civiles, Hoëli Boni aliorum Walliæ Principum." Howel, having lived to see his system of legislation generally received and executed, departed this life, A. D. 948; after a long enjoyment of the less splendid, but more solid honours which result from peace, and an unwearied attention to the comforts of his people and the happiness of mankind; the subject of universal esteem while living, and veneration and regret when dead.—J. Evans. Other authors say, that besides the White house at which Howel Dha, in the year 940, convened the barons, clergy, and legislators of Wales, in order to reform the abuses of their ancient laws, there are the ruins of *Alba Domus* on a detached situation. The latter is said to stand about 5 miles from St. Clare, on the right hand of the road leading thence to Narberth; and the former nearer the great turnpike road. At Whitland, mr. Donovan deviated to the right down a narrow cart road to a forge, where he found the scattered unmeaning fragments of *Whitland Abbey*, immured within the bosom of a sequestered valley, sheltered from the N. and E. winds by a range of hanging wood. He sought for *Ty Gwyn*, but was unsuccessful. In a spot on the opposite side of the Narberth road, from the station of the Abbey of Whitland is a house which retains that name, but the building is very inconsiderable. 'T is more probable, adds he, that the palace of that great legislator occupied the rising ground above Whitland Abbey, where it is said a strong foundation and some leaden pipes have been detected in turning up the ground. The former spot might form only an appendage to a more important building. The only fragment of antiquity which seems to connect with the Abbey is a stone fixed into the wall of a neighbouring building, upon which are sculptured three scutcheons of arms. This valley, once the peaceful abode of the mild and secluded Cistercian, now resounds with the noise of two iron forges. A few miles from Whitland is the mountain *Cil-Maen-Llwyd*, where coins of Cæsar, Domitian and others of the roman empire have been discovered; an oval camp with a foss and vallum, marks one of their stations. At a short distance, upon a mountain on the banks of the Cleddy, is a circle of rude stones, about 20 yards in diameter, called *Meineu Gwyr*, evidently the remains of a temple for druidic worship. Hence a wild country leads TO NARBERTH.

The road TO TENBY lies upon a high boundary of the sea, which is very interesting, till the traveller attains the *New Inn*, situated on the selvage of Pembrokeshire. In this progress extensive views, ranging over the Bristol Channel are continual; but one coup d'œil, "High from the summit of a craggy cliff hung o'er the deep," is eminently striking, magnificently beautiful. The whole sweep of Caermarthen bay, with it's several estuaries, high cliffs, and swelling shores, appear beneath extending in one direction to the extreme point of Gower, and in the other to the isle of Caldy in Pembrokeshire; at the latter termination, the picturesque whitened town of Tenby, romantically built upon a tongue of rock projecting into the sea, seems issuing from the waves. From the grand amphitheatre of this bay, the eye roams over a wide expanse of sea, to the shores of Somerset and Devon, nearly 50 miles distant, faintly pencilled on the horizon, and terminated by the advancing swell of *Lundy island*. Further westward, the sea widens into the Atlantic ocean; numerous barks in the bay, often sailing in different tracks, are a great addition to the prospect; a large fleet of ships entering the channel at a remote distance, seems little more than dusky spots on the glistening expanse; the *tout ensemble* forms one of the most pleasing marine pictures. From *New Inn*, (a small collection of cottages on the beach, with a large old mansion lately modernized, but seemingly of the foundation of Elizabeth's time, and where there is no house of public accommodation, as the name would imply) the remainder of the road lies among numerous collieries belonging to lord Milford.

On the road TO NARBERTH, the country partakes of little variety till the declivity of a bold swelling hill near Tavernspite is gained, and in wet weather the road is uncommonly bad, the soil being of a spongy argillaceous kind. There is a turnpike road from *St. Clare*, westward, passing through *Whitland*, which enters Narberth at the close of a 9 mile's stage.

To Tenby, 16 miles, Barber; Skrine.
— Llan Stephen, 4 miles, Malkin.
— Narberth, 15 miles, Donovan; Evans.
— Carew, by way of St. Clare, 19 miles, Wyndham.

From Ostermouth, 10 miles, Barber.
—— Swansea, 8 miles, Evans.

LLOUGHOR, [in Welsh Llwchwr] the Leucarum of Antoninus and the 5th roman station on the Via Julia, is now a poor village; but still exhibiting the ruined keep of it's castle, on a raised mount surrounded by a moat. From this place there is a ford to the opposite shore. But this undertaking is not always safe, from the hollows which are sometimes formed by vessels at low water. This small village is situated upon a tide river of the same name, which divides the counties of Glamorgan and Caermarthen.

The road to LLANELLY lies through a region of collieries, and is very indifferent. About half way between the ford and this town, stands *Capel Ddewy*, a small ruin, picturesquely accompanied by a yew-tree; and near it the remains of some deserted furnaces.

To Llanelly, 5 miles, Barber; Evans.

* * *

From Bishop's Castle, 19 miles.

LUDLOW, is a market town much noted on account of it's ancient celebrity, situated upon a subordinate summit, in a luxuriant district, on the southern edge of Shropshire. Most of the streets are wide, and well paved, lying in diverging and inclined directions from the highest and central part of the town. Churchyard, who wrote during the reign of Elizabeth, remarks of this place,

> "The town doth stand most part upon an hill,
> built well and fayre, with streates both large and wide:
> the houses such, where straungers lodge at will.
> As long as there the councell lists abide,
> both fine and clean the streates are all throughout,
> with condits cleere, & wholesome water springs:
> and who that lists to walke the towne about,
> shall find therein some rare and pleasant things;
> but chiefly there the ayre so sweete you have,
> as in no place ye can no better crave."

No historic records supply any account of this town, prior to the building of the castle, with the history of which it is intimately connected. It was incorporated originally by Edward 4, and is at present governed by a recorder, 2 bailiffs, 2 justices, 12 aldermen, 25 common council men, town-clerk, coroner, and other inferior officers. The election of the bailiffs is attended with considerable magnificence. A day of feasting and conviviality soon afterwards takes place, succeeded by balls in honour of the bailiffs, supported with uncommon splendour and expense, to which are invited a numerous and select company of the nobility, gentry, and tradespeople; who here admix in the nimble dance without distinction of rank. Ludlow sends 2 members to parliament, elected by the common burgesses. The principal trade of the town consists in the manufactory of gloves, in which a considerable number of persons are employed; it has however been often remarked, by travellers, to contain an unusual number of malsters. The town and neighbourhood is much inhabited by families of independent fortune, who are attracted thither from distant parts, probably by the pleasantness and healthy situation of the place. The town affords two banks. The Castle of Ludlow still merits the epithet of "nobile," given it by Giraldus; seated upon a bold wooded rock, upon the NW. angle of the town, at the foot of which runs the Teme. It presents a commanding and imposing object in the approach from the vale below. On the W. rises the lofty hill of *Whitecliff*. According to Camden, this castle bore the name of Dinan and Llystwysoc, or the Prince's palace. It is strongly surrounded by walls of great height and thickness, and fortified with round and square towers at irregular distances. The interior apartments were defended on one side by a deep ditch cut out of the rock; on the other by an abrupt precipice overlooking the vale of Corve. The castle was divided into two separate parts; the castle, properly speaking, in which were the palace and lodgings; and the outworks called the Barbican. The outworks took in a large compass of ground, including the court of judicature and records, stables and other offices, gardens, and bowling-green. In front of the castle a spacious plain extended 2 miles. It's walls, by some, are said to have been one mile in compass, but Leland in this dimension includes those of the town. In 1772 a public walk round the castle was laid out and planted with beeches at the expense of the countess of Powis, which have now attained a considerable size. The walks are formed entirely round the castle, and are resorted to as a fashionable promenade. On the side opposite the town are seen various meanderings of the Teme, Oakley Park, the celebrated Caer Caradoc, and the Clee-hill. The original formation of this structure has generally been attributed to Roger de Montgomery, earl of Shrewsbury, who came into England with the Conqueror. The date of it's erection is fixed by mr. Warton to the year 1112. Others say it was erected before the conquest, by Edric Sylvaticus, earl of Shrewsbury, whom Roger de Montgomery was sent into the Marches of Wales to subdue, and with whose estates he was rewarded by the Conqueror. Hugh, the son of Roger de Montgomery died in the prime of life. The grandson, Robert de Belesme, earl of Shrewsbury, having joined the party of Robert duke of Normandy against Henry 1, the castle was forfeited to the crown. Becoming thus a princely residence, it was guarded by a numerous garrison. After the accession of Stephen, the governor, Gervase Paganelle, having betrayed his trust, in joining the empress Maud, Stephen besieged it, in which attack some writers say he succeeded, and others, that he failed. The most prevailing opinion is, that Paganelle, repenting, wished to obtain the king's forgiveness, and offered to capitulate; to which Stephen readily acceded A. D. 1239. About the year 1176, Henry the 2d presented it, with the dale of Corve, to Falke Fitz-Warine, or de Dinan, to whom succeeded Jocelin de Dinan. Between the latter and Hugh de Mortimer, lord of Wigmore, terrible dissentions arose. It happened, however, that Mortimer in roving about Whitecliff-heath, was surprised and seized. He was conducted to Ludlow Castle, and confined in one of the towers, which to this day is called Mortimer's-tower; whence he was not liberated till an immense ransome was paid. [This tower is now occupied as a mug-house, the ancient windows of which have been supplied with modern enlarged square ones, stuck in without order, obtruding on every beholder a glaring effigy of depraved taste. If the proprietor would allow it, a small subscription of the inhabitants might speedily rescue this venerable tower from the gross barbarism of reform, by substituting windows adapted to the prevailing architecture of the building. The side of this tower facing the town exhibits no windows, but has been adapted to a Fives'-court.] The castle was again attached to the crown in the 8th year of king John, who presented it to Philip de Albina, from whom it descended to the Lacies of Ireland; Walter de Lacy, the last of the family, died without issue, and bequeathed it to his grand-daughter Maud, the wife of Peter de Geneva, or Jeneville a Poictevin of the house of Lorrain, from whose posterity it passed by a daughter of the Mortimers, and from them became hereditary to the crown. In the reign of Henry 3, it was seized by Simon de Montford earl of Leicester, the aspiring leader of the confederated barons, who, about the year 1263 took possession of all the royal castles and fortresses. During the next two centuries scarcely any thing is recorded of this castle. In the 15th year of Henry 6, it was in possession of Richard duke of York, who drew up an affected declaration of allegiance to the king, pretending that his army of 10,000 men was for the purpose of promoting the public welfare. The event of a commotion between the royalists and yorkists, which was the defeat of Richard's perfidious attempt, is well known. The castle of Ludlow was then plundered, the troops seizing on every thing of value. The king sent hither the dutchess of York, with her two younger sons, to be kept in ward, accompanied by her sister the dutchess of Buckingham. The castle was next put into the possessiou of Edward duke of York, afterwards (king Edward the 4th,) who then resided at the castle of Wigmore. On his accession to the throne he repaired the castle, and made it the court of his son, the prince of Wales. On the death of Edward, his eldest son was here proclaimed king, by the name of Edward 5th. The young monarch and his brother were, however, soon sent for from the castle, by their hypocritical uncle, the tyrant Richard; who soon disposed of these innocent obstacles to his ambition, by foul and unnatural murder. In the reign of Henry 7, his eldest son, Arthur prince of Wales, inhabited the castle, and married Catharine of Arragon. To this event soon succeeded the untimely and lamented death of that accomplished prince. He died in Ludlow Castle, April 2, 1502. His body, according to Speed, was buried in the cathedral at Worcester, in the S. isle of the choir, without any inscription. Tradition says that his bowels were deposited in the chancel of Ludlow church, and that his heart, contained in a leaden box, was taken up some time ago. This account derives some credit from the following narration, which is given in Hodges's "History of Ludlow Castle." "On opening a grave in the chancel, some years ago, a leaden box was taken up and sold by the gravedigger to Robert Pitt, a plumber. This circumstance reaching the hearing of the then rector, mr. Fenton, the box and it's contents were repurchased and restored unopened to their former situation." Katherine of Arragon, the widow of prince Arthur, was married by his brother Henry 8, but afterwards divorced, and died at Kimbolton in Huntingdonshire, Jan. 29, 1536. The castle was long the palace of the prince of Wales, and was also the habitation of his deputies, the lords presidents of Wales, who held in it the court of the Marches. Sir Henry Sidney, who was made lord president of the marches in Wales, in 1564, repaired it, being then, according to Powell, in much decay. He died at the bishop's palace in Worcester, A. D. 1586, and was conveyed thence to his house at Penshurst in Kent, where he was interred. But previous to this his bowels were buried in the dean's chapel in the cathedral church of Worcester; and his heart was brought to Ludlow and deposited in the same tomb with his dearly beloved daughter Ambrosia, within the little oratory which he had made in the church. A leaden urn, said to be the same which contained his heart, was lately in the possession of Edward Coleman, esq. of Leominster: it was about 6 inches deep, and 5 inches in diameter at the top. The following inscription was upon it.

HERLITH THE HARTE OF
SYR HENRYE SIDNY, L. P.
ANNO DOMINI 1586.

A print of this urn is given in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxiv, p. 785. But in what manner it was conveyed from the tomb of Ambrosia in Ludlow church into the possession of mr. Coleman, the compiler cannot learn. In 1616, the creation of prince Charles, (afterwards king Charles the 1st.) to the principality of Wales, and earldom of Chester, was celebrated at the castle with great magnificence. It became next distinguished by the representation of *Comus* in 1634, when the earl of Bridgewater was lord President. Afterwards, Charles the 1st, going to pay a visit at Powis Castle, was here splendidly received and entertained. But "pomp and feast, and revelry, with mask, and antique pageantry" were soon succeeded in Ludlow Castle by the din of arms. During the usurpation of Cromwell it was garrisoned in behalf of the king. In the summer of 1645, a force of nearly 2000 horse and foot, collected from the garrisons of Ludlow, Hereford, Worcester, and Monmouth, were defeated by the parliamentary army, near Ludlow; and the castle was surrendered on the 9th of June 1646. The court of the Marches was abolished, and the lords presidents were discontinued in 1688. From this period may be reckoned the decay of the castle. No longer guarded by even a steward, it fell into neglect; and the inhabitants lived upon the spoils of it's curious and valuable ornaments. It's admirable courts, it's royal apartments, halls, state rooms, all were stripped, ransacked, and plundered. [Tour through Great Britain, quoted by Grose.] While the principality court existed, Butler enjoyed the lucrative post of Steward; his leisure hours were passed in a room over the gateway of the Castle, where the first part of "Hudibras" was written. In Buck's Antiquities, published in 1774, which probably remained long in use, it is asserted that "many of the royal apartments were entire; the sword, the velvet hangings, and some furniture were preserved." Gough, who wrote about the same time, represents the Chapel (which is a circular building standing about the middle of the inner court) as having abundance of coats of arms upon the pannels, and the hall decorated with similar ornaments, and with lances, spears, firelocks, and old armour. The singular form, and ancient saxon decorations of this chapel deserve attention. Churchyard says,

"In it besides (the works are here unnam'd)
a chappell is, most trim and costly sure,
so bravely wrought, so fayre and finely fram'd
that to worlds end, the beautie may endure.
About the same, are armes in colours sitch,
as fewe can shewe, in any soyle or place;
a great device, a worke most rare and ritch,
which truely shewes, the armes, the blood & race
of sondrie kings, but chiefly noble men,
that here in prose, I will set out with pen.

Sir Walter Lacie was first owner of Ludloe castle, whose armes are there, and so follows the rest by order as you may reade." A list is then given by this author of the ancient lords of the castle, and lords presidents of the marches, whose arms were in the chapel. Their number amounts to 44. He then concludes his account of the castle in the following words. "Now it is to be rehearsed, that sir Harry Sidney being lord President buylt 12 roumes in the sayd castle, which goodly buildings doth shewe a great beautie to the same. He made also a goodly wardrobe underneath the new parlor, and repayred an old tower, called Mortymer's tower, to keepe the auncient records in the same: and he repayred a fayre roume under the court house, to the same entent and purpose, and made a great wall about the woodyard, and built a most brave condit within the inner court: and all the pewe buildings over the gate, sir Harry Sidney (in his daies and governement there) made and set out to the honour of the queene and glorie of the castle. There are in a goodly or stately place set out my lord earl of Warwick's armes, the earle of Darbie, the earle of Worcester, the earle of Pembroke and sir Harry Sidneys armes in like maner; all these stand on the left hand of the chamber. On the other side are the armes of Northwales and Southwales, two red lyons, and two golden lyons, prince Arthurs. At the end of the dyning chamber, there is a pretty device how the hedgehog brake the chayne, and came from Ireland to Ludloe. There is in the hall a great grate of iron of a huge height." Over several of the stable doors still remain the arms of Elizabeth and the earl of Pembroke. Over the inner gate of the castle, are the arms of the Sidney family, very entire, with the following inscription.

HOMINIBUS INGRATIS LOQVIMINI
LAPIDES. ANNO REGNI REGINÆ
ELIZABETHÆ, 23. THE 28 YEAR
COPLET OF THE PRESIDENCY
OF SIR HENRI SIDNEY, KNIGHT
OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE
GARTER, ET. C. 1581.

Mr. H. J. Todd, in his very learned edition of Comus, says, "A gentleman who visited the castle in 1768, has acquainted me, that the floors of the great Council Chamber, were then pretty entire, as was the stair case. The covered steps leading to the Chapel were remaining, but the covering of the chapel was fallen: yet the arms of some of the lords presidents, painted upon the walls, were visible. In the great council chamber was inscribed upon the wall a passage from 1 Sam. xiii, 3. Tradition says that Comus was performed in this room. Two elder trees of large growth, stand in the hall. From the valuable collections of the same gentleman, mr. Todd was favoured with several curious extracts relating to the early history of the castle, and it's connexion with the Marches. The Welsh not being wholly conquered, but only driven into the mountainous parts, whence they made frequent incursions upon the bordering inhabitants; occasioned this and many other castles to be built for the defence of the country, about the time of the norman conquest, whence the possessors sallied out and exceedingly molested the Welsh.

When the title of Mercia was extinguished in the monarchy of the whole isle, the name was still retained in the counties bordering upon Wales and Scotland, from the saxon word mearc, signifying a note or mark, and, by way of common speaking, at last applied to boundaries of counties. Hence originated the title of *lords Marchers*, who procured seignorities by the nature of their conquests, being authorized herein by the king. For the kings of England, perceiving the difficulty of effecting the conquest of Wales, offered to several of the nobility and gentry the grant of such districts as they could secure. Their heirs were also permitted to hold the lands thus conquered, freely per baronism, with the exercise of royal jurisdiction. They were therefore styled Lords or Barons Marches. But this title was inherited by assumption and permission, not by grant; hence the tenure of these conquered lands were precarious, as they were frequently seized again by the Welsh. These disputes occasioned implacable hostilities, until the abolition of the regal jurisdiction in the Lords Marches. Henry 7, a native of Pembroke, being much attached to the prosperity of Wales, effected in part what his son Henry 8 completed, the junction of these lordships with the property of the crown and the incorporation of Wales with England. [More enlarged accounts of the history of Ludlow may be found in Leland: in Churchyard; in Todd's edition of Comus; in the Ludlow Guide, sold by H. Procter; and in Hodges's Historical Account of Ludlow Castle, sold by W. Felton.]

ODE TO LUDLOW CASTLE.

Proud pile, that rear'st thy hoary head,
in ruin vast, in silence dread,
o'er Teme's luxuriant vale,
thy moss-grown halls, thy precincts drear,
to musing Fancy's pensive ear
unfold a varied tale.

When terror stalk'd the prostrate land
with savage Cambria's ruthless band,
beneath thy frowning shade,
mixed with the grazers of the plain,

the plundered, helpless peasant train,
in sacred ward were laid.

From yon high tower the archer drew
with steady hand the stubborn yew,
while, fierce in martial state,
the mailed host in long array,
with crested helms and banners gay,
burst from the thundering gate.

In happier times, how brightly blazed
the hearth with ponderous billets raised,
how rung the vaulted halls,
when smoak'd the feast, when care was drown'd,
when songs and social glee went round,
where now the ivy crawls.

'T is past! the marcher's princely court,
the strength of war, the gay resort,
in mouldering silence sleeps;
and o'er the solitary scene,
while Nature hangs her garlands green,
neglected Memory weeps.

The muse too weeps: in hallowed hour
here sacred Milton own'd her power,
and woke to nobler song;
the wizard's baffled wiles essayed,
here first the pure angelic maid
subdued th' enraptured throng.

But see! beneath yon shattered roof
what mouldy cavern, sun-beam proof,
with mouth infectious yawns!
O! sight of dread! O! ruthless doom!
on that deep dungeon's solid gloom
nor hope nor day-light dawns.

Yet there, at midnight's sleepless hour,
while boisterous revels shook the tower,
bedewed with damps forlorn,
the warrior captive pressed the stones,
and lonely breathed unheeded moans,
despairing of the morn.

That too is past; unsparing Time,
stern miner of the tower sublime,
it's night of ages broke,
freedom and peace with radiant smile
now carol o'er the dungeon vile
that cumb'rous ruins choak.

Proud relic of the mighty dead!
be mine with shuddering awe to tread
thy roofless, weedy hall,
and mark with Fancy's kindling eye,
the steel-clad ages gliding by
thy feudal pomp recall.

Peace to thy stern heroic age!
no stroke of wild unhallowed rage
assail thy tottering form!
we love, when smiles returning day,
in cloudy distance to survey
the remnant of the storm.

From the "Athenæum," vol. 2.

The Church is a large cruciform structure, placed upon the highest part of the elevated ground forming the centre of the town. The high tower, is a very prominent object in every approach. The upper part of it was highly ornamented with statues of saints, &c. but, proving obnoxious to the officers of Cromwell's army, they were mutilated or destroyed. On entering the church, six light gothic fluted arches appear on each side; 4 similar ones of massy dimensions, support the tower. The excellent organ cost 1000l. and was presented by the late George Edward Henry Arthur, earl of Powis. Under the organ gallery is the entrance to the chancel, which is now only used for the administration of the sacrament. This part is finished in the cathedral style, with 13 stalls on each side, the seats of which all turn back, exhibiting specimens of uncouth devices. Some of the glass painted windows are in good preservation; that over the altar-piece represents the history of St. Laurence, (to whom the church is dedicated) in 56 compartments. These designs do not however appear to have possessed much merit, and they have been injured by the broken panes being supplied by common glass. In the wall, near the altar, are two stone stalls, with a piscina opposite. In the chancel are also the following monuments. To the memory of Robert Townsend and his wife, with figures of their children round the bottom; above, are the arms of the family, bearing date 1581. To Theophilus Salwey, esq. 1760. To Ambrosia Sidney, (daughter to Sir Henry Sidney, Lord President) who died in Ludlow castle in the year 1564. To Lady Eure, 1612. To Edward Wates and his wife, kneeling opposite to each other. To Edmund Walter, esq. chief-justice of three shires in S. Wales, &c. and to his wife, daughter of Thomas Hackluit of Eyton, esq. But none of these monuments are remarkable for elegance or beauty. In a chapel to the left of the chancel are three painted windows, containing 18 compartments; the subjects taken from the lives of the Apostles; with a rosary. In this chapel is an elegant marble tomb to Sir Thomas Bridgeman, sergeant at law. Somewhere in the church is enterred Sir John Bridgeman, the last president but one of the council of the marches of N. Wales, who resided at Ludlow castle. Being extremely rigid in punishing trifling crimes, he imprisoned a person named Ralph Gittins, who was bellman of the town. Sir

John soon after died; and in pure, gratitude for his kindness, Ralph honoured the knight with the following laconic epitaph.

"Here lies sir John Bridgeman, clad in his clay,
God said to the Devil, sirrah, take him away."

The opposite corresponding chapel contains the royal arms of Charles, and several old iron armory. The church and it's contingencies form a rectory in the king's gift amounting to 200*l* a year. This establishment also supports a reader. It is in the bishopric of Hereford and the archdeacon's courts are held here. According to Leland, there was formerly a church of St. John, standing without the Broad-gate, which had a college with a dean and fellows. Another college was situated towards the bottom of Corve-street, founded by William de Ludlow, knight, and lord of Stoke-Castle, of which some trifling remains yet appear. Stukeley mentions a rich Priory out of the town on the N. side. There were evidently other religious houses and monasteries in Ludlow and it's vicinity. Part of one is still remaining with a chapel, contiguous to the north western part of the castle. Adjoining the church-yard is an Alms-House, containing 33 comfortable apartments for aged widows and widowers; founded by mr. John Hosier, a merchant, in the year 1486. It was rebuilt by the corporation in the year 1758. Immediately on the W. of the church, is a range of building, with a court and gate-way, once used as a College, and still retains the name. It was probably attached to the church, which was once collegiate. Other Alms-Houses in separate cottages, with a little garden to each, are situated nearly at the bottom of Corve-street, built in the year 1590. The Cross is a handsome stone building, placed at the top of Broad-street, nearly in the centre of the town. The rooms over it are appropriated to a public school, supported by voluntary subscription, for 30 poor boys and 15 poor girls, who are clothed and supplied with books. The boys, at a certain age, are apprenticed, with a small premium. The Market-House, is in the middle of Castle-street, the lower compartment of which is open, and serves for a corn-market; the rooms above, supported by arched walls, are used for meetings of the members of the corporation, bailiffs' balls, subscription assemblies, &c. The Guild-Hall is an elegant modern building, situated in Mill-street, used for the quarter-sessions, &c. The Grammar School, in Mill-street, was founded by Edward 4. Besides a regular classical education and preparation for the university, the French and Italian languages, and other accomplishments are taught by proper masters. There are also two respectable private boarding-schools for young ladies. The Theatre, situated also in Mill-street, is small and it's exterior inelegant; yet within it is commodious and neat. The Worcester company perform every year during the race week, and once in three years make a stay of about *two* months. The Prison is *called* Goalford's Tower, from being erected in 1764, upon the site of a tower so called. The town was formerly surrounded by a wall, parts of which may yet be seen in various places; and seven gates. Of these one gate-way only remains at the bottom of Broad-street.

Of the literary establishments of Ludlow, little can be said; yet a Subscription Library, was instituted in January 1807, a room appropriated, and a librarian appointed; which, tho' slenderly encouraged at first, under judicious management, promises to be successful and permanent. There is also a Reading Society consisting of about 30 members, who purchase books, for temporary use, and dispose of them the beginning of June in every year. The Race Course, called Old Field, lies at the distance of 2 miles, on the road to Coalbrook-Dale, which is also resorted to for airings, on horseback, in curricles, &c. Besides the fashionable promenade round the castle, and the public walk called Hackluit's Close, the *Whitecliff*, opposite the castle, is much resorted too in fine weather. This eminence commands many, various, and striking views. The ancient Whitsun Sports are still kept up in a remote part of the town called Old-gate's Fee, where two lofty may-poles are annually hung from their tops to within 12 feet from the ground, with garlands of various coloured paper, disposed with great labour and ingenuity.

Two miles NW. of Ludlow is *Oakley-Park*, the elegant seat of Dowager Lady Clive. The house is charmingly situated upon the banks of the Teme; the contiguous park contains some fine old Oaks. The principal part of the mansion is of modern construction; which is well furnished, and contains some good pictures, particularly one by Wenix, upwards of 15 feet by 8. This district formed part of the forest which Milton, in his mask, supposes to have been the rendezvous of Comus and his rout; but a comparatively small portion of the wood now remains.

At the picturesque village of *Bromfield* or Brumfield, immediately adjoining the mansion of *Oakley-park*, there was formerly a Priory of benedictine monks. A gateway and fragments of some inner walls near the church, are all that remain of it. Of this place, Leland thus expresseth himself. "There was a priory or cell of monkes at Bromfeild; longging to Gloucester abbey. There were sometimes prebendaries. Giffard gave it to Gloucester abbey. This house stood betwixt Oney and Temde. Temde runneth nearest to the house itselfe. It standeth on the left ripe of it. Oney runneth by the bank syde of the orchard by the house, touching it with his right ripe, and a little beneath the house is the confluence of the Oney and Temde."

About 2 miles up the current of the Teme is *Downton Castle*, the manor and seat of Richard Payne Knight esq., author of the "Landscape, a poem;" the "Progress of Civil Society;" "An analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste;" and other learned productions. Of the mansion, mr. Knight takes the following notice in the last mentioned publication. "It is now more than 30 years since the author of this enquiry ventured to build a house ornamented with what are called gothic towers and battlements without, and with grecian ceilings, columns, and entablatures within; and tho' his example has not been much followed, he has every reason to congratulate himself upon the success of the experiment; he having at once, the advantage of a picturesque object, and of an elegant and convenient dwelling; tho' less perfect in both respects than if he had executed it at a maturer age. It has, however, the advantage of being capable of receiving alterations and additions in almost every direction, without any injury to it's genuine and original character." This mansion is built with stone, and situated upon an elevated bank. It was begun in 1774 and first inhabited in 1778. The interior is fitted up with great taste and elegance. The apartments contain a few select pictures by eminent masters. The dining room occupies the entire square tower placed near the middle of the front. The ceiling rises to a dome, finished by a lanthorn, from which it is chiefly lighted. In 4 recesses are as many side boards, placed between very large pillars in pairs; in each recess is also a niche, ornamented by a statue. The Library is small, yet valuable. From the house, the opposite luxuriant wood, crowned with beautifully shaped hills, is seen to great advantage. The front commands a lawn falling rapidly into a rich valley, watered by the Teme, which flows in a wild and impetuous current over it's rocky bed. Descending to a bridge, on the right, the walks may be entered upon, through a wicket, the key of which is kept by the inhabitant of the cottage at the bridge. Passing under a rock, overhanging the path, a large cavern occurs, after which the path winds in various pleasing meanders, by the riverside, till a moss-house, furnished with seats, introduces the rambler to a beautiful spot, contiguous to objects of great attraction; as an alpine bridge and mill, overhung by a bold front of rock. The world surely can offer comparatively little besides an easy competency and such a spot as this. Proceed through a gate on the same side of the river, to a continuation of the wood, and along a path less smooth, to another bridge near a very rural and characteristic cottage. Crossing this bridge and continuing a few hundred yards up the bank on the opposite side, a grand and stupendous perpendicular rock is expanded to a great height, immediately on the right, the majestic front of which continues for a considerable space. Hence the traveller may continue his walk along rising ground to the village of *Downton*, at a short distance, consisting of 2 or 3 farm houses, remarkable for nothing but the following epitaph in the church-yard, from the classic pen of the proprietor of this domain.

"Here, mould'ring in the cold embrace of death,
what once was elegance and beauty lies;
mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
and quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes.
A prey to ling'ring malady she fell,
ere yet her form had lost it's vernal bloom.
Her virtues, Misery, oft reliev'd, may tell;
the rest, let silent Charity entomb,
nor suffer busy, unrelenting zeal

e'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue.
Let Envy turn from what it cannot feel,
and Malice rev'rence what it never knew:
but should the justice of the good and wise
condemn her faults, with judgment too severe,
let mild eyed Pity from the heart arise,
and blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

Died March 6, A. D. 1795, aged 21 years and 8 months."

In order to make this excursion agreeable, those who engage in it should either be provided with some repasts, or extend the journey to the pleasing town of *Lentwardine*, distant 3 miles from Downton, where are good accommodations. This place is situated near the confluence of the Teme and Clun, on the road leading from Ludlow to Knighton. The shortest and most pleasing road from Downton to Lentwardine is across the fields. There is no open road to the Mill in the grounds of Downton Castle, in returning from the highest bridge and cottage, except on the right side of the river; but at the mill the alpine bridge may be crossed, and the summit of the projecting high rock in front attained, by a winding path. After which, the walk conducts the explorer of these recesses, either to the mansion, by keeping to the left; or to the stone bridge where he entered the walk, by following closely the banks of the river. Another walk leads from the Castle to a forge, where a handsome stone bridge of one arch has been erected by mr. Knight, with battlements. Hence a return to the upper stone bridge, near the Castle, may be taken, from which there is a road leads to Ludlow, over the hills in an oblique direction, through extensive woods, into the highway from Wigmore. The scenery around Downton Castle combines a great variety, and it is all of the picturesque and unadorned kind. The tasteful owner has done little more than direct the path from which the natural beauties of the valley may be surveyed to the best advantage. These grounds are neither adorned with urns, obelisks, temples, nor inscriptions; a cave, a grot, and a bath, with benches and seats, disposed in places where you are invited to rest and examine the surrounding scenery, are almost all that can be enumerated in which the hand of art has intermeddled; yet they will not fail to surprise and inchant the lover of inartificial landscape.

Immediately adjoining the town of Ludlow, over the river Teme, which makes, in this place, the boundary between Shropshire and Herefordshire, appears *Ludford-house* the residence of mrs. Charlton, relict of N. L. Charlton, esq., situated in the village of Ludford, adjoining the Church, upon rising ground. The building presents an antique mixture of wood and plaster, with a garden and shrubbery, in front. A well here called St. Julian's was famous, in times more credulous than the present, for working wonderous cures. At the times of making the general survey called Domesday this manor made part of the possessions of Osburn, son of Richard, Lord of Richard's-Castle; it was afterwards inherited by Jordan, called Jordan de Ludford, whose daughters married Howel Vaughan, who gave or sold this manor to the Hospital of St. John the baptist, in Ludlow, with the messuage called St, Giles's-house, in Ludford; probably that which is now the manor-house. With the dissolution of monasteries, it seems, this hospital was abandoned, and the manor disposed of by Edward 6, to John earl of Warwick, who transferred it to William Fox, in which family it continued till the year 1607, when it came into the possession of the Charltons. Of this family was sir Job Charlton, a gentleman who had the honour of frequent visits from king James when the latter resided at Ludlow Castle.

On the road TO LEOMINSTER the back part of *Ludford-house* lies close to the road; which, except a common gateway, presents the appearance of a prison, rather than a genteel residence. A plantation of Elms forms a pleasing public walk over a district of ground called Hackluit's Close, Whitecliff rising immediately on the right.

A wooded bank continues to the elegant residence of Theophilus Richard Salwey, esq., called the *Lodge*, delightfully situated upon an elevation on the right, close to the road skirted by extensive woods. From the summit of the contiguous mountain, called *Mary's knoll*, or Marinoll, is an extensive view of the country round. The house, a modern erection, designed by mr. Symonds of Hereford, presents a fanciful but very elegant and light piece of architecture; and the interior is remarkably neat and well finished. At the distance of a mile to the right is the *Hays*, a small villa, the rural country residence of the relict of the late John Salwey, esq. It is placed upon a lofty summit, surrounded by an extensive park and thick woods. On the left is the *Moor*, the residence of Richard Salwey, esq., surrounded with a park containing an intermixture of plantations and water. These grounds command some interesting distant prospects. In the 16th century this estate belonged to the family of the Lytteltons. About 3 miles from Ludlow, is *Batchcot*, the residence of the Rev. R. F. Halifax, rector of the parish Church of Richard's Castle, placed very advantageously upon rising ground. The Church is a fine old structure, in which are some good specimens of painted glass.

Richard's Castle was built before the conquest, probably by Richard Scrope, in the time of Edward the Confessor. [Dugd. Bar. v. i. p. 453.] At the period of the Domesday survey, it was held by Osborne Fitz-Richard, whose grandson assumed the name of Say, and was killed in Wales in the reign of Richard 1. Margaret, his grandaughter, conveyed it in marriage to Robert de Mortimer, from which family, by an heiress also, it passed to the Talbots, who possessed it till the time of Richard 2. Leland, who lived in the reign of Henry 8, says, "Richards Castle standeth on the toppe of a very rocky hill; and at the w. end of the paroche church ther, the keep, the walles, and the towers of it stand, but going to ruine: ther is a park impaled, and welle wooded, but no deer." [Itin. v. iv. p. 178.] Edward 6 granted the manors of Richard's Castle, &c. to Nicholas, bishop of Worcester, and his heirs. In the 15th century T. Bradshaw was possessor, by a long lease from the bishop, and married the daughter of Arthur Salwey, esq., by whom he had an issue of 20 children. The grandson of this gentleman sold the lease of the manor to Richard Salwey, esq. in which family this estate still continues. Upon the declivity of the eminence contiguous to the castle, a body of royalists amounting to nearly 2000 horse and foot, under the command of sir Thomas Lundesford, were surprised, in the year 1645, by a force far inferior, headed by colonel Birch; and were dispersed with much slaughter. The interior of the castle is now a cultivated field: some part of the keep and walls, however, still remain. The contiguous village was anciently called Gayton or Boytanc, but now bears the name of the castle. It was once a town of considerable importance till the time of Henry 2, when it began to decay. The Mortimers exerted themselves in it's support, procuring a charter for a market and fair from king John, but after the reign of Henry 3, it became neglected, and at present consists only of a few farm houses. The market and fair has been long since discontinued. A place near the castle is still called the "Toll-shop-green." "Beneath this castle," says Camden, "Nature hath brought forth a pretty well, which is always full of little fish bones, or, as some think, of small frog bones, altho' they be from time to time drawn quite out of it, whence it is called *Bone-well*." These bones are, however, now rarely found, and that only in the spring. It has been imagined that frogs propagate in the clefts of the rock adjoining to this well, whence, descending into the water, it's coldness destroys them, and that, after the flesh has been wasted, the bones are brought out by the water. ANOTHER ROAD TO LEOMINSTER passes the front of *Ludford-house*; and at the distance of 2 miles occurs the village of *Ashford*, parted in two by the river Teme. The houses of Mrs. Yate Sprott, Jonathan Green, esq. and Mrs. Richard Green, are charmingly situated upon the banks of the river. Towards the w. is *Ashford-house*, the residence of George Crawford Ricketts, esq. The building is large, the situation commanding, and the plantations elegantly disposed. To the N. of Ashford is an excellent mineral Spring called *Saltmore Well*; but so triflingly supported as to be marked only by a mean small building. The neighbouring scenery is however of the most gratifying kind. The water is said to taste very much like that of Spa, but weaker and less sulphureous.

Between the 6th and 7th mile is situated the manor of *Orleton*, which was given by the Conqueror to Ranulph Mortimer, whose descendent, Edward 4, held it distinct from the crown lands: After Edward's death this manor was annexed to the crown, and was granted by James 1, to George Hopton; from him it passed through several Families to the Blounts, of which family was *Thomas Blount*, esq., author of the "Fragmenta Antiquitatis, or Ancient Ten-uses and Customs of some Manors," republished by mr. Josiah Beckwith, in 1784. He wrote also other works, and made 2 folio volumes of MS. collections for a History of Herefordshire. He died December 1679, and was buried in Orleton church. Adam de Orleton successively bishop of Hereford, Worcester, and Winchester, in the reigns of Edward 2 and 3, was native of this place.

Four miles and a half on the road to WIGMORE occurs the residence of Thomas Andrew Knight, esq. at *Elton*, the ingenious author of "A Treatise on the Culture of the Apple and Pear, and on the Manufacture of Cider and Perry," also of several communications to the president of the Royal Society, on the principles of vegetation.

Five miles on the road to Bishop's Castle, is a modern large building, placed in a very pleasing but naked situation, called the *Moor*, the residence of William Walcot, esq.

On the road to Cleobury Mortimer, 2 miles, on the right, occurs *Henley Hall*, a large brick building, the residence of Miss E. Knight. On the southern front extends a large well timbered park. There are considerable walks and plantations near the house. The Ledwich brook forms in the grounds a pleasing course and fall. Two miles further occurs the village of *Bitterley*, containing little of note except a well-established School. Not far distant is *Bitterley Church, and Court*. The latter is the residence of the rev. John Walcot, charmingly situated upon rising ground at the foot of the Clee hill, surrounded by some pleasure ground, finely slanting fields, and flourishing plantations: but the abrupt and glaring white-wash, which covers the house and contiguous church, entirely destroys the harmony of the picture. The *Clee-hill*, rising on the E. side of Bitterley Court, is a grand and prominent object; upon the summit of which are the ruins of a roman encampment. It's extreme point, called the Titterstone, has been judged, by several travellers of distinction to bear a volcanic character. This part affords a very extensive prospect on every side. The interior of this mountain supplies an abundance of coal and iron-stone.

At the distance of 3 miles, upon another road to Cleobury Mortimer, at the scattered village of *Caynham*, is the mansion of *Caynham-Court*, the occasional residence of the rev. William Calcott. It is a neat building, situated in a very pleasing district, and surrounded by well disposed plantations, shrubberies, and walks. In front are fine undulating and wooded grounds, closed in by Mary's-knoll and other hills. The Clee-Hill, at a distance, forms a very fine back ground. Upon a conspicuous summit to the W, is the site of an ancient castle; which has been noticed by Leland in the following words. "Kainsham or Kensham Castle, clene down, stood within two miles of Ludlo, on a hilltop." vii, 33. "It belonged," says Cambden, "to the Mortimers and the church to Wigmore Abbey". Two fields on the eastern side are *still* called the Castle fields; and immediately below is another, in which a deep and wide intrenchment occupies the principal part. The traditionary accounts of old people say, that the latter was a depository for horses and military stores, during the seige of Ludlow Castle by Cromwell. Round the site of *Caynham Castle* is a vallum, the area of which, consisting of 6 or 7 acres, is of a roundish oblong figure, dipping into a hollow at each end and high in the middle. The vallum or bank is covered with trees and underwood, through which the present worthy proprietor preserves a path, with benches: opposite to these are openings, commanding most delightful prospects, not only of the local beauties of the neighbourhood of Ludlow, but of the Malvern hills, the Black mountains in Brecknockshire, and other distant objects.

The road TO KNIGHTON lies upon that to Shrewsbury for three miles. Pass over a handsome stone bridge, across the Corve. At the distance of a mile turn to the left, leaving the race-course, called Old Field, at a short distance on the right. In the retrospect, appears the town of Ludlow, with it's noble castle, and stately church. On approaching the village of Bromfield [see page 377] observe on the left the back part of the beautiful seat of lady dowager Clive, at *Oakley Park*, on a well-wooded eminence above the river Teme. Soon after passing the village, turn to the left. Between the 5th and 6th miles, on the lower ground, is *Downton Castle*. At the termination of the 9th mile occurs the Town of *Lentwardine*, situated upon the banks of the Teme. This is a fashionable fishing place, to which company resort from very distant parts. The fish is said to be very abundant in the adjoining streams, particularly Grayling. The town is small, inelegant, and without pavement, consisting principally of one long-street; but the premises at the principal inn, stationed near the bridge, are detached, clean, and charmingly situated. The Church is large, and formerly much remarked on account of it's painted glass, many fine pieces of which yet remain. About the 12th mile is *Brampton-Brian*, an ancient lordship of the family of Brian de Brampton, who resided here from about the time of Henry I, but which became extinct by intermarriages in the reign of Edward I, when Margaret, a co-heiress, conveyed this estate in marriage to Robert de Harley; whose descendent, the earl of Oxford, is still owner. The Castle, which was erected at an early period, became the principal seat of the Harleys, till the time of the civil wars, in the reign of Charles I, when it was twice besieged by the king's forces, and, at length, burnt, and dilapidated. The ruins consist chiefly of some fragments of walls, and an entrance gateway, flanked by two round towers, occupying a low situation, about 100 yards N. from the church. A curious chimney, rising like a turret above the curtain, and a staircase, are tolerably perfect, but the interior parts are quite destroyed. The church was greatly damaged during the siege of the castle; the body of it was afterwards badly repaired; the tower is a pile of ruins. In the S. wall is an altar tomb, green with moss, on which lies the mutilated effigies of a lady unknown. Above this is a large marble tablet, in memory of Robert Harley, first earl of Oxford. Upon another plain tablet is recorded the name of Sarah, daughter of Thomas Foley, esq. and wife to Edward Harley, esq. the earl's younger brother. In a space called the "Wilderness," near the church and castle, are some uncommonly large and flourishing trees. On the W. from the church is a respectable brick mansion belonging to the Harleys; and still further to the W. a Park, nearly 6 miles in circumference. There is a NEARER ROAD to Knighton through Burrington.

To BISHOP'S CASTLE pursue the road as described to Knighton, as far as Bromfield; then proceed for about 2 miles with the river Oney running at a little distance on the right, through well cultivated ground, afterwards cross the river by a bridge, at the rural village of *Oneybury*, to pursue it's course on the left. Soon after see *Stoke Castle*, on the left, situated among fields, between two considerable summits: that above the castle is well wooded. From it's slender construction this castle seems to have been originally intended rather as a genteel residence than a place of defence. Some parts of the building are used as outhousing to the contiguous farm-house; the rest is much delapidated. A curious gate-house, constructed of wooden frame work, with curious carvings, leads to the door of a large and lofty hall, which is at present destitute of any remains of a fire-place. The windows are of the gothic construction. At the end of this part of the edifice is an octagonal tower, with winding stairs. The Castle is moated round. It is the property of lord Craven, who has extensive estates in this part of the country. The farm around this place is of great extent, where some of the modern improvements in agriculture have been adopted. A threshing machine, put in motion by water, is an excellent appendage at which four men will thresh and clean out one hundred bushels of wheat in 8 hours. The land in this neighbourhood is a good sandy loam, letting at an average of one guinea an acre. Passing the village of *Newton-Whettleston*, an excellent inn, lately built at the expense of lord Craven, is stationed at two branches of the road; that on the left leads to Bishops-Castle, the other to the right to Shrewsbury. The Inn designated by the Craven-Arms, is situated in a very pleasant district, and affords a post-chaise and horses, with the best accommodations. Passing through *Basford*, make an interesting deviation to the left through *Walcot-Park*, the delightful domain and principal residence of lord Clive, before he became heir to the Powis estates and received the title of the earl of Powis. Spreading woods and plantations clothe the adjacent hills; the park is extensive, containing many hundreds of acres, charmingly diversified and stocked with deer. The mansion stands upon a moderate elevation, formed of brick, with stone corners, and a doric portico in front. A fine sheet of water is seen to advantage on the right, in approaching the house.

To Leominster. 2 miles to Overton; 2 Bilberry; 1½ Portway; 3¼ Lusten; on the left, 1 mile, Berrington, hon. Rodney Harley; 2½ Leominster; in all 11 miles.
— Knighton, 17 miles.
— Bishops Castle, 19 miles.
— Shrewsbury, 29 miles.

* * *

From Dolgelley, 15 miles, Bingley.
—— Mallwyd, 12 miles, Aikin.
—— Pont y Monach, 20 miles, Warner.
—— Aberystwith, 25 miles, Warners's 2d walk.
—— Aberystwith, 18 miles, Wyndham.
—— Llanbadern Vawr 16 miles; then to and from Towyn, 24 miles, Skrine.

MACHYNLLAETH, beautifully situated upon the western edge of Montgomeryshire is an ancient well built town, of a moderate size, and superior to most in N. Wales in cleanliness and respectability. It is the centre of the woollen manufactory in this part of the country, where also some tanning business is carried on. The name of this town signifies, the place near the river Cynllaeth which was the ancient name of Dyfi or Dovey, in the valley of which it stands. It is the supposed Maglona of the Romans, where, in the reign of Honorius, a lieutenant was stationed to awe the mountaineers. Upon the highest part of the hill was the main fort, built in a quadrangular form, and encompassed with a strong wall and broad ditch, of an oval form, excepting that towards the valley, where it extended in a direct line. On the outside of the river the foundations of many houses yet remain, and upon a low mount there stood a small fort, supposed to consist of bricks, from such as have been found at the spot. The out walls were, however, built of a rough hard stone, from Tal-y-gareg, distant 7 miles. From this site of the fort is a broad road of pebbles, and larger stones, continued in straight lines through meadows and marshy grounds, for 200 yards, to the water side; the breadth is 12 yards. This fort is supposed to have been destroyed previous to the building of *Pen-yr-allt* church, as bricks are mixed with the stone of that building. Some silver *coins* of Augustus and Tiberius have been found near the main fort. In the town is an old building formed of the thin slaty stone of the country, to which *Owen Glyndwr* summoned the nobility and gentry of Wales in 1402. Among the number, *sir David Gam* attended, with the design of murdering Glyndwr, but the plot was discovered and sir David seized. He would have suffered instantaneous death, had not some powerful friends interfered, through whose intercession his sentence was mitigated to confinement at Machynllaeth, where he continued some time. At length Owen liberated him on condition that he would remain quiet. But sir David was scarcely set at liberty ere he began to manifest a turbulent disposition; which so much exasperated Glyndwr, that he burnt his house in resentment, uttering to Gam's servant the following extemporaneous stanza.

O gwli di wr coch cam
In ymofyn y Girnigwen
Dywed ei bod hi tan y lan
a nod y glo ar ei phenn:

David, however, escaped this meditated vengeance, by flying into England where he continued in confidence at the court of Henry 5. Davydd Gam was the cotemporary and steady opponent of Owen Glyndwr, during his insurrection. In the succeeding part of the reign of Henry 5, Gam, as a captain in the english army, attended that monarch in his french expedition; and acted a signal part in the celebrated battle of Egincourt. Having been to reconnoitre the enemy, on the evening preceding the battle, he reported, that there were enow to be killed, enow to be taken prisoners, and enow to fly. However, during the heat of the battle, and just as the first line of the French was routed, the 2d line began to march up, in order to interrupt the progress of the victory. Henry perceiving this, alighted from his horse, and shewed himself at the head of his men, where he fought on foot, encouraging some, and assisting others: but in an instant eighteen French cavaliers, who were resolved to kill him or die in the attempt, rushed forth together, and, in advancing, one of them stunned him with a blow of his battle-ax. They then fell upon him in a body, when David Gam, and 2 other welshmen, came to his aid; but being overpowered, they fell at his feet, after killing 14 of the enemy. In gratitude for this signal instance of courage, the king knighted them all in the field of battle, tho' dying of their wounds! Shakespeare has described Gam in the character of

Captain Fluelin. In the august assembly called Owen's parliament, Glyndwr exerted his first acts of royalty, being acknowledged as the prince of Wales, and proclaimed and crowned. This ancient senate-house is now degraded to the purposes of a stable, and adjoins a butcher's shop. A spacious door-way, however, evinces that it's occupation has been more honourable.

The Unicorn Inn, near the centre of the town, has been found comfortable and the charges reasonable. The Eagles is accounted the principal.

Near Penallt, about two miles distant, is *Cefyn Caer* (the ridge of the city), where roman coins have been frequently found, and where there has been formerly a circular fortification of some extent.

The road towards Llanidloes, winds, for several miles, over dreary moors. About 5 miles from Machynllaeth is a lofty hill which continues on an ascent for nearly 3 miles, from the top of which is an ample view of turfy mountains and dismal wastes. Plinlimmon is visible at the distance of 4 or 5 miles on the right. The Viola lutea grows on the road side for several miles. In the flat betwixt Plinlimmon and the road is a small pool called *Glâs Llyn* (the blue lake). About halfway to Llanidloes, a mile and a half to the right, is the cataract *Frwd y Pennant* (the torrent at the head of the vale). The rock whence the water falls is nearly perpendicular. In height it is exceeded by few cataracts except Pistyll Rhaiadr. The few shrubs hanging from the rocks add to it's beauty. In passing this way there are remarkable lead mines on the right and left in sight of the road, which are said to abound with silver. Plinlimmon appears at a distance on the right. About 4 miles from Llanidloes, the appearance of the country begins to change, and the woody vales in front, with the little *Llyn yr Avange* (beaver's pool), at a distance among them, forms a pleasing scene. The descent within half a mile of Llanidloes is prepossessing and interesting, but an ungraceful large wooden bridge across the Severn, serves to break the chain of this inspiration.

On the road to Aberystwith, keeping along the banks of the Dovey, which continues the southern boundary of Merionethshire to it's mouth, a pass hrough the chain of the Plinlimmon hills is entered, which is the only north-eastern opening into the county of Caerdigan. A little further, ascending a hill on the right of the road, the tourist is presented with a view, the richest, most varied, and striking, perhaps, that can be imagined. On the northern side appears the lofty mountainous part of Merioneth, running out into the sea for some miles, bare on the summit, and it's highest peaks generally enveloped in light wreaths of mists, but cultivated towards the middle; and below, dark with woods, which half conceal 4 elegant villas. To the s. are beheld the gentle eminences and rich culture of Caerdiganshire. In front is stretched the calm lake-like expanse of the Dovey, contracted towards the sea by a rocky promontory covered with wood, advancing from Caerdiganshire, and forming in it's curve a beautiful bay. Immediately below the hill, a little to the left is the trading village of *Carreg*, with sloops at it's wharf. Under the Merionethshire mountains, at the distance of 4 or 5 miles, is the port of Aberdovey, and further, in the same direction, the broad expanse of the ocean. The village of Carreg, is next arrived at, formerly noted for it's smelting works, which are now disused; it however partakes with Aberdovey in the export trade of flannels, welsh-webs, bark, and other productions of the vale of Dovey. The tourist, quitting the river and proceeding southward, catches here and there fine views of the sea. At *Tal y bont* the views are enlivened by cascades gushing from the rocks, and overhung with oaks, beeches, birches, and the mountain ash. Beyond this place the woods give way to pastures, cornfields, and sheep-walks; and at length, descending into the *vale of Rhydiol*, presently is attained the sea-port of Aberystwith. The ruins of Ednowain ap Bradwen's house, called *Llys Bradwen*, are to be seen in the township of Cregenan. This chieftain was lord of Merionydd, and was in possession of all Tal y bont, except Nanney. He is said to have lived in Gruffudd ap Cynan's time. The ruins of his house consist of large stones, which mark the form as well as the simplicity of the habitations of the ancient Reguli of Wales, agreeing with the account given of them by Whitaker, in his history of Manchester, who says "they were commonly placed in the hollow of a valley, and either upon the margin of one stream, or the confluence of two, for the conveniency of water, and security from winds. And the followers lived immediately about the person of their chief, or in little bodies along the windings of the valley, to be within reach of the usual signals of the lord, the striking of the shield, or the blowing of the horn."—Cam. Reg. i. 153. [see also p. 70.]

On the road TO DOLGELLY pass the Dovey, which flows to the N. of Machynllaeth and separates it from Merionethshire, over an ancient stone bridge. A truly alpine valley, of various beauties, is next entered. Mr. Wyndham says of this scenery, "The rapid torrent, roaring over a bed of broken rocks, and, not unfrequently, interrupted by immense fragments, from which it falls in large cataracts: the woody and exalted precipices rising on each side of the river; and the mountain brooks, which, down the deep and waterworn gullies, continually rattled about us, formed a miniature picture of the romantic scenes, which are found between Aigues Belles and Mount Cenis. Towards the extremity of the valley, the huge mountain of CADAR IDRIS presented one of it's naked, craggy, and prominent cliffs, full to our front: few objects can be more awfully sublime. The road passes under part of this gloomy and tremendous precipice, within sight of a small lake at some distance on the left and close to the brink of a smaller. The latter lake is vulgarly esteemed bottomless, and called *Llyn trigrasenyn* the Pool of the three Grains, from three immense stones lying near it, by the road side. We now crossed an arm of Cadar Idris, and, following a rapid descent of two rocky miles, arrived at Dolgelly. Part of this latter path leads through a thin oak wood; overhanging an impetuous torrent, which foams down a rugged declivity." The sentimental mr. Pratt describes this road as follows. "After riding about 2 hours you come to a spot so exquisitely delightful, that it is impossible for any one but the sordid worldling, not to pause, and wish to pass the evening of his days in it's vicinity. It is a part of the valley defended by an immense screen of many coloured rocks behind, out of which spring here and there a few hardy shrubs and flowers; stupendous crags, which the hurricanes have thrown from a ridge of mountains, the mutilated heads of which are still in the clouds. Some of these crags have been stopped mid-way, others have found a passage to the bottom, and lie at the side of the road. To the left is a broad stream of water, here foaming into natural cascades, and there displaying an untroubled and limpid bason. These natural cascades, and transparent baths, are so tinted by the refractions of the light and shade, and the variegated rocks, spars, shells, &c., at the bottom, that the water and flooring exhibit all the colours of the rainbow. The foliage of the woody mountains which rise above these water-works of nature, is not less diversified than the stream. Your eye also takes in the celebrated Cadar-Idris." —"Gleanings." The rapid pedestrian mr. Warner, supplies the following varied and additional remarks. "A roaring cataract on the left induces the traveller to deviate from the road. Two miles beyond is also another of more importance. Hence, for 8 miles, the road winds through an exquisitely beautiful country. On the left the Dyfias is seen broken into a thousand cascades, now foaming through it's stony channel, and now leading it's more tranquil waters by verdant meads and flowery banks. A steep hill, covered with trees, appears beyond, which is opposed by stupendous elevations on the right of the road. At the 7th mile-stone Cadar-Idris, the majestic father of the Merionethshire mountains, lifts his black precipices. Passing Tallyllyn pool, there is a public house at Minsfordd-Tallyllyn, called the Blue Lion, where may be had a guide to the summit of CADAR-IDRIS.

The road TO MALLWYD lies all the way near the course of the Dovey, presenting many striking beauties of landscape. The valley is inclosed by lofty mountains, some of which, particularly the *Arran*, vie in respect to height with the most lofty in Wales. The road lies for several miles between hedgerows, amid fertile meadows intermixed with corn fields. Oats and rye are the prevailing crops; there is little wheat or barley. In approaching the 6th mile, the scenery in every direction is admirable. The side screens present either verdant woods or downy hills, while the vista below comprehends a great variety of the most pleasing features. A little further catch a glimpse of one of the peaks of Cadar-Idris, through a break between the mountains. Coming in sight of Mallwyd, the vale contracts so as to leave the direction of the road uncertain. On the way is CEMMAES, 7¼ miles; on the right is *Aberhirnaeth Hall*, the residence of sir J. Dashwood King, bart, a situation even superior to his residence at West-Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire.

To Llanidloes, 19 miles, Bingley.
— Aberystwith, 20 miles, Aikin.
— Cadar-Idris, about 13 miles, Warner.
— Mallwyd, 12 miles, Warner's 2d walk.
— Dolgelly, 14 miles, Wyndham.
— Dolgelly, round Talyllyn, 18 miles.
— Towyn, 12 miles; back to Machynthlaeth, 10 miles; thence to Dinasmowddw, 13 miles, Skrine.
— Plinlimmon, about 5 miles.

From Tan-y-bwlch, ½ mile, Wyndham; Evans; Bingley; Skrine
—— Llanilltid, 11 miles, Aikin; Skrine.
—— Dolgelly, 17½ miles, Warner.
—— Harlech, 9 miles, Pennant.
—— Llanrwst, 21½ miles.

MAENTWROG, is a small village situated on the E. edge of Merionethshire, which derives it's name from a large stone in the church-yard, called Maentwrog, the stone of Turog, a british saint, who lived about the year 610. At this place is a small comfortable inn. Nothing can exceed the beauty of this little vale. The hills are moderately high, and scattered in a pleasing style; the sides are mostly well wooded, especially to the N. In one of these groves stands *Tan y Bwlch Hall*, the seat of William Oakly, esq., who has availed himself of the munificence of nature, in exhibiting her in walks and vistas of considerable extent. The site of the house commands a view of the meandering river widening into the estuary, called the *Treath Bychan* or Little Tide, which lies opposite to the *Treath Mawr* to the S., exhibiting the ocean; which, with the peninsula, forms a pleasing termination to the view. Mr. Oakly has engaged with success in reclaiming a tract of land from the overflowings of the tide. His embankments are marked by white rails. The *Traeth* abounds with the Nymphæa alba, and in the tide ditches is the Ruppia maritima. Upon the bosom of the wave appears the Conferva vagabunda. In pursuing the stream which divides this vale, it's length is four miles. It's sides are edged with thick groves, and barren precipices cloſe the enchanting ſcene. The little river is named *Dwy'ryd*, or the Two Fords, from the *Cynfael* and another stream uniting their waters above. The Cynfael tumbles through a deep rocky chasm, covered with large trees, the collateral branches of which meet, forming a dark ſhade, and thence by three falls descends foaming into a deep pool, encircled by bold impending rocks. In the midst of the torrent rises a columnar rock, termed *Pulpit Hugh Llwyd Cynfael*. Hugh lived in the time of James the first, and was esteemed a magician, and to have delivered his incantations from this station. [See Festiniog.] The small remains of Mur Castell, now called *Tommen y Mûr*, where the Kings of England used to encamp when they came against North Wales, is in this parish.

On the road TO HARLECH, at the distance of about half a mile, immediately after crossing a small bridge, is a foot path, up a wooded valley on the right, which leads a mile and a half to a waterfall called *Rhaiadr du*, (the black cataract). "The spot," says mr. Bingley, "is surrounded with dark and impending scenery, and the water is thrown with vast impetuosity over three black smooth rocks, each in a different direction. Of it's height I could form no idea, as the top of the upper fall by the winding of the rocks, was not visible from below. The rock which hangs immediatly over the fall, was, from it's great height and rude form, a fine object in the landscape, and the whole of the hollow, for some distance below the cataract, extremely grand. I attempted to climb to the upperpart, but the rocks were too perpendicular and slippery to attempt it without danger; therefore contenting myself with seeing as much as I could from below, I crossed the water, and crept along the shelving rocks, by the side of the stream, for nearly half a mile. Here the banks closed in over my head, leaving but a narrow chasm, from which the light was excluded by the dark foliage from each side, and I found myself entering to appearance into the mouth of a deep and horrid cavern. The sides were too steep for me to think of clambering up, and except going quite back again to the cataract, I had no alternative but to penetrate the place. The darkness did not extend far; and finding it's banks sufficiently slanting to admit of my ascending to the meadows above, I was not a little pleased to escape from this abode of damp and horror." The Hypericum androsæmum grows among the rocks at this cataract. On regaining the road TO HARLECH the tourist is led along the side of *Llyntecwyn Ucha*, (the upper pool of Tecwyn). This pool is large and it's water beautifully clear. On one side of it is a range of low rocks, composed of a shivery kind of slate, which has mouldered in many places to the bottom in small sharp pieces, somewhat resembling needles. Passing the inconsiderable village of *Llantecwyn*, and *Llyntecwyn isa*, (the lower Tecwyn pool), about three miles distant from Harlech is a charming little meadowy vale, which forms a pleasing relief to the rude scenery just passed. The road from Maentwrog and Tany-bwlch, TO HARLECH, is scarcely passable for carriages, but there is one from Beddgellart, along the sands, which may be passed at low water, with a guide.

The road to the celebrated PONT ABERGLASLYN, lies on the way to BEDDGELART, distant 7 miles, up a steep hill, and proceeding, mountain appears rising above mountain to the clouds; but the retrospect is pleasing. The verdant hills and luxuriant woods; the church and pretty village of Maentwrog, the diminishing vale, and it's fertile meads and winding river, form a striking contrast to the rude and stupendous scenery in front. "The mountains," says mr. Evans, "almost bare, consist of huge projecting rocks; fragments lying in undigested heaps, and crumbling strata; and the whole surface destitute of any thing like vegetation, (save the Lichen calcobeum, here and there changing the colour of the rock) exhibited the wildest confusion. Except the wooded summits on the left, nothing can exceed the dreary aspect and awful desolation of the next 4 miles of this road. No vestage of a dwelling. It appears like a country shaken by internal convulsions, from which vegetable, as well as animated nature, had affrighted fled. It seemed matter incapable of form or usefulness; left in it's elemental state; dismissed by Nature from her care, and disinherited of her favours; even as Burnet says of Caernarvonshire, "The fragment of a demolished world." What is not naked is covered with heath and ling, with now and then a stream gushing from the fissures of the rocks. The eye accustomed to view the fertile parts of nature, to roam over golden harvests and flowery pastures, must be astonished and repelled at this extensive tract of hopeless sterility. "Ascending still higher," says mr. Evans, "we gained the summit of *Moel Wyn yr Hydd*; leaving the more lofty one of *Moel* wyn *Gwyn* on our right. Here the lengthened gloom was relieved by the surrounding views; and the eye was diverted by the distant scenery. Before us the dark naked rocks of Snowdon; behind us it's rival Cadar Idris; to the W. the Dwyryd, opening in the Traeth Mawr to the bay; the Irish Sea, Barmouth, Harlech castle, and the extensive peninsula of Penmorfa, stretching out to sea, visible to it's point at Aberdaron. On a boggy plain we found the beautiful Osmunda regalis, and the air was highly perfumed with the odoriferous buds of the Myrica gale. Descending a gullied road, we came suddenly upon Pont Aberglaslyn."

To Beddgelart, 8½ miles. ½ a mile, to Tany-bwlch inn; 6½, Pont Aber-glas-lyn; 1½, Beddgelart.

— Harlech, 9 miles. After 1 mile passing a small bridge, at some distance on the left is the cataract, Rhaiadr du; 3, Llyn Tecwyn ucha; 1, Llan Tecwyn; ½, Llyn Tecwyn isa; 1½, Pont y Crudd; 3, Harlech. Bingley; Skrine.

— Harlech by way of Rhaiadr du, 12 miles, Wyndham.

— Tan-y-bwlch, ½ mile, Pennant; Aikin; Warner.

— Pont-aberglaslyn, 6½ miles, Evans.

* * *

From Bala, 24 miles, Aikin.

—— Cann-office, 11 miles, Evans.

—— Machynllaeth, 12 miles, Warner.

—— Dinas Mowddwy, 1½ miles, Pennant; Skrine.

—— Newtown, 29 miles.

—— Llanilltyd, 15½ miles, Pennant.

MALLWYD, is a small village placed between the salient angles of three abrupt mountains, *Arran*, *Camlin*, and *Moel Dyfi*, in a small valley surrounded by many delightful scenes, through which runs the river Dyfi or Dovey. The falls of the Dovey at *Pont Fallwyd* are particularly worth examining. The Rev. J. Evans thus describes this spot. "The scenery, which ever way the eye turns, is prodigiously romantic. The mountains form a grand natural Amphitheatre, with sylvan sides;

through which peeps, here and there, a white-washed cottage, sufficient to remind us, that we are yet in an inhabited country. *Camlin* rising immediately, with rude majesty, on our right, and the conical *Aran*, lifting it's resplendent head, with the different cwms, were reflected in various tint and shade in the waters of the Dovey. Through the opening of the mountains, the diminished scenery of the distant vale, appears in camera obscura before. Opposite, the beautiful cascade formed by the Dovey, is peculiarly fine. The river impatient to rush through a narrow rocky channel, foams against a high slate rock in the centre of the bed, dashes into the pool beneath, and hastens to meet the estuary of the Dovey. Just above is a lofty mountain bridge of a single arch, grey with lichens, on one side ornamented with ivy, while the steep and rough banks are feathered with thick underwood to the water's edge. The church is a humble gothic structure, the floor covered with rushes, the communion table in the centre. It has a boarded tower bearing date 1640, and inscribed SOLI DEO SACRUM. The church-yard is remarkable for several large yew-trees, one of which, far superior to the rest, rises from the ground with a single stem, but at the height of between 3 and 4 feet divides into 6 large branches. The girth of the trunk, a yard in height, is 22 feet 6 inches. The average radius of the branches which spread on every side is 39 feet, forming a circumference of about 240 feet. Of the 6 stems 4 spread laterally and two rise nearly perpendicular. The height from the root to the summit is about 40 feet. No part of the tree exhibits any symptom of decay. That at Aldworth in Berkshire, tho' it's trunk be 9 yards in circumference, is not comparable to this in health and beauty.

Here is a good INN with post-chaises. In the autumn of 1807 the compiler having walked from Newtown, he was half inclined to stop for the night, and expressed such an inclination; to which the hospitable mrs. Lloyd raised no objection. But, unfortunately, the approach of a carriage and an equipage of servants, dogs, &c., entirely disconcerted the little plan of comfort which he had formed. Mrs. Lloyd put off the graces of complaisance to assume the demeanour of distance and refusal. She began to urge that the day was fine, the roads good, and that very clean and decent accommodations for travellers, *without horses*, might be had at a little public house, kept by a widow woman, about a mile beyond DINAS MOWDDWY. He took mrs. Lloyd's gentle hint, without a comment, paid for his glass of shrub and water, and proceeded immediately onward. He passed the cleanly widow's cottage, which truly answered mrs. Lloyd's description. The widow herself was seated at the entrance, neatly dressed. The compiler, however, finding himself in excellent strength and spirits, extended his walk to DOLGELLY, where, at the Angel-Inn, kept by R. Oliver, he found other travellers, obliging treatment, a good bed, and very moderate charges.

Mr. Warner, when at Mallwyd, ascended the mountain *Camlin*, in order to contemplate the setting sun. The effort, he says, was laborious, but he was more than repaid by the glorious scene which opened on reaching the summit. The Arran rose 2 or 3 miles to the N.; behind, the whole vale of the Dovey, with it's river, villages, &c.; and on each hand was "a tempestuous sea of mountains."

Mr. Hutton says, in his "Remarks on North Wales." In my peregrinations about this neighbourhood I frequently entered a cottage. I was struck with the situation of one, in a cliff, between two mountains; it was screened from all weathers but a southern sun. On entering it, I was surprised to find it inhabited by 13 human beings, all in petticoats; I never beheld so much robust health in so small a compass, nor an assembly of any number which produced so many rosy cheeks, fine skins, and regular features. If I was not received with compliments, I was received with something preferable, *good nature*. Not being sufficiently learned to enable us to talk to each other, we were obliged to converse by signs. They immediately brought out the best of their provisions, bread and milk. Their house, which was composed of a few rough stones, jostled together without architectural order, consisted of three low rooms: one for the day, in which a small bit of turf was burning; one for the night, which held their whole stock of beds, and one for lumber, chiefly utensils for husbandry, all which they took some pleasure in shewing. The floors of all the rooms were native earth, and nearly deprived of light. I learnt that three generations stood before me, and tho' all in petticoats, two or three of the children were males. A fresh and handsome elderly person was grandmother, three were her daughters, a fourth her son's wife, and eight were her children and grandchildren. They were all without shoes and stockings, except the ruddy senior and her daughter-in-law; their two husbands were employed in the fields. The covering of the thirteen, tho' whole and clean, was supported at a small expense. They rented, I found, a farm of 100 acres at 40*l* a year. An observer would be tempted to conclude that this family were without care, did he not know that in this state of being there is no exemption. I left this race of beauties with a smile on each face, that smile which constitutes the fascinating part of female charms, with which woman should never part."

On the road TO MACHYNLLETH, following the course of the Dovey all the way, the Merionethshire border is quitted and that of Mongomeryshire entered upon. An obvious difference between the two counties is apparent in the face of the country and population. The vale widens, the mountains are greener and less lofty. The pastures are intermixed with corn-fields; the houses more numerous. The sound of the loom begins to be heard; tenter-grounds are seen; and fulling-mills are planted upon the brooks and rivers.

TO DOLGELLY, pass a steep bridge over the Dovey. Half a mile further is a fine terrace-view of the river. Crossing it a 2d time, over an excellent stone bridge, and winding round the bases of the mountains on the left and descending a high hill leading to Dolgelly, a full view, under a bright sun, may be had of Cadar Idris. The town of Dolgelly from this declivity in the midst of a valley composed of meadows, water, bridges, and surrounded with rocks, woods, and mountains, has an agreeable effect. On this route the river gradually diminishes, till at the distance of 7 miles it's fountain-head on an elevated swamp is arrived at. Not many yards beyond which, is the source of another river. The first is the Dovey, which terminates at Aberdovy. The second flows into the Onyon, and reaches the sea at Barmouth.

On the road TO BALA, an excursion may be made up the vale of the Mowddwy, on the banks of the Dovey. This valley, 7 miles in length, is in some places, so narrow, as scarcely to admit a meadow between the river and the base of the mountains which form it. These appear in some places almost perpendicular, and in others in such verdant slopes as to supply numerous flocks with pasturage. The highest parts of their sides abound with brown heath, and on their summits are numerous turbaries. They bring the dried peat down the mountain sides, upon sledges, in a manner both laborious and dangerous. The mountains opening on the left, exhibit a grand view of the irregular summit of *Aran Mowddwy*, which rises above the other mountains. A little farther up the vale occurs the small village of *Llan y Mowddwy*, having a church dedicated to Tydecho, an uncanonized saint. The cottages of this place and the neighbourhood are exceedingly rude. Pursuing the course of the river, the tourist arrives at the celebrated pass of *Bwlch y Groes*, or the road of the cross; so called from a cross which formerly stood on the summit of this pass. The face of the country here puts on a terrific appearance, as if warning the traveller to proceed no farther. A long range of very high mountains, running neary E. and W., and rising one above the other in tremendous grandeur, divide the counties of Merioneth and Montgomery; a deep ravine through these forms the pass. It is a zig-zag stair-case road upon shivering slate-stones. An excellent road is however forming along the western side of the mountain, at a vast expense, in order to make a communication between the N. and S. less difficult and perfectly safe. The Rubus idæus and Saxifraga nivalis flourish in this district. On the northern side of this chain of mountains on the banks of the *Llyn Tegid*, in the parish of Llan y Cil, lies the small town of Bala.—J. Evans.

TO DINAS MOWDDWY, mr. Warner passed the *Clyvian* by the single arched bridge along it's margin, for 2 miles, which he mentions as being truly alpine.

To Machynllaeth, 12 miles, Aikin.

— Dinas Mowddwy, 1½ miles, and back 1½ miles. Thence to Dolgelly, 12 miles, Hutton.

— Bala, 24 miles, Evans.

To

To Dinas Mowddwy, 12 miles, Warner.
— Cann Office, 11 miles, Skrine.
Returned to Dinas Mowddwy, Pennant.

* * *

From Briton Ferry, 7 miles, Barber; Malkin.
—— Newton, Evans.
—— Pyle, 3 miles, Wyndham; Donovan; Skrine; Warner.

MARGAN-PARK, situated on the eastern side of Swansea-bay, is the property of Thomas Mansel Talbot, esq., who resides at Penrice Castle, chiefly noticed on account of it's orangery, which, in unfavourable weather, is arranged in a magnificent pavilion of the doric order, 327 feet in length, by 75 in breadth.

At each extremity of this extensive building is a small apartment; one designed for a library, and the other a museum. In the latter are some valuable relics of ancient statuary collected by mr. Talbot during his residence in Italy; also an admirable vase of white marble, and models of ancient buildings in cork and pumice. These orange trees were intended as a present from the king of Spain to queen Elizabeth; but the vessel being wrecked on this coast, they became as a waif, or by purchase, the property of Lord Mansel. The care of Margan is consigned to a gardener, who is allowed to admit strangers, and frequently attends them through the walks.

Margan Abbey founded in 1147, by Robert earl of Gloucester, was recently the mansion of the estate; but it has been taken down, and the materials removed to mr. Talbot's newly erected mansion of Penrice. Some low ruins yet remain, and the walls also of it's elegant but neglected Chapter-House. This structure is thus described by mr. Wyndham, who visited the spot about the year 1773: "It is an elegant gothic building, of a date subsequent to that of the church. It's vaulted roof is perfect, and supported by a clustered column rising from the centre of the room. The plan of this chapter-house is an exact circle, 50 feet in diameter. The just proportion of the windows, and the delicate ribs of the arches which all rise from the centre column and the walls, gradually diverging to their respective points above, must please every spectator; and what is uncommon in light gothic edifices, the external elevation is as simple and uniform as it's internal, there being no projecting buttresses to disturb or obstruct it's beauty. The preservation of this building led me to conclude, that much attention had been given to the lead which originally covered it; but, to my astonishment, I heard that the lead had long since been removed, and that the only security of the roof against the weather was a thick oiled paper, which by no means prevented the rain from penetrating and filtering through the stone work." Mr. Wyndham concludes by trusting, that, as the proprietor was a lover of antiquities, the deficiency would be corrected. But, unfortunately, the edifice was left to it's fate, and soon after the severe frosts of 1799, the roof fell in; thus one of the finest specimens of gothic architecture in this or any other country was neglected and lost. Mr. J. T. Barber, who visited this spot in the year 1803, says "Just perceptible from the turf, I traced, the foundation of the Abbey Church, and the bases of four clustering pillars which probably supported the tower; the steps of the altar were also visible, besprinkled with grass; and turning over some fragments, we picked up part of the chalace for containing holy water, and several of those coloured glazed tiles which were used in the early norman age for paving principal buildings, but commonly called roman tiles. I was informed by mr. Snook, the intelligent gardener of the place, who was present at the delapidation of the abbey, that the pavement formed by these tiles was the lowermost of three which were then removed; and that on digging deeper they came to an immense heap of human bones. This pavement is still in many places remaining, tho' nearly concealed by a covering of moss. Many curious sculptured stones of high antiquity are to be met with in the park, and in the village adjoining; the church of which presents, in it's elevation, a more pleasing symmetry and composition than any norman work that I remember to have seen." Mr. Malkin, who also visited this place in the year 1803, says, the church is a fine norman building. The traces of the cloisters are still visible across the court, but the celebrated Chapter-House is a heap of ruins. It is unaccountable that some method should not have been devised of protecting this fine specimen of gothic architecture from the ravages of time.

Sir Richard Hoare exclaimed on a recent visit to this spot, "Alas! the Chapter-House, that justly admired gothic gem is no more, since all that rendered it interesting has perished; and the future tourist may exclaim, "Stat mominis umbra." The parish Church, once the abbey or conventual church of Margan exhibits a neat example of the mixed or norman gothic. The western front is much admired. It's arches are circular, the pillars slender, prettily filletted, and ornamented with singular capitals. The small chapel at the east end contains various monuments of the Mansels.

The village of *Margan* is most delightfully situated under a magnificent and perpendicular wood of oak, and abounding in monastic antiquities.

There is a very curious ancient cross stands in an inclined position against the wall of one of the village ale-houses in the main street leading to the church; and in the adjoining grounds are various inscribed and moumental stones; on one is the following inscription: "Senatus populusque veromanus divo Tito, divi Vespasiani, F. Vespasiano Augusto." On the summit of a hill to the right is a square stone called *Y maen Llythyrog*, i. e. the lettered stone. [See Neath.] A little further is a mountain called *Mynydd Dormini.* The summit is a level pasture on which stands a large rude stone about 14 feet high, called by Camden *Maen Llythyrog*, and at small distance an Aggera, or heap of loose stones. On the w. of this hill is a *Roman Camp*, and many old intrenchments lie contiguous.

A shady walk, carried beneath the leafy mantle of *Mynydd Mawr*, or Margan's hill, passes a ruined chapel, and a loggan or rocking-stone, is in the way to the summit, where a prospect of uncommon extent greets the beholder.

Eglwys Nunne, about two miles south of Margan, now a farm house, was formerly a nunnery subject to that abbey.

Upon the well-wooded hill to the n. which rises above Margan, it is remarkable that the trees bend so much from the sea-breeze as to exhibit the appearance of a well-clipped hedge. Mr. Warner says, that "a citizen of Bristol, when surveying the beauties of Margan, expressed great delight at the nice manner in which the wood of the mountain was trimmed and *sheered*; but observed that the keeping it in such constant order, must be attended with considerable expense." Mr. Warner thought that an unpleasant effect arose on entering Margan from the contiguity of edifices, built in styles of architecture so completely dissimilar as the chapter-house, and the green-house; the one a simple gothic structure; the other a splendid classic building.

"In our walk TO KENFIG, or Cynfeg," says Mr. Donovan, "we passed *Eglwys Nunne*, an extensive tract of land which belonged to the church before the dissolution. About three quarters of a mile upon the road we saw the stone pillar which Camden describes as standing here in his days. It is a quadrangular column about 4 feet high. The two words POMPEIUS CARANTORIUS are in rude roman letters on one of the sides of this stone. The distant tower of Kenfig church serves as the best guide, there being only a cart track besides to depend upon. Kynfig harbours a desperate banditti of lurking fellows, who obtain a profitable livelihood by smuggling, the plunder of wrecks, &c, whom it is necessary to visit with caution." Mr. Donovan was very much insulted by the inhabitants as he was making a drawing of a coffin-like stone in the church yard, and tho' attended by a companion and a guide from Margan, he was obliged to quit the place rather abruptly, under a volley of menace. The *lake of Kenfig* is esteemed a singular geologic curiosity. The water is embosomed in a depression of an irregular form, in the midst of sands, and tho' lying within a very short distance of the sea at flood tide, invariably retains it's freshness pure and untainted by the muriatic properties of the former. The circumference of this pool is estimated at a mile and three quarters. The Nympha alba abounds in the shallows of this water. The Viola lutea is abundant on the adjoining heath. The ruin of *Kenfig Castle* is obscure and rarely visited. It lies at a distance from this pool, upon a small eminence, surrounded by a cluster of sand hills, in the midst of a sandy plain, which stretches along one side of the village. Tradition says that it was the castellated residence of Fitzhamon for some years after he overcame Glamorganshire, while the castle of Caerdiff was rebuilding; to which account history adds a concurrent testimony. [See sir E. Stradling and

Leland.] *Taybach* is a small place inhabited by coal miners and smelters belonging to the adjoining very extensive copper works. There is no accommodation here for the traveller; the nearest is at *Aberavon* a mile distant. Taybach copperworks are well worth a minute inspection; but no strangers are allowed to enter them without leave of the proprietors or their agent, who has a house upon the spot. Mr. Donovan has given a particular detail of the processes of smelting, refining, and working the copper into bars and plates, in his "Excursions," chap. xi, vol. 2.

The road TO BRITTON FERRY continues under the mountains, near the Severn shore, passing some large copper-works to *Aberavon*, where it crosses a stone bridge of one arch, built by the mason of Pont y pridd. Four miles further is a hilly rise, whence the scenery of Brittonferry and Vernon-park is suddenly descried.

On the road TO PYLE, *Kenfig* is left to the right.

To Pyle, 3 miles, Barber; Malkin.
— Britton Ferry, by way of Aberavon, 7 miles, Wyndham; Donovan; Evans; Skrine; Warner.

* * *

From Caerphilly Castle, 17 miles, Malkin.
—— Pont-y-pridd, 14 miles, Evans.
—— Brecon, 19 miles, Skrine.
—— Caerdiff, 24 miles.

MERTHYR TYDVIL, in Glamorganshire, derives it's name from Tydvil, daughter of Brecan, prince of Brecknockshire; which, from a few shepherd's cots, has advanced to a populous town. "This spot, says mr. Evans, was naturally retired, and calculated to aid reflection; but the genii of the groves have been driven from their retirement by the rude bustle of manufactories; and to silence and quiet have succeeded the noise and tumult of business. The discovery of rich iron mines, as well as every substance necessary for the reduction of it's ores, soon attracted the eagle eye of trade; and the persevering spirit of a few individuals have enlarged it to a place of great and increasing importance." The first dissenting congregation in Wales was formed here about 1620 by Vavasor Powel, a man celebrated in the annals of nonconformity. This place was a very inconsiderable village till about 1755, when the late mr. Bacon attended to the iron and coal mines, and obtained a lease of a district 8 miles long and 4 wide, at the rent of 200*l*. per annum for 99 years. After acquiring immense riches, about the year 1783 he disposed of the tract in leases. *Cyfartha* works to mr. Crawshay, for 5000*l*. per annum; *Penderyn* to mr. Homfray, at 2000*l*. per annum; *Dowlas* iron works to messrs. Lewis and Tate; and a 4th part to mr. Hill. From these works the heirs of mr. Bacon, it is said, derive a clear annual income of 10,000*l*. Mr. Crawshay's works are the largest in the kingdom; he employs constantly upwards of 2000 men; and pays in weekly expenses 25,000*l*. The number of smelting houses at Merthyr Tydvil is sixteen. About the year 1800 an overshot wheel was constructed under the auspices of mr. Crawshay, perhaps the largest in the world. It is upwards of 50 feet in diameter, formed entirely of cast iron, and cost 4000*l*. The water which turns it is brought from a stream in the hills about 5 miles off, upon a platform of wood supported chiefly by stone pillars, except in one place, where it crosses a bridge supported by timber for the space of about 100 yards, elevated upwards of 80 feet above the bed of the river, forming a very singular appearance. The population of this town is now the largest in the principality. In Dec. 1803, the number of the inhabitants was calculated at upwards of 11,000, without including the suburbs. The splendours of this town begin and end with the house of mr. Homfray at Penderyn, which is large and elegant, with fine gardens, green-houses, hot-houses, &c. The town is composed chiefly of irregular streets and small buildings. "But a few miles distant," says mr. Malkin, "you can scarcely prevail with the rustic to accept your gratuity, tho' he has lost half his day's work in directing you over the mountains; but here you are beset with the demands of importunate hordes upon your purse, tho' the only favour you request, is to view the objects of your curiosity without their intrusion." There is a printing-office here, and a bookseller who communicates with London every week. Several book-societies exist, and a philosophical society is in it's infancy. Here is also a parish-church, a chapel of ease, ten dissenting chapels, and a theatre. This town contains three market placca, well supplied twice a week. In the summer season a market is held upon the top of a mountain 2 miles distant. In this neighbourhood are found good millstones, and limestone rocks, in which are beds of black marble, with marble of various other colours; chalybeate springs; flag-stones, and slate.

About 3 miles N.E. of Merthyr-Tydvil, near Gelly Vallog, half a mile out of the old road, over the mountains to Brecknock, is the very ancient castle, of *Merlais* on the top of a mountain, much dismantled and spread about. This castle is reported to have been the seat of the kings of Brecknock, and was demolished by the parliamentary army in the 17th century. [See Pont-y-pridd.] There is a canal from Merthyr Tydvil, to Caerdiff, which was opened Feb. 8, 1794. It was completed at the expense of about 180,000*l*.

The principal Inns are the Crown and the Star.

A direction FROM THE NEW BRIDGE, may be taken TO BRECKNOCK, through the parish of *Ystradyvodwg* to *Pontneath Vechan*. The scenery from the bridge which crosses the *Rontha Vawr* at it's confluence with the Taff, up to the salmon-leap, distant 2 miles, is highly interesting, singular, and impressive. About a quarter of a mile before you arrive at it there is a tremendous alpine bridge. For about a mile and a half above the first water-fall, the Rontha Vawr, becomes broad and shallow. The road on the right bank only leads to some coal-pits, the traveller to pursue his way to *Ystradyvodwg*, is obliged to ford at this place. A rugged road then continues on the left side of the river. At the distance of a mile there is a second fall in the river. A quarter of a mile further is a third fall, larger and more grand than the former. Presently a new scene is presented, by the junction of the two rivers, Rontha Vawr and *Rontha Vach*. There is a bridge over the Rontha Vawr highly ornamental to the prospect. From this spot the road turns to the left up a steep hill till you gain the direct road from Llantrissant through these wilds; on which you turn due N., when the mountain scenery of Ystradyvodwg breaks upon the view. "There is here a gate," says mr. Malkin, "which marks the entrance of the parish; and the way lies at the foot of a rocky ridge, grand in it's elevation, and most whimsical in the eccentricity of it's shapes. Towers of limestone occasionally start up, which overhang the road, while a pleasing, tho' not rich valley on the left, softens the general dreariness. The descent down a long hill brings the traveller to a little brook, abounding with fish, which joins the Rontha Vawr, a little way to the E.; and at a very short distance from the brook, after descending another hill, you cross a bridge over that river, which has disappeared since it's junction with the Rontha Vach: but from this place the sound of it is never lost, tho' frequently out of sight, till you arrive close by it's source at the top of the parish, distant 10 miles. Hereabouts, and for some miles to come, there is a degree of luxuriance in the valley, infinitely beyond what my entrance on the district led me to expect."

The next object of interest is a substantial farm-house, called *Llwyn y Pia*, standing in a most pleasing solitude, where is an uncommon tall and large oak. A second bridge over the Rontha, on the other side of which the road winds to the left, furnishes a most interesting point of view. The peasantry here are wretchedly accommodated. About a mile from the bridge is the miserable church of Ystradyvodwg. There is no collected village in the parish, nor any public resting place for man or horse. Passing the church, the fields and meadows become narrower and less fertile; the rocks and hills bolder and more fantastic. The front of this narrowing dell is filled up by a single cliff, high and broad at the top. Instead of passing in front of this cliff, or crossing the river, the traveller should pursue a scarcely visible track up a mountain on the right. The mountain is the highest in Glamorganshire, the path winding and difficult, crossing two torrents at the top, which demand some care. The views on the way and on the summit well repay the toil, to those who affect the grander scenes of nature. "The upper part of Ystradyvodwg parish is as untamely wild," says mr. Malkin, "as any thing which can be conceived; and the few, who have taken the pains to explore the scattered magnificence of S. Wales, agree in recommending this untried route to the english traveller, as one of the most curious and striking in the principality, not excepting the more known and frequented tour of the northern counties. A stranger has considerable difficulty, in descending a narrow path, worn upon the side of an almost perpendicular declivity. It happened that we saw 2 or 3 country people on their little mountain horses, carrying lime: their courtesy was signally displayed in riding on the very edge of the precipice, (where one false step might have precipitated them to the bottom,) that they might not interfere with our more cautious progress. The way after descending the mountain, is rough and dreary, over barren and unprofitable land."

Just above *Pontneath Vechan* there is a fine view of the rich and beautiful vale of *Neath*. Pontneath Vechan is a miserable collection of dirty cottages, with a homely public-house. The reader should be informed that the distance from the *Bridgewater's-arms*, in the vale of Taff to this place is 30 miles, between which places there is no accommodation; and therefore a long day with suitable provision is necessary for the performance. This village stands at the head of the valley on the confines of the counties of Glamorgan and Brecknock, and at the confluence of 5 rivers, each of them contributing it's rocks, woods, and water-falls to the general grandeur and magnificence, which here seem brought to a focus. The cascades in every direction within 3 or 4 miles of this place are numerous. The Merthyr Tydvil road may be followed till it leads to a grand pass, forming as sublime and romantic a scene as can be conceived; it then forms nearly a right angle with that of Brecknock, over the hill. After climbing to the top of the crag, in crossing to the right, you look down upon a dingle, through which *Tragath* river flows, in it's passage to the *Purthin*, and opposite you have a *fall of the Tragath*. The route from Tragath to the *falls of the Hepsey* is over a wild common, at the upper end of which there is a farm-house above the Hepsey, whence the view down the vale of Neath to Swansea and the *Mumbles* is very grand and extensive. The Hepsey and *Melta* join beyond the farm-house, affording uncommon scenery. At the edge of the dingle the great fall bursts suddenly upon the view. The descent by which to examine the fall more minutely, is down a rugged and steep rock. Afterwards the road, strange as it may seem, lies behind or under the cascade, which is a clear passage of 3 feet. Mr. Warner says, he sought a shelter under this river from a shower of rain. The effect of sunshine, from behind the cascade is very beautiful. After passing this cascade, and skirting the side of the dingle for a few steps in front of the majestic rock, the tourist desends, reaches another cataract, and a large cavern under the opposite bank. Several more follow in immediate succession. From the last of the cascades a path winds round the front of that promontory, which separates the two dingles and their rivers. Having gained the high ground, and passed two or three stony fields, the brink of a precipice, discloses the great *fall of the Melta*, 70 feet high. The cascade is inaccessible from below. "The great curiosity of this river," says Mr. Malkin, "is a stupendous cavern called *Bwa Maen*, between the cascade and *Ystradvellte*, through the dark hollow of which the Melta runs for the space of half a mile. The descent from the upper lands to the bed of the river is by no means difficult, nor does it at the first view present any thing beyond a rural, quiet landscape; but as the guide wound cautiously to the left, rather in a retrograde direction, we suddenly found ourselves at the mouth of the cavern, the opening of which is about 43 feet wide, and 19 feet high. There is a practicable passage through it; but the attempt is imprudent. It is necessary to carry candles, and if they happen to be extinguished by the damp vapour, the difficulty and danger become great, tho' our guide had been through several times, and was ready to undertake it. We penetrated about 100 yards, as far as any glimmering of daylight from the mouth directed us; and this specimen of Stygian horror was amply sufficient to satisfy all rational curiosity. On quitting the cavern, the Melta is crossed at the entrance, when a beaten path winds gradually and pleasingly along the western bank, with the little village of Ystradvellte in the distance." The church stands well and is a pleasing object, after a circuit of 7 miles with only one house, but the village is very inconsiderable. The road hence to Brecknock is over dreary and wild mountains, till within the distance of 3 or 4 miles. The only object of interest is *another fall of the Melta,* about 2 miles N. of Ystradvellte. After this the road and prospect is toilsome and unsightly, till on crossing the western side of *Mounchdeny Mountain*, at a considerable height, the flat country of Brecknockshire, towards the N., with part of Radnorshire, extensive, fruitful, and improved, unfolds itself through a cleft with lofty ridges on each side.

THE OLD ROAD FROM MERTHYR TYDVIL to BRECKNOCK is pursued from the castle near *Gelly Vallog* over the mountains, Neath Vechan river running on the left. The winding down the hill brings the stranger to *Pont Stickel*, a bridge of one arch, after which the mountain on the left is to be climbed. The two peaks of *Mounchdeny mountain* inveloped in clouds communicate much grandeur to the prospect. A green lane to the right leads again to the river-side, here crossed by a bridge of one long narrow trunk. *Chapel Glyncollwn* is near this spot. Hence the path soon reaches the foot of Mounchdeny Mountain, and presents a laborious ascent. A stone bridge is thrown across *Neath Vechan*; the road then lies up the mountain to the right close by the river, now a trickling rill, passing by it's source. The pass on this eastern side is between the two perpendicular and inaccessible peaks. At the bottom of the mountain to the NE., is a deep black pool. From this place to Brecknock the population is very scanty. *Cantrell* is a small collection of houses, embosomed with wood, overhung by a part of Mounchdeny. The descent continues almost as far as St. Davids, which is a sort of suburb to Brecknock, with a respectable church.

Having entered Glamorganshire, and passed the source of the Taff, mr. Skrine pursued the rapid descent of that river into a deep valley, of a most romantic aspect, till he reached the celebrated PONT Y PRIDD.

The track TO CAERPHILY CASTLE is barren and uninteresting.

To Brecknock, 18 miles, Malkin.
— Caerphily Castle, 17 miles, Evans.
— Pont Neath Vychan, 14 miles, thence to Neath 11 miles.
— Pont y Prydd, 14 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Pembroke, 7 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.
— Haverfordwest, 6 miles, Malkin.

The noble harbour of MILFORD-HAVEN, Pembrokeshire, immortalized by the strains of our great dramatic poet, is of an oblong figure; about 10 miles in length, and from one to two in width. It is considered as the best and safest in Great Britain, and inferior to none in Europe; abounding with the best anchorage, and having 5 bays, 10 creeks, and 13 roads. Two forts, which were erected in the time of Elizabeth on the opposite points of the entrance, called Nangle and Dale block-houses, are now neglected. As a picturesque object, Milford-haven is chiefly interesting for it's noble sheet of water: it's peaceable shores, rising in gentle hills, may please from their flowing outline; but unclothed with wood, and unbroken into crags and precipices, their sameness fails to interest an eye habituated to bolder scenery. The mouth of the haven, turning suddenly southward, gives it from most points of view the appearance of a lake; which reminds the traveller of Cumberland; yet tho' it's surface be greater, the lakes far transcend it, in the accompaniments of rock and wood, and a sedgy margin which mixes it's verdure with the water; whereas the haven is surrounded by a broad stripe of mud except at high tide: this defect, however, is constituent to all estuaries and tide rivers. More richly decorative in their scenery are the three branches of Milford-haven, which diverge at the extremity of the great bason, and distribute fertility and beauty over the principal part of Pembrokeshire. The shores abound with limestone; which affording a rich manure, (with coals and culm), is conveyed by water over a portion of the county. In the shores of the haven also, near it's junction with the open sea, are many veins of copper ore, some of which are conjectured to be very rich; but none have been explored with perseverance. J. T. Barber.

The picturesque beauties of Milford-haven are certainly very beautiful, and may be seen to the greatest advantage by taking A BOAT TO PEMBROKE. As you proceed up the harbour, this magnificent piece of water is forked by a peninsula in front, dividing the great reach up to the *Burton Ferry* from Down Pool, which forms an interesting approach to Pembroke, exhibiting the castle and town to the greatest advantage.

At the entrance of the haven on *Nangle Point*, is a poor hamlet, where a house furnishes very indifferent accommodations for numerous passengers to and from Ireland. Here are the ruins of a small castle and nunnery; and on the opposite point of St. Ann's, a small light-house and block-house. About the centre of the western side of the haven is the small village of *Hubberstone Haiken*, forming, with the opposite shore of the creek, what is called the *Port of Milford*. Two packets are established here for Waterford, and on the N. side of the creek is an elegant hotel and inn.

On the opposite side of the haven from Pembroke is *Nayland*, where sugars are discharged, and pay the duty at the custom house at Pembroke. Here are some considerable salt works.

Pyle Priory is situated in an extremely pleasant spot, near one of the creeks which branch into the channel, about a mile from Milford Haven, on the N. side. It was founded about the year 1200 by Adam de Rupe. He endowed it with considerable portions of land, which were confirmed by charter of the 25th of Edward the 3d. The founder placed here monks of the order of St. Martin of Tours, in Caldey Island; but in process of time they grew weary of the strictness of this order; and laying aside it's rigid peculiarities, became common Benedictines. This foundation was subordinate to the abbey of St. Dogmael, in this county; but at the suppression of monasteries it's revenues were separately estimated at 67l. 15s. 3d. per annum. It was presented in the 38th year of Henry 8th's reign to Roger and Thomas Barlow. Very little now remains of this structure except the gate-house and some scattered fragments of the walls. Several cottages are attached to the original building, and erected with it's materials. Grose has given a view of this ruin taken from the N. side, and called it "Hubberstone Priory." It is called, by the inhabitants, "The Priory" only. Some have called it the Priory of Pendergast. The village of Pyle is placed a little to the E. on the other side of the creek. To the S. is *Pendergast*, distant half a mile. The N. is bounded by several ranges of hills affording abundance of wood and pasturage.

AN EXCURSION up the harbour leads to a fork of land formed by the confluence of the two rivers *Cleddeu*. On this point is the *Castle of Ros*, an ancient seat of the Owens; and higher up, on the ostiary of the eastern Cleddeu, stands *Picton Castle*, the seat of lord Milford, constructed in the old fashion of grandeur, mixed with distorted alterations in a modern style, commanding a fine view of the water towards *Landshipping*, where the two rivers meet, and join their forces to form Milford-haven. The plantations are extensive and flourishing. The grounds of *Slebatch* unite with those of Picton Castle. Slebatch was anciently a commandery settled on the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. This place is beautifully situated on the Cledden. *High Tor Wood* stretches along the banks of this broad river as far as the eye can reach. There is here one of the best modern houses in S. Wales built by the late mr. Barlowe. After visiting these elegant and celebrated seats, mr. Malkin crossed the ferry, and pursued his course through a very pleasant country by *Cresselly*, with it's luxuriant plantation of firs, to CAREW. He says that Milford-haven is inexpressibly beautiful from these parts, not only in itself, but in those numerous branches which diverge from it, and intersect the country. To this circumstance *Lawrenny* owes a large portion of it's beauty. It is on one of these arms that the noble castle of Carew is situated, in a rich and beautiful country. It's ruins are among the most sumptuous of the principality. The castle might even yet be reinstated and form one of the most dignified antique residences in the kingdom; but the surrounding estate is nearly alienated. The walls are very thick and constructed of solid masonry. The village of Carew is very poor. There is by the side of the road a cross carved all over, 14 feet high. At the distance of 5 miles is PEMBROKE.

On the road TO HAVERFORDWEST is a ferry over the principal arm of Milford-haven. Proceeding up a high bank of the haven, a fine view is obtained of it's expansive surface, and grand undulating shores. About half way to Haverford-west a new scene opens, consisting of a wide luxuriant valley, watered by a large arm of Milford haven. The view is uncommonly rich and extensive. The town is approached up a laborious ascent. In pursuit of

Haverfordwest, mr. Skrine visited Lawrenny, Slebatch, and Picton Castle.

To Haverfordwest, 6 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.
— Pembroke, 7 miles, Malkin.

* * *

From Llanedwen, ¼ mile, Aikin; Bingley.

MOEL Y DON (the hill of the wave) situated on the Anglesea side of the Menai, 4 miles NE. from Caernarvon, at which place there is a ferry, is celebrated as being the spot where in the year 1282, part of the army of Edward I. met with great slaughter and a severe defeat from the Welsh.

About a mile hence are the grounds of lord Uxbridge, at Plâs Newydd. Behind the house are 2 Cromlechs. The larger is 13 feet long by 12 broad; the upper stone is in some places 4 feet in thickness and rests upon 5 supporters. The cromlech seems a sepulchral monument, for under several of them bones have been found. They are undoubtedly the originals of our present tombs, which are a diminutive and more finished cromlech. The situation of the elegant house at Plâs Newydd, is beautiful. Almost surrounded by wood, it commands a picturesque and extensive prospect of the British Alps. [See further particulars under the title PLAS NEWYDD.]

PLANTS near Moel y don. Sambucus ebulus, in a hedge upon the coast. Reseda luteola, upon the coast between this ferry and Tal y voel. Geranium sanguineum, upon cliffs of the coast between Tal y voel ferry.

To Llanerchymedd, 16 miles, Aikin.
— Plâs Newydd, 2 miles, Bingley.

* * *

From Caergwrle, 6¼ miles, Bingley.
—— Ruthin, 8½ miles, Hutton.
—— Hawarden, 6 miles, Warner.
—— Chester, 14 miles, Skrine.
—— Vale of Crucis, Pennant.
Back from Caergwrle, 8 miles, Pennant.

MOLD, called in Welch Yr Wyddgryg, is a small market town, of Flintshire, now the modern seat of the grand Sessions, formed principally of one long and wide street, lying in a hollow, surrounded by rugged hills. The Church is a neat building, ornamented all round the top of the walls with gothic carvings of animals. The greatest part was erected in the reign of Henry 7, but the tower is more modern, yet built very judiciously in the same style. The inside construction is light and elegant. There is a good monument of Robert Davies, esq. of Llanerch, who died in the year 1728. He is represented in a standing attitude. There is also a singular epitaph on William Wynne, of Tower, D. D. with these words, Heb duw heb ddim; and an ancient mural monument of Robert Warton of Parfew, who was abbot of Bermondsey, and afterwards, in 1536, made Bishop of St. Asaph. On a contiguous mount, now called Bailey-hill, from ballium or castle-yard, once stood the Castle of Mold, of which there remains no external vestage. This place was anciently called Yr Wyddgrûg and Mons Altus, both signifying, a lofty mount. It appears to have been strongly fortified by great ditches, notwithstanding it's arduous ascent. It is divided into three parts: the lower ballium, the upper, and the keep, or donjon. The tops of the two first have been levelled by art, and are separated by deep fosses. The keep was upon a part greatly and artificially elevated; around it's edges are a few stones, the only relics of the fortress. The summit of this hill commands a short but most exquisite view of the circumjacent vale; and to the W., *Moel famma* rises with awful preeminence among the Clwydian hills.

The Dragon INN is said to be the best at Mold, but exorbitant. The Griffin is the second in the place.

PLANTS found in the neighbourhood of Mold. In the upper wood at Tower, Veronica montana; and Chrysosplenium alternifolium. In the fields between the house Frôn and the upper wood, Satyrium viride. In the meadow in front of Plâs on, Polygonum bistorta. In woods and hedges, between Mold and Nercwys, Prunus padus. Upon an old wall near the town, Antirrhinum cymbalaria. In wet places, about 2 miles on the N. side of the Chester-road, near Offa's dyke, Pilularia globulifera.

About a mile and a half W. of Mold, not far from *Rhual* is the seat of the Griffith family, which retains the name of *Maes Garmon* (the field of Garmon or Germanus), where according to Constantius of Lyons, who wrote the life of saint Germanus, in Easter week 420 a battle was fought between the combined forces of the Picts and Saxons and the Britons, headed by the bishops Germanus and Lupus. It is said; that previous to the engagement Germanus had instructed his soldiers to pronounce at his command the word *Alleluia*, very audibly, three times, at which the enemy affrighted and trembling, fled and were nearly all cut to pieces or drowned in the river adjoining. From hence this victory has been called *Victoria Alleluiatica*. A pyramidal stone column and inscription, placed near the spot in 1736, by the late Nehemiah Griffith, esq. of Rhual, commemorates the event.

Not far from Mold, on the road TO NORTHOP, is passed on the left, *Gwysanney*, the seat of the family of Davies, in a pleasant situation.

On mr. Warner's return TO CAERWYS, he visited Llyn y Pandû lead-mine, the property of John Wilkinson, esq. the great iron-master. He visited also, a little further down the river, a lead-mine called *Pen y fron*. The remaining 6 miles exhibited a constant succession of the most beautiful and romantic scenes.

One mile and a half on the CHESTER ROAD occurs *Offa's dyke*, the ancient and famous boundary between Wales and England, extending from Basingwerk in Flintshire to Monmouth. The traveller would pass it unnoticed, if not pointed out. All that remains is a small hollow, which runs along the cultivated fields. Perhaps not above 18 inches deep in the centre, or more than 20 yards in breadth. When the Romans made their inroads into this island, about the commencement of the christian æra, many of the Britons were said to have retreated into Wales, at which time the river Dee, in the neighbourhood of Chester, and the Severn divided the two countries. All to the E. was England, and to the W. Wales: This division continued about 600 years, when the ambitious Offa, coveting the fertile lands of his neighbours, easily raised a quarrel, and an army. He then drove them westward among the mountains, seized their property, formed this vast dyke, and ordained that neither English nor Welsh man should pass it. Thus he divided instead of uniting man, promoted rancour instead of harmony, bloodshed instead of peace.

From Mold, mr. Pennant took the western side of the vale, a tract filled with gentlemen's seats, digressing a little to the right, to see the magnificent gates of *Leeswood*, the seat of Richard Garnons, esq. and a little higher up to *Tower*, then the residence of the rev. dr. William Wynne. The house is small, but part of it is a true specimen of the border-houses on the confines of Scotland; a square tower of 3 stories. In the lower, still remains a staple in the ceiling, a memorial of the rudeness of the times. During the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, this place was inhabited by Reinallt ap Gryffydd ap Bleddyn; in the time of Leland by John Wynn ap Robert. Descending into his former road, mr. Pennant passed along the course of the *Terrig*, sometimes a trifling brook, but often a tremendous swell. On quitting it's channel he went by Leeswood, or *Coed-Llai*. Farther on is *Hartsheath*, beautifully seated upon a long rising, insulated by the vale, and finely wooded and cultivated. The house commands an elegant view of the valley divided by the rock of Caergwrle, rising out of the bottom, and capped with a ruined castle. A little further up the vale, stands *Plâs-Teg*, a singular house belonging to the Trevors, but has long been occupied by farmers. It is built with great regularity and simple grandeur. In the centre is a hall 43 feet long by 23; a spacious stair-case; and above, is a dining-room of the same dimensions as the hall, 12 feet 9 inches high. At each corner of the house is a square wing or tower. Hence mr. Pennant pursued his journey TO CAERGWRLE. On mr. Pennant's return from Caergwrle, he passed to Maes Garmon, and thence towards Kilken; seeing on his way, *Hesp-alun*; the place where the river Alun sinks underground, and continues a subterraneous course for half a mile, and then emerges. At 2 miles distance from this place lies the church of *Kilken*, beneath *Moel famma*, remarkable for it's carved roof; which is said to have been brought from the church of Basingwerk abbey on the dissolution. In this parish, on the side of the turnpike-road, not far from *Kilken hall*, is the noted *Ffynnon Leinw*, or flowing well. The well is large and oblong, with a double wall round it. It is noticed by Camden for it's flux and reflux; but this singularity has ceased since his time. This fountain lies in the vale of *Nannerch*; which extends one way to Mold; and at the other joins with that of Bodvari the inlet into the vale of Clwyd. The house of *Penbedw,* the seat of Watkin Williams, esq., is a great ornament to this little valley. This gentleman's library contains some remains of the collection of sir Kenelm Digby, and some illuminated books. In the meadows below the house, is part of a druidic circle, and a small tumulus. Upon one of the summits of the mountain, at a great height above the house, is a very strong british post, called *Moel Arthur,* with two ditches of prodigious depth. This is one of the chain of posts which defended the country of the Ordovices from the incursions of the Romans. Nannerch is a hamlet with a small church, noted for little besides a monument, in memory of Charlotte Theophila Mostyn, wife of R, Mostyn, esq. Mr. Pennant expresses much gratitude to mr. John Lloyd, the rector of this place for many communications, than whom few possessed so critical a knowledge of the welsh language and history. Leave the church of *Skeiviog* on the right. At the junction of the vales of *Nannerch* and *Bodvari,* ascend TO CAERWYS.

To Northop, 3½ miles, Bingley.
— Ruthin, 8½ miles, Bingley.
Mr. Hutton ends the account of his Tours with this place.
To Caerwys, 15 miles, Pennant; Warner.
— Flint, 6 miles, Skrine.
— Holywell, 9 miles. 3½ Northop; 2½ Halkin; 3 Holywell.

Along the Wye from Tintern, 8 miles, Barber.
Back from an excursion to Grosmont, Barber.
From Abergavenny, 14 miles, Coxe.
Along the Wye from Ross, Gilpin; Skrine.
From Ragland Castle, 8 miles, Wyndham; Skrine.
—— Tintern, by way of Llandogo and Trellick, 7 miles.

MONMOUTH (anciently called Mynwy or Mongwy, from the river Wye) is delightfully situated in a gently undulating valley, chiefly in a high state of cultivation, surrounded by high hills. It occupies a sort of peninsula formed by the conflux of the Wye and the Monnow, so as to be nearly incircled by the two rivers. The town is extensive and contains many good houses, most of which are whitewashed. The market place and town-hall over it is a handsome building, but disfigured by an awkward statue of Henry 5. St. Mary's Church is a handsome modern edifice, remarkable for it's spire, rising 200 feet from the foundation. This structure is engrafted upon a gothic church which belonged to an alien Benedictine priory of Black Monks, founded in the reign of Henry 1. The Priory-House forms a large family residence belonging to Adam Williams, esq.; and contains an apartment which the legend of the place declares to have been the library of the celebrated Geoffery of Monmouth.

The Castle is in a dilapidated state, yet among the broken walls are shewn traces of the chamber in which Henry 5 was born. Adjoining is the ruin of a large apartment, 63 feet long by 46 wide, which was probably the baronial hall, and in latter times formed the court of the Assizes. Other vestages of the castle are apparent among stables and outhouses. "The transmutations of time," says, mr. Gilpin, "are often ludicrous. Monmouth Castle was formerly the palace of a king, and the *birth*-place of a mighty prince; it is now a yard for fatting ducks." Some vaults under the house of mr. Cecil, of the Dyffrin, are of the oldest character, and may be attributed to Saxon, if not to Roman, workmanship. In the reign of the Conqueror there was a flourishing castle here. The present edifice was probably built by John, baron of Monmouth, from whom it was wrested by Henry 3, for his taking part with the barons. It afterwards became the property of the house of Lancaster; Henry 5 being born here, was hence called Harry of Monmouth. In 1646 Cromwell took this castle, with that of Ragland. While at Monmouth, a person named Evans attempted to shoot him in the house of mr. Fortune, by whom Oliver was entertained; but he was prevented by some who were present, from the apprehension that the soldiers might burn the town and destroy the inhabitants. A large mansion on the site of the castle, built with it's materials, and engrafted on it's ruins, is now occupied as a ladies' boarding-school. Near the extremity of the town, by the side of the Monnow, is the county Gaol; a new massive stone building, which in it's plan, regulations, and superintendance, does high credit to the public spirit of the county. Here is a free-school, a lectureship, and alms-houses for 10 poor widowers, and 10 poor widows. In conjunction with the boroughs of Usk and Newport, Monmouth sends one member to parliament, and the county sends 2.

The principal INNS are the Beaufort-arms, and King's-head. Monmouth is supposed by mr. Horsley to have been a roman station, the Blestium of Antoninus. It is a borough and corporate town, governed by a mayor, 2 bailiffs, a recorder, 15 common-councilmen, and a town-clerk. It's commerce depends on the navigation of the Wye, in the distribution of goods between Bristol, Hereford, and adjoining districts. The town has no manufacture, but there are some iron and tin works in the neighbourhood. A considerable part of the thriving appearance of Monmouth may be attributed to the numerous gentry who are induced by the pleasantness of the situation to fix their residence there. Chippenham-Meadow; an agreeable plain, inclosed by the town, the Wye, and the Monnow, is the general rendezvous of Gwentonian beauty on summer evenings.

Without the town, at the foot of the Monnow-bridge, is *St. Thomas's Church*, a curious old structure, supposed to have been built by the Saxons.

In the parish of Stanton in the vicinity of Monmouth is a remarkably high hill, called the *Kymin*, which rises from the banks of the Wye, on the Glocestershire side of the river. A pleasant walk is traced on it's summit, from which a wonderful range of prospect extends to a circumference of near 300 miles. At the top is a handsome pavilion for the accommodation of parties. It's summit is also adorned with a rich wood called Beaulieu grove. Several walks cut through it terminate at the brow of steep declivities, commanding great and enchanting views. This eminence has become celebrated from a Naval Temple which has been erected to record the eminent victories obtained by the English on the seas, but particularly during the american war. This edifice is built upon the ridge of a rock; and forms a square of 13 feet. The frieze, which is continued round it, is ornamented with medalions of the most eminent british admirals, surrounded with emblematic and appropriate devices. In the same parish, on the edge of a precipitous declivity of limestone-rock, is a rude fragment of siliceous grit, called the *Buckstone*, the form of which resembles an irregular square pyramid, inverted, and standing upon it's point or apex. It's circumference at top is 56 feet, the point on which it rests, about 3 feet. A *roman road* is said to have led from Stanton up the Kymin towards Monmouth.

In the neighbourhood of Monmouth are several antique mansions which deserve notice. About a mile from the town, on the left of the road to Ragland, is *Wynastow-house*, formerly a residence of a branch of the Herbert family, conjectured to have been built about the reign of Henry 6. It's situation, on a gentle eminence, commands many extensive views. There are still remaining several original family portraits. The old chapel belonging to the mansion is now applied to domestic use. *Theowen*, situated about a mile further westward, to the N. of the road to Raglan, was once a splendid mansion built by Inigo Jones, which belonged to another scion from the Herbert stock. The position of the house and grounds is delightful, watered by the meandering Trothy, and still exhibiting a profusion of rich woods. Tho' occupied as a farm-house, this mansion continues to shew many marks of it's ancient grandeur, in the spacious and decorative style of the apartments, in a noble staircase of oak, and it's ornamented porch. *Troy-house*, standing near the small river *Trothy*, within a mile S.E. of Monmouth, near the road to Chepstow, was the residence of another of the prolific Herbert race. Part of the ancient residence is visible in a gothic gateway; but the house is of a later date. The apartments contain a considerable number of family pictures, particularly that of Edward earl of Glamorgan, sixth earl and second marquis of Worcester. In the housekeeper's room is a curious oak chimneypiece, brought from Raglan Castle, carved with scriptural subjects; and in a room on the third floor is another ancient chimney-piece inlaid with mother of pearl, and ornamented with devices.

Leidet-house, seated midway on a declivity which leads from the extremity of the common of Monmouth, is remarkable for the beauty of it's situation. At this point, the mountains in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny assume a new position; the gentle swell of the little Skyrrid is peculiarly elegant, and the craggy ridge of the Great Skyrrid appears surmounted by the cone of the Sugar Loaf; below Monmouth stretches along the banks of the Wye, beautifully embowered in trees, and backed by wooded eminences, above which towers the bleak and rugged summit of the Little Doward.

On the road TO ABERGAVENNY, at the distance of 3 miles, and southward of the road, are the small remains of the Abbey of *Grace-dieu*, chiefly formed into a barn, situated on a sequestered bank of the Trothy, *Llandilo Cresseney*, the seat of Richard Lewis, esq. is a modern house built on the site of an ancient mansion of the Powells, and pleasingly situated in a rich undulating country, to the S. of the road, about half-way to Abergavenny. The position commands an interesting prospect of the neighbouring country; and in the home view the church of *Llandilo*, with it's high spire, forms a picturesque and leading object. In an adjoining field, belonging to a farm which was formerly the red deer park of Raglan Castle, is the site of *Old Court*, once the residence of the celebrated Sir David Gam. The ruins of *White Castle* are very considerable, crowning the summit of a ridgy eminence, 1½ miles to the N. of Llandilo. Their figure is irregular; flanked by 6 circular towers, which, with the ramparts, are pierced with oilets. Two advancing massive towers guard the entrance, which was provided with a portcullis and drawbridge, and rendered still more formidable by an uncommonly large outwork beyond the moat, which is remarkably deep. It's antiquity appears to be at least coeval with the first settlement of the Normans in Gwent, if not more remote.

Another ROUTE TO ABERGAVENNY. After quitting Monmouth pass the curious old bridge over the Munnow, with a gate-way over it's centre, and ascending the hill survey the scenery in the vicinity of the town. Many seats are advantageously planted round; among the rest is *Troy-house*, once the splendid mansion of the dukes of Beaufort, now inhabited by tenants. The favourite residence of the family is at Badmington in Glocestershire. Pass through *Wynastow* and *Dynastow*, both prettily situated and ornamented with neat churches. In front appears the Blorenge, the Sugar Loaf and Skyridd vawr, mountains which continue in sight for several miles. The Black Mountains also appear, beyond which is placed the celebrated LLANTHONY ABBEY. The SOIL is a reddish loam with clay; and the ground undulates with alternate dips and eminences, in a pleasing manner. Indeed Monmouthshire may be pronounced one of the most picturesque counties in the island, nor is it's fertility inferior to it's natural beauty. It is on this account that it has been more frequently visited by persons of taste and oftener described than any other remote and rural district in the kingdom. Proceeding to *Llanarth*, pass several snug cottages, surrounded by orchards, and gardens. Many of the peasants keep bees. Oxen are much used in agriculture. Pasture and natural grass far exceeds the quantity of arable and sown fields. Lime is the most common manure. Lammas wheat, peas and beans, with a little barley, are the principal crops. In employing oxen the monmouthshire farmers deserve praise, but they yoke them in a manner which is painful to the animal, and renders half his strength useless. In this track, not only the churches, but the meanest cots, and even pigsties flare with whitewash. Land does not let here at more than 20s an acre. *Llanarth Court* is a handsome new house built by the proprietor and resident —— Jones, esq. upon the site of an old one. Tho' the amplitude of the estate supplies many commanding situations, mr. Jones preferred the present calm scene, with a limited park view in front, to the ostentation of an elevated site. The place, with it's contiguous embellishments, is truly what "Capability" Brown asserted in a similar case, "so pleasant within itself, that no one can wish to look beyond it." *Clytha Castle*, a fanciful modern erection belonging to the same family, makes a conspicuous object from Llanarth. In proceeding to Abergavenny, the hills which had long appeared in front, now begin to present an opening, through which the Usk winds. After passing *Colebrook* park, containing an assemblage of rural beauties, enter the charming vale in which Abergavenny and Crickhowel are situated, upon the banks of the Usk. Approach the foot of the Blorenge. On this mountain are iron works which have been found so productive, that in one instance the rent has been advanced from it's original 60*l*. to 5000*l*. a year. This mountain bounds the view on the left; while the Sugar-loaf, towering on the right of the road is presently intervened by other hills of inferior magnitude. Pass mr. Ewer's farm at Hardwicke, at the base of the Blorenge. This gentleman has gained much distinction on account of his superior breed of oxen and pigs, which have obtained him several premiums from the Bath agriculture Society. The enclosures here, and generally throughout Monmouthshire, are small and convenient for occupation. The walnut and spanish chesnut trees abound in this district.—From a Tour in Wales, in vol. 3 of "Modern Travels." Another writer says, that on approaching Abergavenny, the tourist's attention is involuntarily arrested by the singular beauty and variety of interest which the spot embraces, particularly in it's encircling hills. The road skirting the little Skyridd, a well formed hill, richly laid out in wood and pasture, opens to a fine display of the vale of Usk beneath; on the opposite of which the continuous ridge of the wild *Pontypool hills*, which form the western boundary of the county, terminate in the heathy highswelling *Blorenge*. A tract of wood sweeps along it's base, and mixes, with the sylvan knoll of Llanfoist, decorating it's northern extremity. Further to the right, the elegant smooth cone of the *Sugarloaf*, the highest of the Monmouthshire mountains, presents itself, issuing from among the four tributary eminences of the Pen-y-vale hills. Eastward of this mountain is the Great Skyridd, an object of considerable interest; it's bipartite and truly alpine summit, without being a forced opposition, strikingly contrasts the general undulating line of the neighbouring hills and rears a distinct and noble character on the scene.

On advancing to Abergavenny, mr. Skrine repassed the Monmouth bridge, to visit *Wonastow*. Thence a succession of steep and rugged hills led him through a well-inclosed country, abounding in the stores of Pomona, till he descended into the great *vale of Clytha*, between the house and modern gothic castle of mr. Jones. As he advanced through this lively and populous plain, he passed several handsome seats. The road lay partly on the banks of the Usk, and partly upon little eminences above it, abounding with various prospects, till a quick descent brought him in sight of Abergavenny.

Mr. Gilpin continues his account of navigating the Wye to Chepstow in the following manner: "As we left Monmouth, the banks, on the left, were, at first low; but on both sides they soon grew steep, and woody; varying their shapes as from Ross. The most beautiful of these scenes is in the neighbourhood of *St. Breval's Castle;* where the vast woody declivities, on each hand, are uncommonly magnificent. The banks of the Wye consist, almost entirely either of wood, or of pasturage, which is a circumstance of peculiar value in landscape. The painter never desires the hand of art to touch his grounds. The meadows below Monmouth, which ran shelving from the hills to the water-side, were particularly beautiful, and well inhabited. Flocks of sheep were every where hanging on their green steeps; and herds of cattle occupying the lower grounds. We often sailed past groups of them in the water, or retired from the heat under sheltered banks. In this part of the river, also, which now begins to widen, we were often entertained with light vessels gliding past us. In many places the views were varied by the prospect of bays and harbours, in miniature; where little barks lay moored, taking in ore, and other commodities from the mountains. Castles and abbeys have different situations, agreeably to their respective uses. The castle meant for defence, stands boldly on the hill; the abbey intended for meditation, is hid in the sequestered vale. The *Abbey of* TINTERN occupies a gentle eminence in the middle of a circular valley, beautifully screened on all sides by wooded hills, through which the river winds it's course; and the hills closing on it's entrance and on it's exit, leave no room for inclement blasts to enter. A more pleasing retreat could not easily be found. The woods and glades intermixed; the winding of the river; the variety of the ground; the splendid ruin, contrasted with the objects of nature; and the elegant line formed by the summits of the hills, which include the whole; make all together a very inchanting piece of scenery. No part of these ruins is seen from the river, except the abbey-church. [See Tintern-Abbey.] Within half a mile of this solitary, tranquil scene, are carried on great iron-works; which introduce noise and bustle into these regions of tranquillity. As we descend the river, the same scenery continues. The banks are equally steep, winding, and woody; and in some parts diversified by prominent rocks, and ground finely broken and adorned. But one great disadvantage began here to invade us. Hitherto the river had been clear, and splendid; reflecting the several objects on it's banks. But it's waters now become ouzy, and discolourred. Sludgy shores too appeared, on each side; and other symptoms, which discovered the influence of a tide. The grounds at **Piercefield** are thought as much worth a traveller's notice, as any object on the banks of the Wye. We pushed on shore close under the rocks, and the tide being at ebb, we landed with some difficulty upon an oozy beach. One of the bargemen served as a guide. [See Piercefield.] From the scenes at Piercefield we walked to Chepstow." Mr. Gilpin recommends the following route to those inclined to make

A TOUR TO THE SOURCE OF THE WYE, and thence through the midland counties of Wales.

"From Ross to Hereford the great road leaves the river, which is scarcely seen; but it may be pursued on foot, along it's banks. From Hereford, the road follows the course of the river to the Hay, winding along it's northern banks. Six miles from Hereford is Foxley. After which the ruins of Bradwardine Castle appear soon in view. At a bridge near them you cross the Wye, and traverse the s. side of the river. Leaving *Whitney Bridge* on the right, you still continue your course along the southern bank; and soon come in view of the ruins of *Clifford Castle;* where tradition informs us, the celebrated Rosamond spent her early life. Soon after you arrive at the Hay. If you have time for an excursion, you will find about half way between Hay and Abergavenny, the ruins of **Llanthony Priory.** Returning to Hay, you continue your rout to Buallt, still on the s. side of the river. Four miles beyond the Hay, stands *Maeslough House;* the situation is in it's kind perhaps one of the finest in Wales. The river incircles a part of the grounds, at the distance of half a mile from the house. The banks are inriched with many objects; among which two bridges, with winding roads, and the tower of Glasbury Church, surrounded by wood, are conspicuous. A distant country equally inriched, fills the remote parts of the landscape, which is terminated by mountains. The bridge at Glasbury in this view, is remarkably light and elegant, consisting of several arches. As you advance to Buallt the country grows more grand and picturesque. The valley of the Wye becomes more contracted, and the roads run at the bottom along the edge of the water. In this wild and inchanting country stands *Llangoed*, the house of John Macnamara, esq. A few miles beyond you reach **Buallt,** where you cross the Wye again and continue along the n. side of the river. The same grand scenery continues, lofty banks, woody vales, a rocky channel, and a rapid stream. Soon after you come to the sulphureous springs of **Llanydrindod,** which you leave on the right, and crossing the river Ithon, reach **Rhaiader.** Hence you begin to approach the sources of the Wye, which becomes more and more insignificant. *Llangerig*, at the distance of 12 miles from Rhaiader, is the last village on the banks of the Wye. Soon after all inhabitancy ceases, and you begin to ascend the skirts of Plinlimmon. After a gradual rise of ten miles you arrive at the sources of the river. It is a singular circumstance that within a quarter of a mile of the well-head of the Wye, arises the Severn. As there is nothing in these inhospitable regions to detain you long, you will undoubtedly soon be inclined to return to Rhaiadr. Hence **Havod** will certainly form a powerful attraction. Thence may be visited, at no great distance, Pont y Monach, Aberystwith, or whatever other object the traveller is inclined to pursue."

Five miles on the road **to Chepstow** is the village of *Trelech*, which is supposed to have derived it's name from 3 druidic stones standing in a field adjoining the road near the church. They are placed upright, or rather inclining; of different heights, from 10 to 15 feet. By the natives they are called Harrold's stones. In the village is an earthen mound 450 feet in diameter, encircled by a moat, and connected with extensive entrenchments; which is imagined to have been a roman work, and afterwards the site of a castle belonging to the earls of Clare. The village is also remarkable for a chalybeate well, of the nature of Tunbridge waters. Near the church, which deserves to be noticed for the agreeable proportions of it's gothic members and it's handsome spire, is a pedestal with a sun-dial, supposed to be of high antiquity, yet probably not anterior to the 16th century. In this parish is a remarkable tumulus called *Kryg y Dyrn*, being 60 paces in circumference and in height about 6 yards, It rises from an easy ascent and hollow upon the top. This heap is chiefly formed of small stones covered with turf, and may properly be called a carnedd. Upon the top is a large flat stone of an oval form, about 3 yards long, and 12 inches thick. Under it was found a cistvaen, or stone chest, 4 feet long, and 3 broad, composed of 7 stones, 2 at the end and one behind. It is supposed to have been the burial place or sepulchre of some british chief, before the roman conquest. From this place the road soon ascends the *Devaudon height*, traverses a tract of forest called *Chepstow Park*, and in the course of it's progress embraces several superb and extensive views; in which the varieties of the Wye, of hanging woods, wild heathy mountains, and rich inclosures, rise in succession.

On the road TO HEREFORD a direction may be taken to *Grosmont*. Passing through a charming country for 3 miles, on the right is *Perthir*, a very ancient seat of the Herbert family. Of the castellated mansion, surrounded by a moat and two drawbridges, few vestiges appear in the present diminished and patched up building; yet some marks of former magnificence meet the observer, in a long vaulted hall, with a music gallery at the end, a large gothic window with stone compartments, and the massive oak beams of a long passage. The extensive manors which attached to Perthir are said to have extended as far as Ross. Passing through the little village of *Newcastle*, and quitting the turnpike-road, at the distance of a mile, *Screnfrith Castle* is seen, situated on the banks of the Monnow, in a sequestered spot environed by high hills. This fortress is of the simplest construction; it's area, of a trapezium form, is merely surrounded by a curtain wall with circular towers, covering each angle and a demi-turret projecting from the middle of one side. Near the centre of the area is a juliet, or high round tower, upon a mound, which formed the keep, the door and window apertures of which are circularly arched; but the exterior walls of the castle appear to have been originally only furnished with oilets or chinks for shooting arrows through. Screnfrith Castle is certainly of british erection and probably as ancient as any in Wales. Screnfrith, Grosmont, and White Castles, formerly defended the lordship of Overwent; which extending from the Wye to the Usk, nearly comprised the whole northern portion of Monmouthshire. This tract of country, with it's castles, fell into the hands of Brian Fitz Count, earl of Hereford, who came over with the Conqueror; but it was afterwards seized by Henry 3, and conferred on his favourite Hubert de Burgh. On the disgrace of that virtuous and able minister, the capricious monarch granted the 3 castles to his son the earl of Lancaster; and, with Caldecot Castle, they still remain annexed to the dutchy. The road to *Grosmont* lies through tedious by-lanes, but the scenery is most retired and pleasing. On the right, the lively, and transparent Monnow serpentizes through woods and hollows. On the left, the *Graig*, a huge and solitary mountain, rears it's towering sides. GROSMONT Church is a large and handsome gothic structure, with a tower and spire. The village is now small but the large causeways which diverge in different directions, several feet high and from 9 to 12 feet broad, shew that it was once a place of considerable importance.

To Grosmont, 11 miles, Barber.
Returned from Grosmont to Monmouth, thence to Abergavenny, 16½ miles, Barber.
Down the Wye, to Goodrich Castle, 10 miles, Coxe.
Along the Wye, Barber.
To Chepstow, 16 miles, Wyndham.
— Tintern Abbey, 12 miles, Skrine.
— Abergavenny, 14 miles, Skrine.
— Hereford, 19 miles.

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From Tenby, 5 miles, Barber; Skrine.
—— Pembroke, 8 miles, Donovan.

MONORBEER or Maenor Pyrr, is a small village wildly situated on the sea-coast, between Tenby and Pembroke.

The Castle, or castellated mansion, as described by Leland, stands "between two little hillettes," the rocky bases of which repel the fury of an angry sea. This fortress appears to have been of norman erection; it fell to the crown in the reign of Henry 1; a grant from James 1, presented it to the Bowens of Trelogne; from them it descended by marriage into the family of Picton Castle, and in the year 1740 was the property of sir Erasmus Philips, bart. The ponderous towers and massive fragments of this castle denote it's original strength and importance to have been considerable; yet now, deprived of "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!" it exhibits a scene so wild and desolate, as might disclaim all intercourse with man: rank grass clothes every projection; the thistle shakes it's head from the windows, the sea-bird screams through the hall, and adders creep where many a warrior stalked.—J. T. Barber. *Giraldus Cambriensis*, the celebrated historian of Wales, was born at Monorbeer Castle, in the 12th century. He visited Jerusalem; surveyed Ireland; and travelled through most parts of England and Wales, as the secretary and adviser of Archbishop Baldwyn, and wrote descriptions of each country. He obtained the archdeaconry of Brecon; was preferred to the irish mitre; and, late in life, translated to the episcopal chair of St. David, where he died, and was buried in the cathedral in the year 1215.

Mr. Barber and his companion, being directed by some country people, struck off into a bridle road for Carew, but soon found themselves at a loss which to choose of 3 roads which presented themselves; were obliged to advance at hazard; and, after a long ride, on meeting with a cottager, were advised to return and take a different route. They again were uncertain what course to pursue, took a wrong direction, and were enveloped in darkness, in a road which scarcely bore the distinctness of a track. They however slowly paced on, till a glimmering light at length appeared between the trees, which they gladly traced to a lonely cottage. They were here accommodated with bread, butter, &c. and some barley for their horses. They were told that Carew contained two inns, but on reaching it there was no stabling for their horses, and but one spare bed. Yet reduced by necessity, there to remain, their weary horses were turned into a field, and the keen appetites of the tourists had nothing better on which to regale than hard barley bread and salt butter, with nauseating ale. Vexed with accumulated plagues, our adventurers threw themselves, half undressed, upon a wretched bed; but sleep was denied; the sheets were damp, the fleas abundant, and the rats noisy. From this specimen of rustic accommodation, they afterwards made a rule to finish their day's journey at a good town. The distant opening view of Tenby, which appears from various elevations on the road, is striking. It rises boldly upon the brow of an aspiring headland, hemmed in by marshes, partly surrounded by the sea.

From Monorbeer Castle to Pembroke, mr. Skrine ascended a ridge, and for many miles pursued a grand terrace upon it's summit, from which the greatest part of Pembrokeshire was spread like a map below. Cultivation here smiled in all her glory; and the inhabitants, many of whom where originally transplanted from Flanders, retain traits of their original, intermixed with the english, rather than the welch character. A gentle descent leads to the village and ancient mansion of *Llamphey Court*, once a palace of the Bishop of St. David's, and afterwards a seat of the great lord Essex. A considerable portion of this structure remains. Two miles distant is Pembroke.

To Carew, 2 miles, Barber.
— Tenby, 5 miles, Donovan.
— Pembroke, 8 miles, Skrine.

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From Newtown, 9 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
—— Llanvair, Montgom. 10 miles, Evans; Skrine.
—— Welsh-Pool, 8 miles, Wyndham; Warner.

MONTGOMERY, is pleasantly situated in the hollow of an eminence; it is clean, chiefly built with brick, and not inelegant. In the upper part of it stands the Guildhall, a handsome stone building, where the sessions are held in rotation with Welsh Pool, and other places in the justicary of Chester. The town was anciently built and fortified with a castle, by Baldwyn, lieutenant of the Welsh marches to William the Conqueror, and then called Tre-Faldwyn, i. e. Baldwyn's town; but

Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1092 entered Powis-land, and took this place, which he fortified anew, built the castle, (according to Doomsday) and called it after his own name. Henry 3 granted by charter, to Montgomery the privileges of a free borough. The town is governed by 2 bailiffs, and 12 burgesses: It sends one member to parliament, who is elected by the burgesses, and returned by the bailiffs; Llanydloes, Welsh-pool and Llanvyllin, were formerly contributory, but are now excluded from any share in the election.

The Dragon seems to be the only Inn in the place.

The Church is a handsome cruciform structure, containing an ancient monument, to the memory of Richard Herbert, esq., father of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Chirbury. The house called *Blackhall* once the hospitable residence of the family, stood at the bottom of the town; a foss marks the spot; for it was consumed by fire. The lodge in *Limore-park*, at a short distance was enlarged on this occasion; which still shews a venerable wooden front. It is one of the seats of lord Clive, now earl of Powis. The Castle is situated on an eminence, on the n. side of the town, the approach to which is easy, but on the opposite side, the rock upon which it is built rises almost perpendicularly. It is now so much demolished that it is impossible to ascertain what has been it's extent. The remains are a small part of a tower at the s.w. corner, and a few low and broken walls. In this tower are several small holes, similar to those in the roman fort at Segontium, near Caernarvon. This fortress seems to have been divided by four fosses, cut in the rock. From the castle is an extensive and varied prospect. During the long contests between the Welsh and English, this place was considered a most important station. Antiquaries are not agreed respecting the founder, some say Robert Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury, and others Baldwyn. In 1094 it was destroyed by the Welsh, but however, rebuilt by the Earl of Shrewsbury, in 1094. A new castle is mentioned in history, in the time of Henry 3, anno 1221, whence to 1354 it underwent various changes. It was taken by the parliamentary forces in 1644, and afterwards dismantled.

Between the end of the buildings and the precipice is a level spot, the parade of the place. At the bottom of the hill, in the vale, is a small fortification, of the kind used by the Saxons, and Welsh, having in it a high mount. Upon a hill, not far from the castle, is a stupendous british post. The approach is guarded by four deep ditches, with two or three entrances towards the main work, where some fosses run across the hill. From the summit is a fine view of the vale, bounded by the Shropshire hills.

Near one of the remains of the towers of the Castle, grows the Potentilla argentia.

Many pretty erections occupy the best places in the adjacent country, apparently inhabited by people of small independent fortunes, who have preferred this neighbourhood as a place of retirement.

Near Montgomery is the mountain *Mynydd*, or *Cefn Digoll*; celebrated for having been the spot where the liberty of the Welsh gave it's expiring groan. Here was fought the last contested battle between the hirelings of oppression and the surviving heroes of the fallen principality. After the death of Llewelyn, the northern Welshmen set up Madoc, his cousin, who assembled a great army, and after several eminent victories at Caernarvon, Denbigh, Knockin, and on the marches, was here overthrown, in 1294, by the collected power of the lord marchers, after a long contested engagement. Cross the Severn, near *Llanlafryn*, a house of the Jones's. Turn a little out of the road to *Powys Castle*, situated upon an eminence on the left. [See Welsh-Pool.]

At the distance of about 2 miles on the Shrewsbury road, stands *Chirbury Priory*, founded in the reign of king John for monks of the order of St. Bennet. The canons of this monastery had a grant of the tythes of Montgomery wood and of the mill there. Hubert de Burgh, was a benefactor to this priory; but in the 9th of Edward 1, the Prior and Convent was removed to Snede. At it's dissolution, during the 37th of Henry 8, the king granted to Edward Hopton and Elizabeth his wife, the house and land on which it stood; and after their deaths to their heirs for ever. During the 13th year of Elizabeth the rectory and parsonage of Chirbury, belonging to the late priory, was given to augment the income of the grammar school of Shrewsbury.

On the banks of the *Camlet*, at Marrington, in this parish, 5 miles distant from Montgomery, grows Impatiens noli me tangere.

To CLUN, mr. Warner walked 5 miles to a long ascent which conducted him to the summit of *Castle-Kising Hill*, whence he had a grand view of the hills of Salop, and the rich vale of Montgomery. Here, also, he overlooked the town of Bishop's Castle; Walcot, the seat of earl Powis, and it's adjoining grounds; with a considerable part of Herefordshire. Leaving the common road, he struck across the downs to Clun.

To NEWTOWN, the road lies over a hill from Montgomery along a beautiful valley, enriched by the Severn, and meadows and pastures. The hills on each side are mostly sprinkled with wood.

The way TO BISHOP'S CASTLE lies through a rich country. On this road a retrospective view of the remains of the castle, the tower of the church, with trees concealing the inferior buildings, becomes very interesting. Pass the Court-House, now converted into that of a farm, and take the new road. Upon a summit, at the distance of 5 miles from Montgomery, a delightful survey may be taken of the far distant mountainous country of Wales. A mile further is *Red Court-House*. On the right is *Mellington*. Within 2 miles of Bishop's-Castle is an old camp called *Bishop's moat*.

To Welsh-pool, 9 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
— Newtown, 9 miles, Evans; Wyndham.
— Clun, 12 miles, Warner.
— Bishop's Castle, 9 miles.
Mr. Skrine terminated his journey through North Wales at this place.
To Shrewsbury, 22 miles.

From Llanddiniolen, Bingley.
—— Llandegai, Pennant.

NANT FRANGON, (properly Nant yr Afangcwn, or the Beaver's hollow,) is a romantic and tremendous glen, situated between Bangor and Capel Carig in Caernarvonshire, destitute of wood, and even of cultivation, except the narrow slip of meadow which lies along it's bottom. The fantastic piles of rocks which compose the sides, rise abruptly from their base, and stretch their barren points into the clouds. In 1685, part of a rock forming one of the impending cliffs, became so undermined by wind and rain, that loosing it's hold, it fell down in several immense masses, and in it's passage down a steep and craggy cliff, dislodged some thousands of other stones. The largest piece of the falling rock continued it's motion through a small meadow and rested on the farther side of the river Ogwen. The mountains of the upper end of this vale form a scene singularly grand: on each side, the hollow appears guarded by a huge conical rock; *Trivaen* on the right, and *Braich dû* on the left. These with *Glyder-bach* and *Glyder vawr*, and some other mountains fill up the distance, and apparently close the vale. Near this place beside a little gothic cottage is a small hone quarry. *Y Trivaen*, the right mountain, received it's name from 3 tall stones standing in an upright position on it's summit, which from below had the exact resemblance of 3 men. Of these only 2 remain. These upright stones are seen also from the road near *Llyn Ogwen*, a tolerably large pool, well stocked with trout, and several other kinds of fish, where the country begins to change it's rough aspect and assume a character less mountainous, which it retains till within a mile or two of CAPEL CARIG, when it resumes it's former aspect.—Bingley's Tour. Mr Hutton describes his visit to this vale as follows. " A stranger to the country, to the language, and almost to man, I returned from *Nant Gwynant*, slept at at Capel Carig, and was wandering over lord Penrhyn's new road, towards Caernarvon. The cascades on my left were rolling down with violence, after heavy rain, when a sheet of water, a mile long, and 3 quarter's wide, presented itself to view, which, by the map, I knew must be Ogwen Pool. But what was my surprise, when at the extremity of the pool, I instantly found myself upon a precipice 200 feet high, and in a moment, a most beautiful valley burst upon me of nearly 1 mile wide and 4 long; the river rushing down this precipice in several stages, and, winding, full in view, through this delightful valley. The rocks appeared tremendous, the mountains sloping, and the verdure increasing with the descent, to the bottom, where, if poetically inclined, I might say, " Nature sat in majesty, adorned in her best robe of green velvet." When I had travelled about 3 miles along this sequestered valley, I saw four people endeavouring to repair a gate.

I addressed one who appeared likely to understand English. He readily answered several questions respecting the road, and other objects. "My way I am informed, sir, lies through Nant Frangon; pray how shall I know when I am in it?" "You are in it now." Over part of this vale impends *Yr ala wen*, it's front torn into amazing gullies.

To Capel Carig, Bingley.
— Caernarvon, along the new road, Hutton, 5 miles.

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From Laugharne; 15 miles Donovan; Evans:
—— Kilgerran, 16 miles, Warner.
—— Haverfordwest, 10 miles, Wyndham.

NARBERTH, Pembrokeshire, affords little to arrest a traveller's attention, but the ruins of it's castle, distinguished during the contests between the Welsh and Flemings, by the latter of whom it appears to have been built.— J. Evans. Leland says, "Narberth, a little pretty pile of old sir Rheses, given unto him by king Henry 8. There is a poor village, and by it a little forest." The Church contains nothing remarkable. A post-office is established here. INN, the White Hart.

Lawhaden or Lanwadein, is a small village distant about 4 miles from Narberth, on the right of the road to Haverford West, on the banks of the river Cleddeu. Upon the summit of a high hill, covered with wood, there are considerable fragments of a castle, belonging to the see of Saint Davids. At a time when hostile incursions were frequent, the bishops found it necessary to fortify their palaces against the attacks of their enemies. Belonging to this see is a castellated mansion at Landeu near Brecon, a second at Lawhaden, and a third at Lantphey near Pembroke.

The road TO CAREW lies first over a gradual ascent of hilly land, and then over a barren waste. This district abounds with inexhaustible coal mines. Approaching to Carew the traveller will be captivated by charming bursts of scenery and the vagarious branches of Milford Haven, a creek of which flows by the noble shell of Carew Castle.

To TENBY the road lies through a tolerably wooded country, leaving the collieries in the vicinity of Sander's-foot Bay, on the left, into a district peopled by the descendants of the Flemish settlers.

On the way TO KILGERRAN mr. Wyndham passed close to *druidic circles* mentioned by Camden, on the *Cilmaenl-loyd heath*. He pursued his route along the foot of the *Caraig Garw*, one of the Percily hills.

Sir Richard Hoare, strongly recommends a ride to a picturesque valley in the neighbourhood of Narberth, watered by the river Cleddeu and crowned by the towers of *Lawhaden* castle.

The road TO HAVERFORDWEST affords nothing particularly interesting in it's immediate track. *Sleback* and *Picton Castles* must not, however be overlooked; but they may be easily visited either from Narberth or Haverford West.

To Carew, 8 miles, Donovan.
— Tenby, 7 miles, Evans; Warner.
— Kilgerran, 20 miles, Wyndham.

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From Swansea, 6 miles, Wyndham; Malkin; Barber.
—— Britton Ferry, 1½ miles, Donovan; Evans; Skrine; Warner.
—— Merthyr Tydvil, by way of Pont Neath Vechan, 25 miles.

NEATH, the Nidum of Antoninus, is situated in a pleasing rectilinear valley in Glamorganshire, overhung with the smoke of numerous manufactories, and it's soil blackened by coalworks and railways. It was formerly of greater extent and importance than at present, the spirit of trade having not diffused itself in elegant buildings or well-paved streets.

Principal INNS. Ship and Castle; and the Angel.

The Neath river (which affords a good haven for small vessels) crossed by a stone bridge, is the boundary of that tract of country called *Gower*; it also formed the western boundary of the lordship of Glamorgan, which anciently extended eastward to the river Usk. The latter district fell under the dominion of the Normans; the circumstances whereof are detailed in the following account of the castle.

The Castle, now an inconsiderable ruin, was part of the domains of Jestyn ap Gwrgunt, lord of Morgannive or Glamorgan. This chieftain having joined three others in a rebellion against Rhys ap Tewdwr prince of S. Wales, A. D. 1090, promised that, to make the union more binding, Einion, one of the chiefs, should marry Jeston's daughter, provided he procured assitance from the Normans to prosecute their hostilities against Rhys. Robert Fitzhammon, an Anglo-Norman chieftain, a near relation to the king of England, and a baron of the realm, was applied to, who selected 12 adherants, An army in 1091, invaded S. Wales, and laid the country waste. Rhys, tho' 90 years of age, met the assailants upon the black mountain near Brecon, and was slain in the battle. The confederates were successful. Jestyn kept his engagements with the Normans, but neglected to fulfil his pledge to Einion, grew insolent in prosperity, and treated his fellow-traitor Einion with derision. Einion resented this conduct, so faithless and ungrateful, posted after the Normans, and arrived at the sea-shore when they had already embarked. He waved his mantle as a signal, which they perceived, and immediately returned. On enquiring the cause of such extraordinary recall, Einion gave an account of the ill usage he had sustained, maintaining that a very easy conquest might be made of the country, especially as the neighbouring welsh princes despised Jestyn's treachery too much to cause them to be of his party. The Normans perceiving a prospect of subduing this country with ease, readily engaged in Einion's project. Fitzhammon mustered his forces, and suddenly invaded and deprived Jestyn of his life and territory. He then divided the domain, reserving to himself the principal parts and the entire seigniority of the whole: he then gave the rest of the province to be held in subordinate fiefs, to the 12 knights who accompanied him, leaving the rough and barren mountains to the share of Einion. It was necessary to support a dominion thus acquired by the iron arm of oppression: the first attention, therefore, of the conquerors were directed to rearing fortresses on their domains, and afterwards to the creation of religious houses. In this manner were the *lords marchers* established in Wales; possessing, in all cases, except the power of granting pardons for treason, the rights of royalty. The lordship and castle of Neath were allotted to Richard de Granville, brother to Fitzhammon, from whom descended the noble families of Granville, earls of Bath, Grenville marquis of Buckingham, and lord Grenville.

The ruins of NEATH ABBEY, or Abatty Glyn Nedd (the abbacy of the vale of Nedd), is one of the picturesque objects which enrich the district in which it stands, distant about half a mile W. of the town, near the road leading from Swansea; whence the garb of antiquity which it wears, is too attractive not to excite the traveller to a closer examination of it's beauties. He, however, no sooner has approached than he meets a most offensive repulse in the misery of it's inmates, consisting of the ragged and dirty families of the workmen employed at the contiguous copper smelting houses. This must undoubtedly have been a delightful situation in former times, but now not only the walls which remain, but every object around is impinged by the smoke of fires, continually burning round it on every side; so that a traveller approaching this vale at night, might imagine he was entering the dominions of Pluto. The inexhaustible store of coals, with which the neighbourhood abounds, has been the cause of erecting large works for iron, the ore of which is brought from the upper part of the vale; and of forming very extensive smelting houses for the copper ore brought from *Parys mountain*, in Anglesea. With respect to the history of the foundation of this abbey perhaps no better account can be referred to than that contained in Tanner's "Notitia Monastica." It was built by Richard de Grenville or Greenfield, one of Fitzhammon's knights; the same who came about 1090 to assist Einion and Jestyn, against Rhys ap Tewdwr prince of S. Wales, in the reign of William Rufus. It was built for cistercian monks, and dedicated to the holy Trinity. At the dissolution of monasteries it's revenues were valued at 150*l* per annum. The abbey-house about the year 1650 formed an admired seat of the Hobby's family. This ruin is composed of rough stones, with lancet windows, which form the N. side of a quadrangle. The gates, hall, and gallery, still remain, having in front of a contiguous room, the arms of England, and of John of Gaunt, on stone. In this abbey the unfortunate Edward 2, sheltered himself till he was taken. The ichnography of the old church may easily be traced. Among the dingy inhabitants of this abbey, mr. Barber met with an old woman who undertook to give him an account of the ruin. "She shewed us," says he, "the nun's dining-room, the roof of which was entire, supported by saxon, or rather early norman pillars and arches. From the refectory we passed to what was once the dormitory, and were shewn a nauseous dungeon, in which, as the legend of the abbey relates, offending nuns were wont to be confined."

In a field nearly opposite to the ruins of the abbey lies a well-sculptured effigy of an abbot, holding the model of a church in his hand, intended probably to perpetuate the memory of the person who built or repaired the church. In this neighbourhood are some very extensive works for the manufacture of iron and copper. Two immense blast furnaces belonging to messrs. Fox and Co. produce 30 tons of pig iron every week. Another blast furnace and foundery is the property of messrs. Raby and Co. Two considerable copper works belong to Roe and Co., of Macclesfield, and the other to the Mines Royal Company. A great chemical work is carried on by messrs. Bewick and Horne, in which are produced sugar of lead, vitriol, and the purest alum in the kingdom. In addition to these sources of wealth, Neath has a very productive colliery in it's neighbourhood, which gives incalculable advantage to all it's manufactures. A Canal also, running 12 miles up a beautiful valley, conducts to this part, all it's produce. At a short distance from Neath is the *Knoll*, a castellated seat of the late Sir Herbert Mackworth, occupying the summit of a hill at the termination of a noble lawn. The fine views which this elevation commands, encompassed by hanging woods and extensive plantations, shady walks and picturesque cascades, render it a place deservedly attractive. Near Neath is the small neat church of *Cadoxton* or *St. Cadoc's Town*, where is a singular epitaph; not less than the whole pedigree of a family of Williams. "As long as a Welsh pedigree" is an old proverb; which is completely verified in the present instance, for a copy of it in mr. Evans's Tour occupies four wide 8vo. pages. *Llychwyr* is a poor village, 8 miles distant from Neath, situated on a river of the same name, which is fordable at low water. The outward walls of a square castle remain, fortified by a treble trench, but destroyed by Rhys ap Gruffydd in 1215. On the N. E. side of the town, at a place called *Cevyn-y-Brynn*, is a vast stone, of 20 tons weight, called *Arthur's stone*.

In the way SWANSEA, *Morristown* [see Swansea] may be conveniently visited. In advancing to the latter place, a beautiful display of landscape opens to view: A bold obstrusive hill lies in front, obscured by smoke, and studded with cottages. On the summit of the hill is mr. Morris's elegant villa, surrounded by trees. At *Llandwr* is a stupendous steam engine erected for the purpose of draining the water from a valuable mine. This machine brings up water at the rate of 78,000 gallons in an hour. It is said to have cost between 4, and 5,000*l.* ANOTHER ROAD TO SWANSEA, pursued by mr. Evans, is to pass along the vale by the inconsiderable falls of the *Dylis* and the *Cleddeu*. A dark looking rock, called *Craig y llyn*, to the right, frowns in sullen grandeur, and a little to the N. E. of it is a lake of about half a mile in length, called *Llyn y dwr*; at a short distance is the small village of *Pont neath Vechan*. Near this place are some curious intrenchments on each side the river, consisting of high walls or banks. It has been conjectured to have been a roman encampment. Mr. Evans thinks them british, resembling those near Corwen. Descending into the vale, which becomes interesting from the beauty and grandeur of it's scenery, the cataract of *Scotenogam*, or more properly *Ysgwd Eineon Gam*, salutes you; the fall of the river Purdden. It is distant from Pont Neath-vechan about 1½ miles, and is approached by a path down a steep declivity, till you arrive at a bold perpendicular rock. In front of this a chasm is presented, through which it precipitates over a ledge of rock full 80 feet into the pool beneath. At a short distance is another of inferior magnitude called the Ladies' Cascade. Three miles to the N. is the *Lower Fall of the Hepsey*, and a quarter of a mile above is the *Upper Hepsey Fall*; which from the singular attendant circumstances, may vie with those of the Alps or Appenines. It is formed by the whole river Hepsey flowing in one broad expanse of 40 feet, over an even ledge of rock about 70 feet high. [See page 410.] Passing over the hill which separates the *vale* of the *Melta* from that of the *Hepsey*, you discover another fall of equal magnificence. In a narrow cwm, through which flows the small river Dynnas, is a curious phenomenon in geology, called *Bwa Maen*, or the Curved Rock. The sea being out, mr. Evans proceeded over the sands, under the *Kilvay hill*, and ferrying over the Tawy, entered the town of Swansea.

On the road TO BRITTON FERRY having passed the tufted hills of the Knoll, a single stone monument occurs, called *Y maen Llythyrog*, which may be accounted one of the remotest relics of antiquity. It's inscription has been read as follows: Bodvacus hic jacet filius Catotis Irni pronepos æternali domo." This is a massive paralellopiped, upon an eminence to the left: another immediately beyond appears in a field close to the road on the right. Afterwards is seen the *Eagle's Bush*, a beautiful residence situated on high grounds, and the rich hanging woods and open groves of Britton-ferry attract considerable interest, clothing the charming domain of lord Vernon.

There is a way TO BRIDGEND, over a grandly mountainous country, through the parish of *Llangeinor*, where there are some very curious caves of great extent.

When mr. Warner left the Knoll he pursued the canal for 2 miles, till he reached *Aberdillis Forge*. Soon after which occurred the pleasing cascade of *Aberdillis mill*. A little further an artificial curiosity may be examined; namely, the astonishing operations of machines at the tin-plate works of *Inysygerwn*. *Mellincourt* is a romantic village five miles from Neath, [see Swansea] where there is a blast furnace, a finery, and a foundery, upon an improved and stupendous plan. At a short distance from these works is the celebrated *cascade of Mellincourt*. [See Swansea.] Here mr. Warner forded the river and continued along the canal side for 3 or 4 miles. At the distance of 10 miles, from Neath he passed a productive colliery, and shortly after *Aberpergam*, the seat of mrs. Aubrey, behind whose house are iron-stone works, belonging to the iron furnace company at Neath. Passing on half a mile, he crossed a rail-road, and was afterwards much struck with the contour of the mountain rising on the NE., called *Craig-y-Llyn*, the rock of the lake, referring to a pool of water in one of it's cwms: he then arrived at Pont Neath Vechan. [See page 409.] Following, by the directions of a guide, the course of the Neath river for some time, mr. Warner at length reached the tributary stream called *Purddin*, the romantic banks of which he pursued for nearly a mile, to a point of beauty and magnificence called *Ysgwd-Einion-Gam*, or Elneon's Crooked Waterfall. He then returned to the Angel-inn, at Pont Neath Vechan, by a nearer road to a farm house, and thence along the side of *Cwm Tawe*, an immense glen, to Pont Neath Vechan. The turnpike-road to *Ystradd-y-Feldda* is uninteresting, but the walk to it, by the way of the Hepsey and Feldda rivers produce exquisite scenery. On quitting Pont Neath Vechan, he struck into the Merthyr Tydvil road, which runs parallel to the Hepsey and Feldda rivers (now one united stream) and followed it about a mile, when he reached *Pont Dinas Bridge*, where there is a remarkable cliff, called *Craig Dinas*, or the Rock of the City; passing this to the left, he pursued the Dinas brook for a few hundred yards, when he arrived at a singular natural curiosity called *Bwa Maen*, or the Stone of the Brow, a huge mass of calcareous rock, "consisting of several strata. This rock which protrudes from the parent mountain, presents a flat face, variegated with trees and shrubs, and in form approaches to that of a quarter of a circle, it's various strata preserving the direction of this outline; but at the top of the rock they assume nearly a vertical direction." The rocky bank to the right ascends abruptly from the brook, and is covered with wood; the opposite side is more rude and bare, yet crowned with a noble mantle of trees. Except in wet seasons this brook disappears, entering a hole in the rock about 150 yards above the curved strata, and becomes invisible for a quarter of a mile, and then discharges itself from another aperture into the Feldda river, a little below Dinas bridge. By the direction of his guide, mr. Warner then ascended the steep hill to the right of this sublime scene, and passed the head of Bwa Maen, for the sake of the fine bird's eye view of it. Thence, he again scrambled down a declivity to the margin of the same brook to see the effect of an immense perpendicular limestone rock, called *Ystol-Gwiddon*, or the chair of the witch. Continuing along the brook to the end of the rock, he took a narrow path winding up the side of the declivity, to a wild common, commanding a view of the two alpine rivers, Hepsey and Melta, and their magnificent banks. A foot way led over the common to *Culkepste farm*, opening a grand prospect of the vale of Neath, the bay of Swansea, and the Mumble head. Here he caught a view of the banks of these streams, diverging each from the other, and presenting a pleasingly diversified scene, with a stupendous cataract, tumbling from a rocky bed of the Hepsey river. [See *falls of the Hepsey*, page 410.] From the cavern called *Porthogo*, the mouth of the cave, mr. Warner returned to Ystrad y Feldda. When the water is low the pleasantest way is by the river side. The following morning mr. Warner and his companion buckled on their knapsacks at 6, and beat a march towards Brecon over an uninteresting road, noticing only at the distance of 4 miles, upon the left, a druidic stone, and a roman way. The former is very conspicuous, being 11½ feet high; the latter lies about 60 yards from this monument, formed of irregular loose stones, almost covered with earth. The country people call it *Sarn Helen*. Sir R. Hoare says, that there is a long extent of the roman causeway, leading from the station of Nidus or Neath, to that of the Gaer near Brecon, which is visible. While at Neath, mr. Wyndham made an excursion to the *Knoll* and to the fall of the Cleddeu at Mellincourt. [See Swansea.] From Neath he crossed over the dreary mountain of *Bettus*, then joined the road from Swansea, and descended into Caermarthenshire.

To Britton Ferry, 1½ miles, Malkin; Barber.
— Swansea, 9 miles, Skrine; Evans; Donovan.
— Brecon, a circuitous route of 48 miles; the direct road is 30 miles.
— Llandilo vawr, through Llandebea, 22 miles, Wyndham.

From Llanbeder, 19 miles, Skrine; Malkin.
—— Kilgerran, 7 miles, Evans.

NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN, or Dinas Emlyn. This village is partly in Caerdiganshire and partly in Caermarthenshire, on the direct road from Caerdigan to Lanbeder, pleasantly situated upon the banks of the river Teivi. It's Castle was rebuilt by sir Rice ap Thomas, who made it one of his principal residences. It's situation is highly picturesque. The approach from the town is particularly fine. The arched gateway, about 14 feet high, supported by 2 octagon towers, exhibits the romantic character of the country beyond to singular advantage. But what gives to this spot a degree of interest so peculiarly it's own, is the sportive course of the river at this place. The Teivi enters the valley from the NE. and flows in a straight line, till it arrives nearly underneath the castle; it then takes a sudden turn, and, instead of winding immediately round the foot of the hill, darts back again for a considerable way, in a course parallel with it's first channel, and near to it. It then sweeps round majestically in front, leaving a long and very beautiful meadow between it and the castle, and comes down again on the opposite side, with features of a different character. Here it's bed becomes impeded by rocks, through which it furrows a deep, tortuous, and noisy course, and rolls with much impetuosity under the venerable bridge. Thus is the castle almost surrounded with a magnificent natural moat. This horseshoe bend is far more curious and striking than that of the Wye.—B. H. Malkin. The church at Newcastle is a chapel of ease to Kenarth.

The country between this place and Llanbeder, is greatly uninteresting in point of natural scenery; but the numerous *ancient encampments* which crown the summits of many of the neighbouring hills, afford an ample field of enquiry to the antiquarian.

In going to Caerdigan, instead of crossing Kerry bridge, mr. Malkin advises the tourist to take the Caermarthenshire side of the river, from the bridge at *Llandyssul*, for about 3 miles below, till he comes to the river Keach, which divides the counties of Caermarthen and Pembroke. Instead of crossing the river, a path to the right leads up to *Kenarth*, where there is a noted salmon leap on the Teivi.

To Aberystwith, mr. Evans first visited the woods of *Hënllan* and the vale above Llandysoil, and then turned towards the sea. Leaving mr. Lloyd's of *Bronwyn* on the left, and passing by *Capel Drinidad*, he reached a spot called *Castell Gwythern*, where stood the palace of Vortigern, at present a naked precipitous rock. Passing the village of *Troder aur*, he descended into the fertile valley of *Cwm Cerris*, bounded by wooded hills. On a lingula or angle, formed by the conflux of a small rivulet into the Cerris, on a circular shaped hill, is a British *encampment*, consisting of 2 vallums and 2 fosses, called *Dinas Cerris*. The inhabitants of this district are poor and the soil barren and unsheltered. The huts are chiefly built of mud, with chimnies formed of wicker work. Passing *Blaen y Porth* there are some intrenchments called *Castel Yndalig*, said to be a fortress erected by earl Gilbert and his Flemings, which was taken and razed by Gryffydd ap Rhys, A. D. 1113, named *Blaen Porth Gwythern*. A little below, on a small creek, is the hamlet of *Aber Porth*. Skirting along the coast northward, occurs a cove, called *Traeth Saith*, of uncommon beauty. Several fine curvatures beneath perpendicular schistose rocks, form cliffs nearly 600 feet high. To the S. it is sheltered by the head-lands of Pen y bryn and Pen Brybbach, and to the N. by Moel y badell and Inys Llochdû. Crossing *Pont yr Yanc*, is *Llandisiliogogo*, where Daffydd ap Evan entertained the earl of Richmond and his followers, which the earl (afterwards Henry 7) acknowledged by rich presents, particularly a drinking horn, now in the possession of John Vaughan, esq. of Golden-Grove, Caermarthenshire.

Near *Inys Llochdû* is a harbour called New Quay. Crossing the mountains, and descending into the *vale of Aeron*, there is a small inn called ABERAERON. [See p. 5.] *Llanrysted* is a poor village with a neat church, standing upon a high hill to the SE. On the sea shore are some ruins, said to be the remains of a religious house, but evidently those of a castle built by Cadwallader, brother of Owen Gwynedd, in 1148, who gave this part of Caerdiganshire to his son Howel. From Aberaeron to this place is an extensive flat between the sea and the eastern mountains, famed for producing from 60 to 80 bushels of fine barley per acre. These lands are dressed every 3 years with the sea wreck in it's wet state, and are every year under barley without a single intervening crop. It is strange that the occupiers of other parts of the coast do not enrich themselves in the same way. Two miles from this village are 2 rude upright stones, one of them 12 feet high. Passing over a high ridge of land exhibiting the most delightful scenery, the Ystwith occurs, over which is thrown a stone bridge of one arch. Climbing a high slate hill, and descending into the vale of the Rhydol, the traveller reaches Aberystwith, over a handsome stone bridge.—J. Evans.

To Caerdigan, 10 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
— Aberystwith, 38 miles, Evans.
— Caermarthen, 20 miles.
— Llanbeder, 19 miles.

* * *

From Glocester, 12 miles, Skrine.

NEWNHAM, is a little picturesque town in Glocestershire, partaking in the wild appearance of the neighbouring forest, and may properly be called it's port. A passage is here established across the Severn, which forms the most direct communication from Monmouthshire to the opposite clothing towns in the vallies of the Cotteswold hills: this gives the place an air of commercial bustle and spirit, which does not militate with the rustic charms of the surrounding country. The church-yard of Newnham, covering an abrupt cliff, commands the two great reaches of the bold semicircle formed by the Severn, with the spire of Westbury on the left, and Berkley-castle on the right; soon after which the river forms into a great estuary, and in sight becomes the Bristol channel.

In proceeding TO CHEPSTOW, the view, previous to our descending the hill to *Lidney*, an ancient seat of the Bathursts, is extensive and beautiful. At the distance of a mile is the Old Passage; and King's-road, with the merchant ships, lying off Bristol; the Glocestershire and Somersetshire hills, studded with gentlemens' seats, churches, and sheltered cottages, form a varied and lively landscape. A little beyond, at the village of *Lidney* there are some iron works carried on by mr. Pitchcock.

To Ross mr. Skrine deserted the banks of the Severn, and ascended through the romantic village of *Little Dean* to the contiguous forest, whence he took a farewell view of the charming vale of Glocester, and entered upon new scenery. *Mitchel Dean*, is an agreeable little town, in a naturally sequestered situation, which is aided by execrable roads through the forest, which compel most travellers to make a circuit by Ross, from Glocester to Monmouth. The country from Dean to Ross has the same forest-like appearance as that from Newnham.

To Ross, 9 miles, Skrine.
— Chepstow, 16 miles.

* * *

From Caldecot Castle, 2 miles, Barber.
The Rev. W. Coxe, commences his Tour in Monmouthshire, visits Caldecot Castle and returns. Thence to Caerwent, 2 miles.
From Bristol, 11 miles, Donovan; Evans.
Mr. Warner began both his first and second Walks here.
From Chepstow, 5 miles, Skrine.
—— Bath, 24 miles.

The ferry at the NEW PASSAGE is the principal entrance into Monmouthshire, from the south-western counties. The breadth of the water from this place to the Bristol coast is 3 miles. If the traveller be necessitated to pass over this ferry at low water he will have to disembark at a short distance from the usual landing-place, and subjected to a very slippery walk over the surface of the rocks, covered with Conferva, fuci, and other marine plants. There are two shelving rocks connected with the main land. The contiguous inn on the N. side of the river, is hence called the Black-rock inn, but more properly St. Andrews. The ferry at *Aust*, or the *Old Passage* is but 1 mile across, but the landing at the former is more commodious. The beach at Aust is intersected with beautiful veins of alabaster; near the top of the cliff a broad strata of alabaster runs a considerable length in a straight line. The tide moves here with great strength, which the opposing rocks in the bed of the river, form into whirlpools. The boatmen carefully avoid these. Some open boats have been forceably drawn under water in these places. The landing-place at this passage is under a rock, upon which there is a neat Inn. Both these concerns are monopolies, and like all other monopolies, are hostile to the interest of the public. The boatmen, are of course, rude in their manners, indifferent to the accommodation of the passengers, and practised in the arts of extortion. The shore of Monmouthshire rises from the edge of the water in gentle acclivities, richly wooded, and interspersed with fields of corn and pasture; above, are extensive ridges of hills, which commence with the Wind cliff, and are succeeded by the wooded eminences of Piercefield, and the two grey hills above Llanvair. To the W. towers the Pencamawr, and the eye catches a distant view of Twyn Barlwm, and the Machen Hill, terminating in the eminences beyond Newport, in the county of Glamorgan.

About half a mile from the Monmouthshire shore, is a rocky inlet called *Charstone Rock*, on which Roman coins have been found. The boat-man can pass close to these craggy rocks, if desired, and in the humour to be civil. The stone is used for building. This ferry is memorable for the escape of Charles 1, who being pursued by the republican soldiers, crossed the Severn to Chisell-Pill in Glocestershire.

From the New Passage Inn may be visited *Sudbrook Encampment*, at the distance of a mile, on the shore to the W., crowning the brow of an eminence which rises in an abrupt cliff from Caldecot-level. This remnant of ancient dimention, consisting of 3 ramparts and 2 ditches, forms a semicircle, the chord of which is the sea-cliff; but it is evident, that part of the eminence has mouldered away; and most probably the figure of the fortification was once circular. Eastward of this encampment is *Sudbrook Chapel*, a small gothic ruin, which was formerly attached to a mansion of norman foundation. No traces of such a structure, however, appear; it's remains have probably been swept away by the encroachment of the sea. Some piles of hewn stones near the ramparts may be it's relics.

Another pleasant walk from the New Passage, of about a mile, may be made across the fields to *St. Pierre*, an ancient seat of the Lewis family, descended from Cadivor the great. This mansion exhibits an incongruous mixture, in which the modern sashed window, is patched upon a gothic structure upwards of 400 years old. An embattled gateway, flanked with pentagonal towers, is still more ancient. In the porch of the Church are two sepulchral stones, bearing an inscription, and are supposed to be the tomb of Urien de St. Pierre, who lived in the reign of Henry 3. Nearly opposite this spot is the great estuary of the Bristol channel, contracting in width and taking the name of the Severn, from the well-known story of the British princess Sabrina. See Milton's Comus, beginning at "There is a gentle nymph not far from hence." Crossing the grounds at *St. Pierre* and passing *Pool Meyrick*, a brook falling into the Severn, to the right stands *Mathern Palace*, formerly the episcopal seat of the bishops of Llandaff. The structure, which surrounds a quadrangular court, raised by different bishops, is situated in a gentle hilly country, pleasingly diversified with wood and pasturage. Some specimens of dilapidated grandeur appear in the E. window; and the entrance was through a lofty ornamented porch, which has recently been destroyed, and the building is now occupied as a mere farm-house. In the N. side of the chancel of *Mathern Church*, (a gothic structure, but of british origin) is an epitaph on Theodoric, king of Glamorgan. Within a short distance from Mathern is *Moinscourt*, another deserted ecclesiastic mansion. It's foundation is attributed to Bishop Godwin, occupied also as a farm-house. A handsome gothic porch, defended by two lofty turrets is presented. Within the court yard are two roman inscribed stones, said, by Gibson, to have been brought from Caerleon. One appears to have been a votive altar; the other records the repairing or rebuilding of the temple of Diana by T. H. Posthumius Varus.

Mr. Wyndham says the most curious of the inscriptions have been removed to the House at Moinscourt.

On the road TO CHEPSTOW, through the village of *St. Pierre*, a range of naked cliffs appears to rise from a tract of verdure; a venerable wood shadowing the brow of the rocks, in front of which often rises a forest of masts, with waving pendants. This singular combination results from the position of Chepstow and it's port, in an abrupt hollow inclosed by considerable eminences in every direction. The whole of this scenery seems to unfold itself like a map beneath the view of the advancing traveller.

There is a FOOT PATH TO CHEPSTOW from the Old Passage-Inn, commanding several good prospects. The Wye is often seen amid a pleasing variety of wood and culture. A mile on this side of Chepstow, the town and castle appear to great advantage. The Wye flows close to the town; the houses rise irregularly one above the other, backed by rich lands and thick woods. Approaching nearer, the prospect is entirely shut out by a high wall; after descending by it's side for ¼ of a mile, Chepstow Castle, unexpectedly appears in sight.

On the road TO CALDECOT CASTLE are the remains of an ancient encampment called *Portscwit encampment*, which is supposed to have been formed by the Romans to cover their landing in Siluria, but is also attributed to Harold during his invasion of Gwent. The village of *Portscwit*, tho' now nearly a mile from the shore, was once washed by the sea, and probably the port to Caerwent, as it's name seems to imply. Leaving the black rock-inn, says mr. Donovan, our route conducted us, through a fine open country of singular beauty; ascending gradually for miles into hills and gentle eminences on the right; and sloping into a most extensive sweep of low but fertile land, to the broad bosom of the Severn on the left.

On the road TO CAERWENT occur the villages *Porthskewydd* and *Crick*, whence a gentle rise leads to the eastern gate of Caerwent. This is the Via Julia, or ancient military way, formed according to Camden about the year 80. To the right is the river Usk, with the village of *Llanvair* and it's ivied castle. To the left lies the coast of Somersetshire, and the River Severn.

To Chepstow, 3 miles, Barber.
—— Caldecot Castle, 2 miles, Skrine; Evans; Donovan; Coxe; Warner.
—— Caerwent, 2 miles, Coxe; Warner's 2d, walk.

* * *

From Caerdiff, 12 miles, Barber.
—— Penhow Castle, 7¼ miles, Coxe.
—— Caerleon, 3 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Evans; Donovan; Warner.

NEWPORT, in Monmouthshire, is a long narrow and straggling town, built partly on the banks of the river Usk, and partly on a declivity, containing little to attract attention. It's trade has been much benefited by the Monmouthshire canal, which conveys to this town, for exportation, the produce of the founderies in the western mountains. This canal consists of two branches; one, called the Crumlin branch, commencing in the vale of the Ebwy, above Crumlin bridge, and is 8 miles in length; the other 11 miles long, begins near Pont-y-Pool. The two branches unite in the plain of Malpas, about a mile from Newport. This town was once surrounded with walls, of which no vestiges remain. In the High-street is an old spacious building, called the Murenger's house, an officer of great antiquity in fortified towns, who superintended the walls, and collected the tolls for keeping them in repair. In a niche in the upper window of the western front of the tower is a curious statue of Henry 3, as decapitated by Cromwell's soldiers. Newport is of a tolerably considerable size, with a good haven, and carries on a merchantile intercourse with the places which lie on the shores of the Bristol channel. A handsome stone bridge has been lately erected over the river, by the son of the famed architect of Pont y pridd.

The principal INNS are the King's-head, and Westgate-house.

At the upper part of the town the Church-yard affords a fine prospect of the surrounding country. From this spot the eye reaches to the wide expanse of the Bristol channel, bounded by lofty hills; at the other extremity appears the ruinated Castle, watered by the translucied Usk; wood, intermingled with pasture, clothes the surrounding hills and vales; the wild mountains round Pont-y-pool; the fertile tract of Wentlog and Caldecot levels; and the Bristol channel, backed by the hills of Somersetshire. "The Church," says mr. Barber, "exhibits the architecture of several ages: it's nave, separated from the side ailes by a colonade of pillars of a clumsy structure, comprehends the original church, which is of the oldest mode of building, and may be considered of a date prior to the settlement of the Normans: the chancel and ailes are of a later architecture. The western doorway connected with the ancient chapel of St. Mary (now converted into a burying-place, and which was formerly the grand entrance) exhibits a curious specimen of saxon carving, in a circular archway, with hatched and indented mouldings, resting on low columns; the capitals are of rude foliage. The church contains three ancient monuments. One is an armed knight, beneath a canopy supported by pillars, who probably lived in the time of Elizabeth; opposite, a mural monument, to the memory of Nehemiah Williams, esq. mayor; on the floor of the chancel is an effigiated grave-stone, very ancient. There are also the remnants of two other monuments; one a mutilated knight in armour, with a female figure, apparently of the 15th century; the other a headless trunk, with the right arm struck off near the shoulder, seems of the earliest norman era. The chief ornaments are a saxon doorway and the high square embattled tower, built by Henry 3, in gratitude for the attachment of the townsmen to his cause during his contest with the barons. Mr. Donovan had often desired to ascend the lofty turret of the church; this he accomplished in one of his excursions, but he says "not without trouble; the winding staircase leading to it's battlements, after reaching a certain height, being at best in a very indifferent state of repair; but having gained the summit, he was amply recompensed for the extraordinary exertion requisite in the ascent, by the rich variety of prospects which were at once unveiled. *St. Woolos*, the patron of this spot, is held in high veneration by the natives. He retired from the pride and pageantry of Kinghood, to lead a life of prayer and mortification. A lowly cottage was his dwelling; sackcloth his apparel. He lived by the labour of his hands; the chrystal rill afforded his only beverage, and barley-bread, rendered more disagreeable by a sprinkling of ashes, his constant food. He left this world, for better fare in the next, about the end of the fifth century." The Castle is of inconsiderable dimensions. On the side next the river 3 towers remain in a tolerably entire state. The towers at each extremity are octagon; that in the middle is square, with turrets at each angle, and appears to have been the citadel, containing a vaulted apartment called the state room: at the foot of this tower is a watergate formed of a handsome gothic arch, which has within it the groove of a portcullis. The baronial hall stood between this and the further tower. The pointed arches throughout this building shew it to have been an erection posterior to the norman era. Yet there was a castle at Newport in 1173, when Owen ap Caradoc, going to treat with King Henry, unattended, was basely murdered. Newport was once guarded by a wall, some vestiges of a gate next the bridge only remain. Near the castle was a roman military way, called *Julia Strata*, and a ford is shewn in a stream named Nant Hentham, which Henry 2, who had a freckled face, had no sooner passed, tho' by mere accident, than the Welsh readily submitted to him, as Merlin Sylvester had foretold that the Welsh should be conquered by a prince of that complexson, who should pass the ford.

Two miles to the se. of Newport, on the shores of the Severn, is the village of *Goldcliff*; where are the ruins of an ancient priory. It is so called from a remarkable cliff, consisting of a considerable extent of pyritous substances in a calcareous matrix, covered with a sulphureous crust called mundic or marcasite; and containing sulphur combined with iron, accompanied with iron ore.—J. Evans.

Near Newport, in the level of Mendalgyf, are the ruins of *Castell Glas*, which appears to have been a strong and splendid fortress. The 3 churches of the levels, are, *St. Bride's*, *Peterston*, and *Marshfield*. When mr. Coxe passed this way the peculiar appearance of *Twyn Barlwm* induced him to visit the summit. It is 6 miles in circumference at the base, covered with russet herbage, and without a tree. On the summit is a circular tumulus, or artificial mound of earth and stones, 18 yards in height, surrounded with a deep foss, which by some is conjectured to have been a beacon, and by others a place of sepulture. Tradition says that this spot was devoted to bardic assemblies. "Twyn Barlwm being situated on the highest point of the chain, which bounds the rich valleys watered by the Usk, commands one of the most singular and glorious prospects which he had enjoyed in Monmouthshire, and which cannot be reduced to a specific and adequate description. To the s., the levels of Caldecot and Wentlog, with the broad Severn, losing itself in an expanse of sea, seemed to stretch at the bottom of it's sloping declivity; the town of Newport, and the tower of Christchurch rising in the midst of hills and forests. To the e. appear the cultivated parts of Monmouthshire, swelling into numerous undulations fertilized by the meandering Usk. These rich prospects are contrasted on the n. and w., with a waving surface of mountains, which stretch beyond the confines of Glamorganshire and Brecknockshire. This dreary expanse is nothing but a succession of russet eminences, almost without the appearance of a single habitation, excepting the district of *Gros Penmaen*, which is profusely studded with white houses on the summit, and along the sloping declivities. The beautiful *valleys of the Ebwy and Sorwy* appear in the hollows between the mountains, deeply shaded with trees, and watered by torrents which faintly glimmer through the intervening foliage."

On the road to Caerdiff, at the distance of 2 miles are the noble grounds of the Tredegar estate, the seat of Sir Charles Morgan. The approach is not the most prepossessing; the house looks rather flat and ugly. It stands low and too near a large sheet of water. The entrance into the park is, however, excellent, the lodge tho' perfectly plain is neat, placed on one side of the gate in a thick plantation, the boughs of which form a gothic arch over the road. From the summit of the next hill the canal in the park is seen to great advantage, and all the grounds have a better effect; the plantations seem better arranged and the general plan discovers much taste and judgment. [See page 73.] Some charming breaks of vale and woodland scenery occasionally intervene upon the road to Caerdiff. There is one of singular beauty, deserving mention, in which a little extent of country is seen smiling in all the pride of rural neatness. The distance is closed by an appropriate boundary of hills; the church of *Basileg* rears it's aged front in one point of the view among the trees. Passing through *Castletown* and ascending towards *St. Melons*, the road lies over a bold, but gradual swell of land, whence a prospect of prodigious extent breaks unexpected upon the sight. Within the limits of this view lie widely exposed a part of the marshy lands of Wentlog level; beyond, the Bristol channel, bounded by the hazy shores of Somerset; two islets, the steep-holm and flat-holm, rise out of the expanse of water; in the distance is generally a few vessels. Proceeding onward, the smoke arising from burning kelp, and 2 or 3 glasshouses on the coast, contribute to diversify the landscape. Advancing close to the town of Caerdiff, an aged ruin of monastic character, occurs upon the right, contiguous to the high road, behind a cluster of houses, which form one part of the out-skirts of the place. This edifice was once occupied by a company of gray friars, not cistertian or white, as some tourists assert. [Vide Leland, vol. iv. fol. 74.]—E. Donovan.

On the road to Caerphilly at the distance of a mile and half is the *Gaer*, a large encampment supposed to be roman, occupying the brow of an eminence near the Ebwy in *Tredegar park.* A little further is the picturesque little village of *Bassaleg.* At about a mile distant, near the road to Llanvihangel, is a circular encampment called *Careg-y-saeson.* From Bassaleg to the *vale of Machen* the country is undulating and fertile, where the Rumney emerging from wild hills and forests, sweeps through the plain. White cottages besprinkle this scenery, with the village church and it's hill, studded with lime-kilns. *Machen-place,* once a respectable seat of the Morgans, is occupied as a farm-house, in which is a circular apartment called the hunting-room, containing some remains of ancient grandeur; as a pair of endirons employed in roasting an entire ox, and an immense oak-table. The church of *Bedwas* is at a small distance from Machen. There is a pleasant walk across the fields to it, and a beautiful view from the church-yard. *Rogeston Castle,* an ancient seat of the Morgans, is half a mile from Bassaleg; but few remains of the original structure exist. The level of *Wentlog,* like that of Caldecot, is perfectly flat, and defended from the sea by enbankments.

The road TO CAERLEON is uninteresting and sometimes miry, but arriving at *Christ-church,* a prospect grandly extensive and delightful, suddenly appears. From the foreground descends a succession of bold knolls, or gentle swells covered with plantations. Beyond appears the majestic Severn and it's barks. Opposite, the diversified shores of Somersetshire add greatly to the beauty of the intervening grandeur. To the E., Glocestershire and the neighbouring counties exhibit a vast variety of hills, vales, lawns, woods, hamlets and villas. Turning from this gay assemblage, the admirer of natural landscape may descend among the adjoining plantations of sir Robert Salisbury, mess. Sykes, Remeys, and Philips, to *Caldecot level,* a large tract of land rescued from the sea by human power. Near the western extremity of this plain, rises the peninsulated promontory of *Gold Cliff,* so named from a glittering yellow mica incorporated with the rock. It is about three quarters of a mile in circumference. The part towards the sea is a perpendicular cliff of lime-stone, about 60 feet high. This eminence is the only natural barrier to the depredations of the sea, in an extent of 16 miles. Walls of several miles in length preserve the contiguous level from inundation. The small remains of an opulent priory founded by Robert de Chandos in the year 1113, on the brow of the cliff, are used as outbuildings to a farm-house. Returning to *Christ-church,* an ordinary building chiefly gothic, with a saxon arch attracts some notice. In the inside a gothic screen of exquisite workmanship has separated the chancel from the nave, but is shamefully injured. A curious sepulchral monument here is deemed miraculous on the eve of the Ascension, in curing sick children. Mr. Donovan decyphers the inscription round it's edges as follows. Hic jacent Johannes Colmer et Isabella uxor ejus qui obierunt anno domini M. CCCLXXVI. quorum animabus propicietur Deus Amen. The public house near the church was the ancient manse. A steep descent leads to the antiquated town of Caerleon.

BY THE LOWER ROAD TO CAERLEON is *Malpas* Church, which, tho' a small building, appears to be a curious specimen of the saxon, or early norman architecture.

To Caerleon, 3 miles, Coxe; Barber.
— Caerdiff, 16 miles, Skrine; Evans; Donovan.
— Caerphilly, 12 miles, Warner.
To and from Pont y Pool and Usk, 32 miles; [see these places] then from Newport to Caerphilly, 12 miles, Wyndham.

From Fisguard, 7 miles, Barber; Evans; Wyndham.
—— Kilgarren, 8 miles, Malkin; Skrine.
—— Chepstow, 16 miles.

NEWPORT, in Pembrokeshire, is a poor fishing town, at the bottom of a small bay; the harbour is both small and dangerous even for light vessels, owing to a bar of sand about a mile out, passable only at high water. The ruined Castle, seated on a hill above the town, was built by the Martins lords of Kemeys in 1215, but afterwards nearly destroyed by Llewellyn.

TO FISGUARD on the turnpike-road, there is nothing striking. Mr. Malkin took the horse path over the western side of the mountain, to the desolate and poor village of *Llanichloidog,* which is also a tedious tract; but the descent to *Picton bridge* opens some very picturesque scenery where it is least expected. The Gwin rises in Percily mountain, running headlong in a succession of little falls, till it reaches this bridge. This is perhaps the only spot in Pembrokeshire, where wood constitutes the leading feature of the scene. Among these groves was the birth-place, as well as the famous school, of St. Dubric. The road, for the most part, hangs perpendicularly over the water, at other times bends to it's level, and at length leads over a bridge to the southern side. The traveller is here cautioned against crossing *Picton Bridge*, which would lead him in the direction of Haverford West. The scenery continues equally romantic on the opposite side, as far as *Llanychair Bridge*, over a little brook which rises above and joins the Gwin at this place. Quitting the valley of the latter river, which finds it's way to the sea at Fisguard bridge, we gain the summit of the hill, after which the sound of waves announces the cliff at Fisguard.

On the road TO CAERDIGAN, at the distance of two miles, occurs the village of *Nevern*. The old cross, mentioned by Camden, remains in the south side of the Church-yard. It is a single stone 2 feet broad, 18 thick, and 13 high; neatly carved on all sides, with knot-work of various patterns. The top is circular, charged with a cross; below are other crosses, and about the middle an inscription. On the N. side of the yard was another irregular shaped stone, 2 yards high, with this inscription; VITATIANI EMERITI. The latter of these stones has been removed. The inside of the church is not paved, and the frequent burials in it have raised the ground 7 or 8 feet higher than it is without. The parish is pleasantly situated upon the banks of a beautiful little river of the same name, whence rises the N.W.ern extremity. This neighbourhood abounds with druidic antiquities. Sir Richard Hoare thought that the cromlech, or temple at *Pentre Evan* in Nevern parish, surpassed in size and height any he had seen in Wales, or in England, Stonehenge and Abury excepted. Round it is a circle of rude stones 150 feet in circumference. Upon a hill above the church is the site of the *Castrum de Llanhever*, mentioned by Giraldus. The tradition of this Iter of Baldwyn is still commemorated by the name of a bridge over the river Duad, called *Pont Baldwyn*. There is a fine cromlech called *Llech y drybed* on the sea-coast between Nevern and Caerdigan, having a furrow in the flat stone. Behind the beautiful little river Nevern, rises the north western extremity of the chain of mountains called *Percely*. This high table land runs in a direction from N.-E. to S.-W., commencing near *Capel Bettws* in Caermarthenshire and terminates at *Dynas* on the sea-coast. The ridge is broken into several distinct mountains, and in front what is named Percely. The highest peak is called *Cwm Cerwyn*, which serves as a landmark at sea. On the summit, a prodigious extent of prospect opens to the inquisitive traveller. In front, a wild hilly tract, yet not undiversified with patches of cultivation, stretches nearly to the northern confines of S. Wales, where the pale summit of Plinlimmon, in Montgomeryshire, might be just distinguished from the atmospheric blue. More westward, beyond a vast expanse of sea, appears Bardsey-island, and the neighbouring shores in Caernarvonshire. On looking over the miserable country about Fisguard and St. Davids, it is said, that on a clear day the mountains of Ireland may be perceived. On looking backward, the whole of the interesting country in the neighbourhood of Milford-haven appears in one comprehensive tho' distant display. A road passes over this ridge called the *Flemish way*, which is evidently the remains of a roman road, and doubtless led from Maridunum to Menapia. Heaps of huge stones lie about the summits and sides, like those of the Snowdon chain. Percely abounds with peat which furnishes employment to the poor. Numerous flocks in this district are attended by shepherds, who shelter and sleep in huts in the adjacent vales. The principal part of the fleecy produce is sent out of the county in a raw state: yes, out of that very county where the Flemings settled, and introduced the woollen manufacture, and to whom we owe this staple trade! Inoculation for the small pox has been practised here time immemorial, which they perform by the point of a needle dipped in the infectious matter.

The village of *Velindre* is formed chiefly of mud-built cottages covered with thatch. A few miles out of the road to the left, are the ruins of *St. Dogmael's Priory* A noble stone bridge of 7 arches announces the county town of Caerdigan.

From Newport, mr. Skrine had the pleasure of quitting a dreary coast to pursue an excellent new-made road to the left of the heights of Procellé, [Percely] and soon reached the sylvan and well-cultivated district surrounding Haverfordwest. Taking an inland direction, he pursued the great road through the heart of Pembrokeshire, passing through the irregular town of Narberth, graced with the picturesque ruins of it's castle. At the village of *St. Clares*, he re-entered the county of Caermarthen, and soon reached it's capital.

To Caerdigan, 11 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Barber; Evans.
— Fisguard, 7 miles, Malkin.
— Caerdiff, 12 miles.

NEW RADNOR. See Radnor.

From Pyle, 4 miles, Barber.
—— Cowbridge, 11 miles, Donovan.
—— Bridgend, 4 miles, Evans.

NEWTON, on the southern coast of Glamorganshire, as a bathing place, possesses, in an eminent degree, the advantage of seclusion. The house, however, is small, fitted up only for two or three families. There is no inn in this place, but at a little distance below is a solitary village of public resort. To the E. of the bathing-house, is a small bay. Upon the adjacent sands and along the sea-coast, mr. Donovan gathered the Salix fusca, Myrica gale, Geranium maritimum, Trifolium maritimum, and Trifolium arvense, β. Upon the heathy rabbit-burrows, 1½ miles from Newton, he found the Chironia pulchella. Mr. Evans is at a loss to account for the circumstance of this spot having been lately exalted into a watering place, since the path from the house lies upon drifted sands; there are no rural walks or umbrageous woods to invite to pleasure; nothing but one barren extent of sand and rock.

At a short distance is the well, mentioned by Cambden (now called Sandford's) which ebbs and flows reversely with the tide of the sea.

From the highland of Newton-down may be seen the range of hills forming the opposite boundary of the vale of Cowbridge, in which a bold hill crowned with *Penlline Castle* is eminently conspicuous. Beyond the wide bay of Swansea, the whitened habitations of Ostermouth catch the eye; the sulphureous clouds revolving from the works of Swansea and Neath are only divided by the projection of Kilway hill; and the picturesque knolls of Britton-ferry appear sunk into comparative littleness beneath the towering dimensions of Margan's shady mountain.

From Newton mr. Donovan made an excursion to Ogmore Castle.

At a few miles distance, near Margan, stands *Cynfeg Castle*, said to have been a residence of De Esterling. [see Margan.]

To Ogmore Castle, 5 miles, Barber.
— Ewenny Priory on the road to Pyle, 5 miles, Donovan.
— Margan, 8 miles, Evans.

From Llanidloes, 13 miles, Skrine; Bingley.
—— Montgomery, 9 miles, Wyndham; Evans.
—— Llanvyllin, 16 miles, Pennant.
Back from Llanidloes, Pennant; Evans.
From Knighton, 21 miles.

NEWTOWN, in Montgomeryshire, called by the Welch *Tré-Newydd*, is situated on the banks of the Severn, by which it is nearly surrounded. It contains several streets. The houses are mostly half-timbered, or timber framed, the intermediate spaces being filled with lath and plaster, like the buildings of Llanidloes. An extensive manufactory of flannel is carried on here. Adjoining the town is Newton-Hall, an ancient family seat of the Pryses. In the Church is a screen, said to have been brought from some neighbouring abbey. The small altar-piece was painted by Dyer the poet.

The principal Inns here are the Bear and Red-lion.

Kerry, or *Ceri*, is a small village 3 miles SE of Newtown, pleasantly situated upon a gentle eminence in the *Vale of Kerry*, and almost encompassed by an amphitheatre of verdant hills, and intersected by rich vallies, fruitful fields, and extensive pasturage and plantations. In the centre of this valley, and along a gradual ascent to the opposite declivity, are erected, in one handsome street, the houses which constitute the village. It's venerable church is contiguous, and parallel with it, the principal habitations. This superstructure consists of a quadrangular tower, or belfry, terminating in regular turrets, whence may be had an extentive view of the country, finely diversified with wood, water, and other picturesque concomitants. The internal part has 2 aisles, divided by 3 or 4 heavy gothic arches, and opposite are some pointed windows. Of it's monuments one only claims attention. It is formed of white marble, and erected in the chancel to perpetuate the memory and donations of *Richard Jones*, esq., late of Greenwich, in the county of Kent, formerly a purser in the royal navy, but a native of this parish. He was born at Black-hall, in Kerry, 1723, and died Nov. 3, 1788. He bequeathed the dividends of 3000*l.* of funded property for ever to be applied in victualling, clothing, educating, and apprenticing poor children of the parish. He also bequeathed the further sum of 700*l.* 3 per cent. consol. bank annuities to the same trustees for the support of a Sunday School, previously established by himself. INN. The Herbert-Arms.

On the banks of the Severn, distant 4 miles from Newtown, stands the remains of *Castel Dolforwyn* (the castle of the virgin's meadow), stationed upon the summit of a lofty cone shaped hill, of steep ascent, commanding a view of the surrounding country. It is surrounded by a wooden dingle, whence rises a small stream, which running for nearly a mile, falls into the Severn. On the accessible sides of the hill deep trenches are cut through the solid rock. Evans, in his "Diss. de Bardis," says it was erected by Bledd yn ap Cynvin, between the year 1065 and 1073; but Dugdale dates it much lower, saying it was built by Dafydd ap Llewellyn; about the year 1242. The building has been quadrangular, about 50 yards long and 25 wide, but of no great strength. A small part of the N. wall, with some trifling remains of the interior, are yet left. Antiquaries are not agreed as to the time and person who founded this structure. "The meadow of the virgin" is supposed to allude to the story of *Habren* or *Abren*, the daughter of Locrinus, son of Brutus, the first king of Britain, by Essyllt, a daughter of the king of Germany, whom he had taken captive in his wars against Humyr, king of the Huns. Locrinus had however previously espoused himself to Guendolen, a daughter of Corineus, who had entered the island with Brutus, and who threatened to come against him with an army if he refused to fulfil his promise. Locrinus therefore concealed Essyllt and declared he had sent her out of the kingdom and submitted to marry Gwendolen. Corineus died a short time afterwards. Locrinus then imme. divorced Glendolen, and declared Essyllt his queen. When Locrinus died Gwendolen assumed the government, and with unrelenting cruelty, caused Essyllt and a daughter named Abren, which she had borne to Locrinus, to be thrown into the river and drowned. From this circumstance the river, it is supposed, assumed the name of Abren, afterwards Sabrina, and lastly Severn. [See Milton's exquisite description of Sabrina in the Masque of Comus."]

One mile and a half on the road to BUALLT is a cataract, but not worth much loss of time. Near the castle grows Reseda luteola.

The roman station of *Caer Sws* lies at the distance of 6 miles from Newtown, on the Severn. It is now an inconsiderable hamlet; yet tradition says that it formerly extended from Aber-havesp to Ystrad-vaelawg. The site of the roman encampment is at this day discernable, being a quadrangular rampart about 150 yards square. In the SW. angle was dug up, about 20 years ago, some roman brick and mortar which were used in building a chimney of a public-house hard by. The road crosses the old Roman way, from Chester to S. Wales, called *Sarn Swsan*. The adjacent inclosures intersecting each other at right angles, are said to represent the numerous streets it once consisted of; and the hollows it's ancient fosses. On the N. side are the remains of a rampart called *Gwyn Vynydd*; eastward, *Rhos Dduarbed*, in the parish of *Llanddinam*; where, besides entrenchments, there is a large barrow; and at a place called *Cefn Carnedd*, on the W. side, are similar remains. Above Llanddinam church, on the top of the hill, is a remarkable fortress, called *Y Gaer Vychan*, or the little fortress, marked by several fosses, and probably, from the shape, a british post. The Church of Llanddinam stands pleasantly on the abrupt rising, which juts out like a promontory into the vale. A beautiful road conducts the traveller to LLANIDLOES, *Berth-Llwyd*, the remains of an ancient house being by the way. To those who may be inclined to pursue the roman causeway called *Sarn Swsan*, may be worth while mentioning that it enters the parish of *Llanerval* on the hills of the Drum, and passes through a bog called *Cors-y-Visog*, now impassable; thence it lies across the moors in a direct line to *Bwlch y drum*, and Ciniwyll, where it crosses the Banwy below *Neuadd wen*, and then up *Craig y go*, entering the parish of *Llanvihangel* at *Rhyd pont yslyllod*. Tho' it is mostly covered with a thick grass, yet it may be easily discovered at some distance in the shape of a ridge, as in lands which have been formerly ploughed; and the pavement lies a little below the surface. The quarries where the stones have been raised from, and the sites of the workmen's huts are still discernable.—Cambrian Itin.

From Newtown to Montgomery, the infant Severn accompanies the road nearly half the way. The few houses at *Abermule* (the conflux of the river Mule), 5 miles from Newtown, are delightfully situated on the bank of the Severn, surrounded by hills and decorated by woods. Hence the road gently ascends, and from the eminence, a most extensive and admirable view bursts upon the sight. On his way to Montgomery, mr. Pennant skirted a hilly country, chiefly through narrow lanes, to see the church of *Bettws*, lying in a bottom, 1½ miles from Dolferwyn Castle formerly belonging to the nunnery of Llanlugan. The steeple makes a conspicuous figure. It was built, as an inscription denotes, in 1531, by it's vicar John Meredyth under the curious title of Campanile, for Templi Pyramis. A portrait of him appears upon a brass plate, fastened to one of the walls. A little further, upon the top of a hill on the left, is a great exploratory mount. On the same range is a post, called *Pen y gaer*, surrounded by 3 trenches. From a hill called *Cevyn Uppol*, is a delightful view of the vale of Severn; the river; and beyond appear the long extent of *Cerri hills*, *Corndon hill*, *Longment*, *the Titterstone Clee Hill*, and the rugged mass of *Freiddin*. On the left is the house of *Vaynor*, once the property of the Pryses. Descend into the vale, cross the Severn, and pass along the road through the midst of a roman camp, called the *Gaer*, seated in the parish, or chapelry of *Fordin*. A little beyond, near the house of *Nantcribba*, rises a great conoid rock. The base of the rock is surrounded with a ditch, cut through it, leaving only a narrow pass to the fort. At a distance is another trench. *Offa's ditch* lies about 200 yards from the rock. Enter a part of Shropshire, at *Walcot*, and keeping southerly, soon reach *Chirbury*, a church and village, which gave name to the hundred, and title to the celebrated chivalrous knight Edward lord Herbert; a man of extraordinary abilities, and by some accounted mad. Near this village stood a priory of Benedictines, founded in the reign of king John. Two miles further is the town of Montgomery. On this road grows the Dipsacus pilosus.

By taking the lower road to Llanidloes the arduous and difficult passes of the *Carno mountains* are avoided. This tract of country is enriched both by nature and cultivation; uniting objects which please by their tranquil beauty, and those which surprise by their stupendous grandeur; woods, orchards, verdant pastures, cultivated fields, neat farms, gentlemen's seats, and wooden bridges of rustic workmanship. Even the road is highly picturesque; for as the vale is contracted by lofty hills, their bases are fringed with close hanging woods; the most considerable of which are those of *Berthlwd*, beneath are the remains of an old mansion belonging to the ancient family of the Llwyds. On the n. side of these woods is a small lake called *Llyn y Afango*, or the lake of Beavers.

Mr. Wyndham passed from Newtown to Llandrindod, taking on his way *Llanbadern vynydd*, 11 miles; *Llandwy*, 5 miles; and Llanbadern Vawr, 3 miles; but he has given no description of these intermediate places.

From Newtown on the road to Mallwyd, nearly to *Llanwnnog*, distant 7 miles, is a pleasing district, the vale of the Severn and it's attendant mountains lying upon the left. After reaching Llanwnog, the vale of Carno is seen on the right, and upon the left is a succession of mountains. Four miles further pass the village of *Llancarno*, and thence proceeding 7 miles, turn to the right, immediately on approaching a turnpike gate, quitting the Machynllaeth road. Descend into a deep, well-wooded dell, which expands into a valley, a branch of the river Dovey murmurs along the bottom, the mountains towering on each side to a prodigious height. [The pedestrian would omit much by accepting the carriage road which proceeds to Machynllaeth, through the beforementioned turnpike-gate, distant thence 9 miles, which at Machynllaeth makes an acute angle to MALLWYD.] The road next opens into a fine expanded vale, bounded at some distance on the s.w. by black precipices, which again contracts, 4 miles distant from CEMMAES, and soon after winds to the right up a steep ascent, whence the vale just quitted is finely contrasted with a more wild and very mountainous country.

To LLANVAIR mr. Evans took the old road over the mountains, (which he found toilsome and irregular) for the sake of examining the ruins of *Dolserwyn castle.*

To Montgomery, 9 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
— Llanidloes, 13 miles, Pennant; Skrine.
— Llandrindod, 23 miles, Wyndham.
— Llanvair, 12 miles, Evans.
— Mallwyd, 29 miles.

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From Euloe Castle, 5 miles, Bingley.
—— Mold, 3½ miles, Bingley.
—— Flint, 3 miles, Pennant; Wyndham.

NORTHOP, is a village of Flintshire. The Church is long and embattled; the tower lofty and handsome. Within are three effigiated tombs.

Turning on the right from this place out of the usual road from Chester to Holywell towards Flint, at about 2 miles, from the slope of a hill, at the bottom of which stands the town, the scenery opens in a most pleasing manner. The estuary of the Dee, which runs towards Chester is frequently enlivened by the vessels "lightly floating on it's surface," the towns of Park-gate, and some others on the opposite shore appear to peculiar advantage. At the ebb of the tide this wide arm of the sea dwindles into a narrow stream, inclosed on each side by long and dreary banks of sand. In addition to the foregoing, mr. Bingley says, "It is not worth the time of any tourist to follow my route to Flint, as he will find there scarcely any thing worth his notice."

Having passed a bridge, a little beyond the ninth mile-stone from Chester, turning to the right, over some meadows is EULOE-CASTLE.

To Flint, 3 miles, Bingley.
— Holywell, 5½ miles, Bingley.
— Euloe-Castle, 10 miles, Pennant.
— Hawarden, 6 miles, Wyndham.

* * *

From Newton, 5 miles, Donovan; Barber.

OGMORE CASTLE, is situated on the eastern bank of the river Ogmore, near the road to Cowbridge, in Glamorganshire. It's remains are inconsiderable, consisting of the keep and some outer walls. Caradoc says that the manor and castle of Ogmore were given to William de Londres by Fitz hammon. So that it's foundation may be dated prior to the Norman conquest. The manor courts are still held in a thatched hovel near it. This place seems to have been entire when Leland wrote his Itinerary, which he calls Ogor castle. Near it is a ruinous thatched hovel, wherein the manor courts are yet held. At a short distance S.E. of the castle are several pits or shallows filled with water, said to have sunk spontaneously; one of them is deemed unfathomable; it is circular, measuring about 7 feet in diameter; a hedge has been made round it to prevent cattle from falling in. According to the custom of the times, a religious institution followed the acquisition of power. William de Londres, or his descendent John, built EWENNY PRIORY, distant one mile from the castle near the road to Cowbridge. On quitting these ruins an incident of novelty occurred to mr. Donovan. Pacing his route back to Newton, a merry party of barefooted females some on foot and others on horseback, 3 or 4 together, the first invariably astride, overtook him and his companion, greeting them with a favourite welsh tune in chorus. They were coming from the adjacent villages to bathe in the sea. In passing them afterwards on the sands, they appeared without disguise, in the same situation as the chaste Diana and her attendant fair, at the moment when youthful Actæon gazed upon the secret haunts of the goddess. "The sportive damsels," says he, "were neither terrified nor amazed at our unexpected presence, but continued their gambols in the water with the utmost indifference and composure. So far has custom given countenance to a practice not altogether consistent with the refined ideas entertained of female morals in populous towns, or even in the inland parts of Wales. But along this coast the custom of bathing naked in the sea is so prevalent with both sexes, that nothing wrong is suggested. And surely while the mind remains undepraved by such custom, the convenience and benefits arising from it should not be disputed. vol. 1 p. 382.

To Ewenny Priory, 1 mile, Barber.
Back to Newton, 5 miles, Donovan.

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OLD RADNOR. See RADNOR.

* * *

From Swansea, 4 miles, Barber.

OSTERMOUTH CASTLE, is situated upon an eminence near Swansea on the coast of Glamorganshire. The principal walls of this ruin are not much injured by time, and most of the apartments may be readily distinguished; the general figure is polygonal, and the ramparts are conspicuously lofty, but unflanked by towers, except at the entrance: a profusion of ivy overspreading the ruin rather conceals than adorns it. The building is supposed to have been erected by the norman Beaumonts who conquered Gowerland, and has almost ever since remained the property of that family.

From some high hills behind Ostermouth, an extensive view is obtained over the *peninsula of Gower*, and the two noble bays of Swansea and Caermarthen, which it's projection divides: the general aspect of the peninsula is wild and dreary. Not far distant, near the little bay of Oxwich, are the ruins of *Penarth castle*, a fortress built soon after the conquest of Gowerland; and on the opposite side of the bay stands the picturesque ruin of Penrice castle.

To Loughor, Barber, 10 miles.
— Penrice Castle, 10 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Llanymynech, 5½ miles, Bingley.
—— The Wrekin in Shropshire, Hutton.
—— Chirk, 7 miles, Warner.
—— Llanrhaiadr, 14 miles, Wyndham.
—— Llangollen, 12 miles.
—— Hawkstone, through Wem, 22 miles, Skrine.
—— Ellesmere, 8 miles, Pennant.

OSWESTRY, a considerable market town in Shropshire, on the borders of Denbighshire, and not far from the canal which connects the rivers Severn and Mersey, was a place of great eminence in the time of the Saxons. This town was formerly called Maserfield, and derives it's present name from Oswald, a king of Northumberland. In 642 a celebrated battle was fought, near this place between Penda, king of Mercia, and Oswald, in which the latter was defeated and slain. Oswald approached with his army to what is called the church-field, then open. About 400 yards west of the church is a small hill; here the battle commenced. The assailant appears to have driven Penda's forces to a field nearer the town, called Cae Nef. Here Oswald fell. Penda's soldiers tore the body to pieces. The remains were interred near a spring about the midway between the hill and Cae Nef, called Oswald's well, and a tree was planted on the spot; hence the name Oswald's tree, was corrupted into Oswestry. A yew now stands on the same place. His skull was found in digging the pool just below the well, about the year 1780. His head is carved on a stone, banded with a royal fillet, and secured by iron rails. Oswald had been a mighty benefactor to different monasteries; his name of course was raised to the dignity of saint, and consequent miracles were pretended to be wrought on the spot where he was slain. Yet what was Oswald in truth better than a royal plunderer? Did he not quit his own dominions to attack and ruin those of another? Penda, king of Mercia, (of which Maserfield was part) was indeed a pagan; and it was therefore thought lawful in those sanguinary days of christianity, to destroy both him and his people. The town was anciently a borough, and is still governed by 12 aldermen, 15 commoncouncilmen, &c.

There is a market here for the Welsh webs made in Denbighshire, called "small cloth," which are generally dyed before they be exported. The quarter sessions are held here.

A very good grammar school, has been recently erected, and well endowed.

The Cross-keys INN is said to be a comfortable house, and the charges moderate.

On an artificial mount on the outside of the town, are the remains of the Castle, being little more than a confuſed heap of broken walls and mortar. "The Britons and Saxons," says mr. Pennant, "gave their fortresses this species of elevation. The Normans built on the firm and natural soil or rock; but often made use of those mounts, which had been the sites of Saxon castles." After the execution of Edmond earl of Arundel, in the reign of Edward 2, his queen, to shew her predilection to her gentle Mortimer, obtained the possession of this castle for him. The Church is spacious and has a handsome plain tower. We learn from a monument in memory of mr. Hugh Yale, that the old church was demolished in 1616. Probably the present immediately rose on the ruins. It stands quite out of the town, in a suburb without the New-gate; is a vicarage, under the patroness of the earl of Powys, who is lord of the manor.

The town was fortified with a wall and four gates. That called the Black-gate is demolished; the New-gate, Willow-gate, and Beatrice-gate, still remain. The last is a handsome building, with a guard-room on both sides.

About a mile from Oswestry, in the parish of Sellatyn, lies a fine military post, upon an insulated eminence, of an oblong form. The top is an area of upwards of 15 acres, surrounded by 2 ramparts and fosses of great height and depth. At the foot of the hill is another deep foss, which surrounds the whole. This place is called Old Oswestry, Hên Ddinas, and anciently Caer Ogyrfan, from Ogyrfan, a hero, co-existant with Arthur. It's construction, even to the oblong trenches, is british; that of Bryn y Clawddiau, on the Clwydian hills, which divide Flintshire from the vale of Clwyd, is a similar work. A great *dike* and foss, called *Watts's* is continued from each side of this post.

"Remarking to a gentleman," says mr. Hutton, "that I had gleaned some anecdotes relative to Oswald, he asked if I had seen Old Oswestry, where he assured me the town formerly stood. I smiled and answered in the negative. He then told me, with seriousness, that "the town had travelled three quarters of a mile, to the place where it had taken up it's present abode." This belief, I found, had been adopted by all with whom I conversed.

At the said distance, west of the town, and 200 yards on the left on the road TO LLANGOLLEN, is a beautiful wood upon a hill. This is called Old Oswestry. I could not pass this place without as strict an examination as could be expected from a man of 74, who had to climb and descend a number of ramparts, each 30 or 40 feet high, while up to the chin in brambles. The whole is a considerable eminence, steep, and nearly square; had originally but one entrance, and that on the opposite side to the turnpike-road. It's ancient name was Hen Dinas (Old Place). It is evidently a roman camp, and in the highest perfection I ever saw one. When the traveller has passed over four trenches and five mounds which are covered with timber and brushwood, he will find himself in an area at the crown of the hill, consisting of 16 acres. The fortifications which surround him, I think, cannot be less than 40 or 50 acres, exclusive of the area. When I had made my observations, I retreated to the possessor, to collect what traditionary knowledge I was able. He told me they had found something like a well in one place, where, he supposed treasure had been hid; a pavement in another, which he concluded, was to prevent the horses from injuring the ground; and pieces of iron, which he thought were pieces of armour. That about the year *1767* as much timber was cut down *from the* ramparts as sold for 17,000*l*. It is not easy to determine what part of our history this magnificent work relates to; but it was a work of immense labour, and ample security. It could not contain a great number of men, perhaps not more than a thousand; but, I think, it would employ 5,000 men a whole year to construct the work. There are two or three out-posts. Probably the Romans constructed this laborious encampment to overawe the Welsh." Hutton's "Remarks."

From Oswestry mr. Pennant visited *Porkington*, the seat of Robert Godolphin Owen, esq. This place takes it's name from a singular entrenchment in a neighbouring field, called *Castle Brogyntyn*, a fort belonging to *Owen Brogyntyn*, a natural son of Owen Madoc ap Meredydd, prince of Powis Vadog. It is of a circular form, surrounded with a vast earthen dike, and a deep foss. At the house is preserved the portrait of *sir John Owen*, of Clenneney in Caernarvonshire; a gallant officer in support of Charles 1. The legend of the parish Church is that a noble Briton, being engaged in the chace, found in a thicket on this spot a white hind, which determined him to dedicate it to sacred uses. He accordingly removed to this place, it is said, the ancient church, which stood upon a spot still called Bryn hên Eglwys. That high-church meteor, and party tool, Dr. Sacheverel, was presented to this living in 1709; not so much on account of it's value, as to give him an opportunity of making a progress through a long extent of the kingdom, and of trying the inclinations of the people. He was met upon the confines of this county by 5000 horsemen, among whom where the first fortunes of Shropshire. Mr. Pennant proceeded hence along a low road between Watts and Offa's dikes, to the village of CHIRK, in approaching which occurs a very deep valley watered by the brook *Ceiriog*, and bounded by lofty banks. Upon the verge of that next to Chirk stands an artificial mount, and the vestige of another on the other side of the road. These were exploratory and designed for defence, by the Saxons. At a place called Adwyr Beddau, a bloody conflict between the forces of Henry 2 and the Welsh, under *Owen Gwynedd*, took place in 1165, in which the latter gained the advantage. Near this place is *Tyn-y-Rhos*, in the township of *Bron-y-garth*, where 90 acres of waste land have undergone such improvements, that the Society for Encouragement of Arts, &c. adjudged a premium to the proprietor Richard Phillips, esq. in the year 1806. This township is separated from the county of Denbigh by Offa's Dike. The adjoining township on the w. of this Dike is called *Crogen*, i. e. a place of graves.

To LLANYMYNECH, the soil is a loamy gravel with much limestone upon the hills, of which there are many quarries. Not far distant from Oswestry is a splendid House of Industry, for the poor of 12 adjoining parishes. [See p. 369.] Pass the village of *[illegible]*, and afterwards catch a view of the Wrekin, over a flat, well-wooded and fertile vale of many miles, through which the Severn winds. In front, at a considerable distance, rises the *Breiddin mountains*.

To Chirk, 5½ miles, Pennant; Skrine; Bingley.
— Llangollen, 12 miles, Hutton.
— Llanymynech, 6 miles, Warner.
— Shrewsbury, 18 miles, Wyndham.
— Welsh Pool, 18 miles.

* * *

From Bangor iscoed, 3 miles, Pennant.

OVERTON, or Overton Madoc, in Flintshire, is a pleasant village, placed upon a high bank above a rich meadowy flat of a semicircular form, through which runs the Dee, bounded in front with fertile and wooded slopes; while the lofty and naked mountains soar beyond, and close the scene. There once existed a Castle, which tradition says was the residence of Madoc ap Meredydd, prince of Powys and lord of Overton, but not a fragment of it at present is distinguishable, tho' a field fronting the Dee is called Castlefield.

The Church is a handsome building, and the church-yard contains some very fine yew-trees.

In this neighbourhood mr. Pennant visited a fine collection of birds at *Bryn-y pys*, the seat of Richard Parry Price, esq. A new mansion has been built at this place, which was opened on the 31st of December 1807, with a masquerade.

Gwernhailed, the seat of mr. Fletcher, near BANGOR, in this parish, should not have passed unnoticed at page 33; few places, says mr. Pennant, command so rich a view, few have been so judiciously improved.

The country, for the greatest part of the way TO ELLESMERE is flat and unpleasant. On approaching the town, however, the scenery becomes agreeable, abounding with beautiful irregularities, fertile and woody; the bottoms are destitute indeed of rivers, but abound with lakes, called here *meres*, elegantly bordered with cultivated mounts.

To Ellesmere, 4 miles, Pennant.

* * *

From Carew, 5 miles, Wyndham; Barber; Donovan.
—— Milford, 7 miles, Malkin.
—— Tenby, 13 miles, Evans.
—— Monorbeer Castle, 7 miles, Skrine.

The county town of PEMBROKE, or Penbroch, principally consists of one wide built street along the ridge of a hill (washed by an arm of Milford-haven) and terminated at one extremity by a castle. On the west, it is connected by a bridge to the village of *Monkton*. The aspect of the town is neat and genteel. Leland says, that "it is well walled and hath iii gates, est, west, and north; of which the est gate is fairest and strongest, having afore hit a [illegible] pasid tour, not rofid; in the entering where of is a portcalys, ex solido ferro." Of these erections there are now but very imperfect remains; the N. gate, however, is still in tolerable repair. The town is corporate, governed by a mayor, assisted by 2 bailiffs, and sends one member to parliament. This place offers to the traveller no accommodation of a chaise, or saddle-horses for hire. Mr. Wyndham thought the town appeared to the best advantage from the river. It's situation upon the side of a long and narrow rock, crowned with the castle upon the summit, caused him to compare it to Edinburgh. There are here 2 churches named St. Mary's, and St. Michael's, besides another, St. Nicholas's in the suburbs.

The Castle is a noble ruin seated upon a cliff above the river. Caradoc of Llancarvon says, that it was founded by Arnulph, son to the earl of Shrewsbury, anno 1094; but Giraldus Cambriensis fixes the time of it's erection in the reign of Henry 1, and the rounded arches which occur in the building determine it's foundation not to have been later than that prince's reign. The most remarkable features of the ruin are, the grand entrance which is still entire; and the juliet, or high round tower, the ancient citadel, which has still the "Rofe of stone almost in conum; the top whereof is covered with a flat mille stone;" as described by Leland. The walls of this tower are 14 feet in thickness; it's diameter within is 25 feet, and it's height to the top of the dome 75 feet; from mortices in the walls, it's tower appears to have been divided into 4 floors. The ruined chapel also is a conspicuous object when viewed externally; immediately underneath it, in the body of the rock, is the *Wogan*, a grand natural cavern. It's figure is circular, diameter 53 feet. Within the entrance a spiral stair-case leads through the rock to the chapel within the castle. The foundations of an outwork may be traced among shrubs and brambles on the margin of the river, opposite the mouth of the cavern; which appears to have been a sally-port, or regular entrance from the river, rather than a place of concealment. This castle was the birth-place of Henry 7; and is remarkable for the gallant defence which was made in it in favour of Charles 1, against Cromwell. The tower of St. Mary's Church, exhibits some marks of violence sustained from the cannon balls fired in this memorable siege.

This place has given the title of earl to many royal and noble families. It was granted in the reign of Edward 6 to the Herberts, in which family it still continues.

The principal INNS are the New-Inn, Green Dragon, and King's-arms.

Some ruins of a priory are still existing, part of which is used as the parish church. Mr. Wyndham says that the rev. mr. Holcombe had a large collection of coins of the later emperors; and a curious foundation stone, with an alphabet of saxon letters upon it finely engraven. When at Pembroke, mr. Wyndham walked to the Ferry; whence, having an order for the custom-house boat, he sailed, for some time, about the Haven of Milford, and then, the wind being contrary, he rowed up the river, with the tide, to Haverfordwest.

At the distance of 2 miles from Pembroke, among pleasant fields, near the ROAD TO TENBY are the ruins of *Lamphey-court*, formerly an episcopal palace belonging to the see of St. David's. It is conjectured to have been built by bishop Gower who lived about 1335. After the alienation, this court was the residence of the earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth. It afterwards became the property of the Owens of Orielton. This dilapidated structure is chiefly remarkable for a light parapet, raised on arches encircling the building, similar to one at Swansea. The great hall is 76 feet long by 20 wide, ascended to by steps from without. Another is 60 feet by 26. The chancel of the chapel and a round tower also remain. The whole was surrounded by a moat, with a bridge, but the S. gate only now exists. A fine park adjoins, once belonging to the lord marcher, now the property of the Owens of Orielton.
From this park TO TENBY the road lies along a bold and elevated ridge, commanding extensive views. The town of Tenby may be seen at the distance of about 4 miles. It covers the summit, and in part the ascent of a long narrow rock, rising abruptly out of the sea. The spire of the church is very lofty, which renders the appearance of the place more striking. At *St. Gawaine's Chapel and Head*, is a great display of scenery. On the beach of the

sea, near Milford Haven, is a natural rock shaped into a chapel, which tradition reports to have been the burying-place of st. Gawaine, the nephew of Arthur. Below the chapel is a celebrated well. St. Gawaine's Head is a bold and romantic projection, standing out into the sea, and spread around with large fragments of rock lying in confused heaps. Mr. Skrine found here some wonderful chasms, bearing a miniature resemblance to the famous Bullers of Buchan, on the NE. coast of Scotland. On the other side of Broad Haven is *Stackpole Head*, at a little distance from which is lord Cawdor's seat of *Stackpole Court*, a noble mansion surrounded with beautiful plantations; standing in a deep and sylvan glen, yet exhibiting all the romantic beauties of an inland valley. In the adjoining parish Church of *Cheriton* is the effigy of a cross-legged knight, snpposed to commemorate Elidore de Stackpole. The country between Stackpole Court and Pembroke is uninteresting. The better way, therefore, is to cross *Fresh Water East*, and come immediately to *Monorbeer*, a place holding out some attraction in the remains of it's castle.

In this vicinity is *Bosherton-meer*, a pool of water so deep that it could never be sounded. Before a storm it is said to bubble, foam, and make a noise so loud as to be heard at several miles distance. The banks are of no great circumference at the top, but broader downwards, and at a considerable depth is a great breach towards the sea, which is about a furlong distant, and is supposed to have a subterraneous communication with it. In the reign of Henry 1, a colony of Flemings, driven from their country by an inundation, were permitted to settle in the western neighbourhood of Milford-haven. These were often attacked by the Welsh, but unsuccessfully. They soon extended their territory over a great part of the county, and in conjunction with the Normans, carried their arms as far as Llanstephan. Cambden calls this district "*Little England* beyond Wales;" and the difference of appearance, customs, and language, between the inhabitants of Southern Pembrokeshire and their neighbours, is strikingly obvious at present. Both sexes among the Flemings distinguish themselves by wearing a short cloak called Gawr Wittle. In Caermarthenshire the tourist will scarcely meet a peasant who speaks a word of English; but in an hour's ride, towards Pembroke, he will find it universally spoken. The men, tall and well made, evidently incline more to the english character than the welch; yet they possess some personal traits distinct from either. I imagined, says mr. Barber, that I perceived a resemblance in many of the peasantry to the present inhabitants of Flanders. Tho' this corner of the principality is the most remote from England, it is the most civilized. This may be accounted for, from the commercial habits brought over by the Flemings (which still continue) introducing the manners of other nations; an advantage denied to the generality of the Welch, whose ancient (perhaps wholesome) prejudices disinclined them to extensive commerce.

Crossing a ridgy mountain on the road TO HAVERFORD-WEST, Milford-haven appears a noble sheet of water.

AN EXCURSION
In the Hundred of St. Martin,
from Pembroke.

The best village and neatest church in this hundred is *St. Twinell's*, whence may be seen three others nearly in a line on the same ridge. One of these is *Castle Martin*, in which parish is the newly-formed residence of mr. Mirehouse. The rocks along this coast are well worth examining, on account of their singular stratification. The coast from *Lenny to St. Gawaines* is altogether grand and uncommon. The castles are two very high rocks, disjoined from the main land by the continued impression of the waves. Between the months of March and August, the eligugs, a species of migrating birds, cover them. They are in form and colour not unlike a parrot. They make no nest, and lay but one solitary egg. Tho' the distance from mr. Mirehouse's to Stackpole-Court is but 4 or 5 miles by the road, yet the best part of a day will be necessary to the circuit of the coast, between these two seats. The continual recurrence of pools, pits, seabreaches, and subterraneous excavasions, renders many a weary round necessary.

AN EXCURSION may be made to *Lawrenny* and *Benton* castles, up the river; and to the new town of MILFORD and Pyle priory on the Haven.

From Pembroke mr. Skrine visited *Stackpole Court*, and the chapel and legendary well of St. Gawaine. He then passed *Orielton*, and returned to Pembroke.

To Milford, 4 miles, Skrine; Barber; Evans.
— Tenby, 13 miles, Malkin.
— Monorbeer Castle, 7 miles, Donovan.
— Pembroke Ferry, 2½ miles, thence to Haverfordwest, by water, 15 miles, Wyndham.
— Haverfordwest, the turnpike-road, 10 miles.

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From Llanvair Iscoed Castle, 3 miles, Skrine; Barber.

PENCAMAWR, is a remarkable eminence in the long ridge of hills crossing, irregularly, the midland parts of Monmouthshire, from the vicinity of Caerleon to the banks of the Wye near Llandogo. The prospect from this height is greatly extensive. Beyond the wild region prevailing about the eminence, which is broken into a rapid succession of high hills and deep valleys, the winding Usk, with it's emeraldic valley, accompanied by numerous villas and rich hanging woods, appears in all it's beauty. After the bold character of the foreground, a scene of cultivation and productiveness appears of great extent; while, far distant, the mountains near Abergavenny are presented. Southward, the view is alike extensive, including a great part of the Bristol channel with it's receding coast. STRIGUIL CASTLE stands in a marshy field at the bottom of this hill. To USK, the descent from Pencamawr into the vale is extremely rapid.

To Striguil Castle, Barber.
— Usk, 4½ miles, Skrine.

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From Striguil Castle, Barber.
— Penhow Castle, 1½ miles, Coxe.

PENCOED CASTLE, and Manor House are ruins situated on the extreme boundary of that hilly tract bordering Caldecot level, in Monmouthshire, over which and the Bristol Channel it commands a comprehensive view. Of the castle very inconsiderable vestiges appear: they are comprehended in a gateway with a circular arch and two small pentagonal turrets, a round embattled tower, and some dilapidated walls; yet, decorated with a profusion of verdure, the ruin, tho' small, is picturesque and pleasing. The architecture of these fragments, says mr. Barber, is of a more distant date than most of the small castles in Monmouthshire, and may be considered coeval with the first establishment of the Normans in Gwent, i. e. Monmouthshire. The mansion, occupying the site of the baronial fortress, built with it's materials and engrafted on his foundation, is of an architectural date between Henry 8th's reign and that of Elizabeth. This neglected edifice is now partly occupied as a farm house; but indications of it's former importance appear in the grand dimensions of the apartments, and the great general extent of the building. On regaining the high road, *Penhow Castle* soon appears on an eminence above a wild valley.

To Penhow Castle, 1½ miles, Barber.
— Llanvair Castle, 5 miles, Coxe.

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From Pencoed Castle, 1½ miles, Barber.
—— Caerwent, 2 miles, Coxe; Donovan; Warner's 2d walk.
—— Striguil Castle, miles, Coxe.

PENHOW CASTLE, is seated on an eminence near the turnpike-road from Caerwent to Newport in Monmouthshire, and commanding the pass, of a wild hollow beneath. A square embattled tower is the leading feature of this ruin, which is very inconsiderable, and mostly converted into a farm-house. This was the ancient possession of the Seymour family, but being seized for a debt to the crown it was purchased by Edward Lloyd, esq. of Bristol. This remnant of antiquity has been so metamorphosed by improvements, that it is often passed by strangers, without notice, having greatly the appearance of a farm-house. The little inn called the Rock and Fountain, stands near it on the opposite side of the road. Within short distances from the Newport road there are the ruins of PENCOED, LLANVAIR, and STRIGUIL Castles, but they are equally of inferior consequence. Learning that no traces remain of the fortress of *Llanvaches*, mr. Barber returned to CAERWENT, from a circuit of about 20 miles, after surveying five out of the six castles which formerly surrounded the forest of Wentwood.

On the road TO NEWPORT, is *Christchurch*. This church is of considerable extent, and much admired for the richness of the workmanship. It contains a sepulchral stone, on which are carved two whole length figures. Mr. Coxe proceeded from *Christchurch* and

Goldcliff, (an account of which places see under Newport) passing *Llanwern*, the seat of Robert Salisbury, which was built by Charles Van, esq. It stands upon a gentle eminence, overlooking on one side, the uniform level of Caldecot, and on the other a succession of hills and dales, wildly mantled with underwoods and forests. A little beyond *Llanwern* is the moor of *Caldecot level*, which was once overflowed by the sea, but is now highly cultivated. Mr. Coxe returned to Christchurch, and crossed the Usk, over a new stone bridge of 5 arches, constructed by David Edwards.

"Nothing," says mr. Donovan, "can be conceived more pleasant than the ride along THE DIRECT ROAD BETWEEN PENHOW AND NEWPORT, in fine weather. It is enlivened by frequent bursts of landscape, of amazing extent and beauty. The whole embraces one wide sweep of inland country, broken into gentle inequalities, extremely fertile, and smiling in all the pride of culture. Of the romantic, also, it is not deficient; the inequalities sometimes swell to hills, and sometimes sink to vallies; northward also, the range of hills which intersect the lower part of Monmouthshire, aspire to a prodigious height; and abruptly terminate the extensive inland view. With the capricious features of the pointed *Skyrrid* in the distance, the nearer PENCA-MAWR, *Twyn Barlwm*, and other lofty mountains soaring proudly above the inferior elevations, the scenery northward assumes a character truly alpine, wild and gloomy. Delicacy and effect pervade the intermediate region. The great level of Caldecot, dotted with whitened cottages, and two or three rural churches, are comprised in the nearer view. Beyond these are seen the Bristol channel, bending it's silvery course along the whole of the southern boundary of the coast, and the hills of Somerset receding in the palest hues of blue and purple, to a remote extent of horizon, complete the picture. There are three distinct turnings on the right of the Newport road, which lead to Caerleon; the farthest of these, called the old road, is distinguishable by the lofty elevation of Christchurch, which stands on the pinnacle of the hill, along which the road descends circuitously towards the town! This eminence commands one of the most lovely scenes, on the right, that imagination can depict; an extensive prospect over the fertile bottom in which Caerleon lies. The distance of a mile, through the village of *Ultra Pontem*, conducts the traveller over the bridge of Caerleon, at the foot of which is the Hanbury-Arms Inn.

Caerwent, 2 miles, Barber.
— Pencoed Castle, 1¼ miles, Coxe.
— Newport, 7¼ miles, Coxe.
— Caerleon, 7 miles, Donovan; Warner's 2d walk.

* * *

From Llanrwst, 8 miles, Bingley.

PENMACHNO, (*the head of the Machno*), is a singularly looking village in the south eastern corner of Caernarvonshire, built in a circle round the church.

To FFESTINIOG the road lies over a mountainous, and dreary country.

To Ffestiniog, 8½ miles, Bingley.

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From Conwy, 5 miles, Skrine; Bingley.
—— Aber, 4 miles, Pennant; Aikin; Evans.
—— Port Penrhyn, 11 miles, Warner.
—— Llanvair Vechan, 3 miles, Pennant.

PENMAEN MAWR, on the road from Conwy to Aber and Bangor, in Caernarvonshire, is a stupendous mountain, the last of the long Caernarvon chain, being 1400 feet perpendicular from it't base, and 1550 above the level of the sea. Along a shelf of this celebrated precipice an excellent road was formed in 1772, by the spirited genius of John Sylvester, who undertook to accomplish what had been deemed impracticable, and by perseverance and parliamentary aid, produced a road which will be the admiration of future ages, the most sublime terrace in the british isles. It appears from a poem by sir Dafydd Owen,

("Cywydd yspeilwyr Meudwy'r Penmaen Mawr")

that in Henry 8th's time, there resided in or near this rock the hermit of Penmaen. The poem details the robbery of the hermit, by Thomas Goch and his associates, and concludes with an inventory of the good things found in this cell of mortification and pennance. The road is well guarded towards the sea by a strong wall, of about 5 feet high, and supported in many parts by arches. On this ledge the traveller winds round the mountain, while the vast impending rocks above, the roaring of the waves below, and the howling of the wind, unite to fill the mind with solemnity and awe. Before the wall was built, accidents were continually happening by people falling down the precipices; but since, it has been perfectly safe. At some distance, the road appears like a white line along the side of the rock, which, towards the sea, is in many places so nearly perpendicular, that a stone may be thrown into it, from a height of about 1400 feet. This pass would, were it not for the wall, be truly terrible; and even yet, to the timid, who form imaginary terrors, the amazingly abrupt precipice of rock, variegated with fragments and ruins, which appear ready to fall upon the traveller below, present a scene of horror. In some places, rocks of vast magnitude, which have probably fallen from the top, have lodged on projecting ledges, and appear to be in the act of taking another bound. Several masses of this description are secured by masonry from proceeding any farther. The protecting wall is nearly upright, whereas it should have been built as a butment, that is, very wide at the base and leaning inwards, following the line of the descent. No stranger perhaps ever passed this way without fear, notwithstanding all the pains which have been taken to render it secure; but as the great Irish road is now carried through Capel Carig, this pass is much less visited. Before this road was formed, the usual mode of going from Conwy to Bangor, was either in boats, or to wait the departure of the tide and proceed along the sands, at low water; a mode frequently attended with danger, owing to the shifting hollows, the depth of which, when filled with water, the guide cannot always ascertain. Upon the summit of this protruding and immense mass, are some remains of a british fortification called *Braich y Ddinas*, (the arm of the city) in the walls of which, according to Gibson's additions to Camden, were formerly at least 100 towers, all round, of equal size, and about six yards in diameter within; being large enough to contain 20,000 soldiers. Governor Pownall, who examined it many years ago, with great care, conjectured that it has been one of the consecrated high places of druidic worship, and never intended for a place of defence. In the enclosure, he says, is a barrow of the kind which dr. Stukely calls a long barrow and attaches to the sepulture of an Arch-Druid. Edward Llwyd, mr. Pennant, and other able writers, are of the former opinion. Within the uppermost walls is *a well*, which affords plenty of water even in the driest summer. The prospect here is very extensive towards the sea. Underneath are the *Lavan sands*, perhaps from the Latin lavo, to wash. This eminence is 1545 feet, or 515 yards, above the sand, according to mr. Caswell, who took the altitude at the request of mr. Flamsteed the astronomer. Of all the remarkable mountains in the county, this is the least difficult of ascension. On the western side you may gain the fort on horseback; but on the northern it is superabundantly horrid; yet is the height of Penmaen Mawr nothing in competition of several other mountains in Caernarvonshire. It is remarkable only on account of its abrupt situation over the sea. The easiest places to ascend from, are either along a rather high wall which extends from the road far up the side of the mountain on the extremity nearest to Conwy, or at the other extremity, a little beyond the sixth mile-stone. The pedestrian might ascend one way and descend the other. On the western side, at the foot of the hill, is a public-house, once a place of much resort. This mountain abounds with the Crataegus aria, Veronica spicato, and, some say, the non-descript plant called Afaleur pren, the fruit of which resembles a lemon. Among loose stones near the inaccessible rocks, the Sedum rupestre; in thickets, Hypericum montanum.

Mr. Pennant says, that he descended from the summit of Penmaen mawr into a hollow, between an adjacent mountain called the Penmaen, and proceeded towards Conwy, upon a good sheep walk. In his way he observed, above *Gwdhwglas*, in the parish of *Dwygyfylcheu*, a long series of antiquities; as circles of stones of various diameters, great *Carneddau*, and upright stones. He afterwards joined the turnpike-road above *Sychnant*. On the left is a lofty hill impending over Conwy-marsh. Upon it's summit is *Castel caer Lleion*, a british post, surrounded with ditches and strong ramparts of stone. Part of Conwy, and a large bend of the river, with it's wooded banks are seen from the descent to great advantage.

On reaching the farther side of the promontory of Penmaen mawr, we again come in sight of houses and cultivation; and retiring from the sea enter a defile, where the road is carried by a rapid ascent along the brow of a hill, with a deep and narrow glen below, and beyond it a mouldering perpendicular precipice, so near that it seems to threaten a fall upon it's opposite neighbour. Here also is a boundary wall raised upon the left of the road. Again occurs an open view of the surrounding country, but naked and steril; which leads by a gradual descent to Conwy, the towers of it's majestic castle appearing at some distance, and you enter through the *Porth ucha*.

Between Penmaen Mawr, and the second range of mountains to the s. is a noted place called *Bwlch y Ddaufaen*. It is the pass over the mountains to the eastern side of the country, which is called *Llechwedd Isaf*. Here are two large, unwrought stone pillars, fixed upright in the ground, at about 100 yards asunder. They were set up probably as memorials of some chiefs fallen in battle; and near them is a great heap of loose stones, which resembles a carnedd, tho' the flat stone, which crowned the apex, is now gone. The common people's account of them is, that they were set up by a giant and his mistress.

To Aber, 4 miles, through Llanfair Vechan, Bingley; Skrine.
— Conwy, 5 miles, Pennant; Aikin; Evans; Warner.

From Pont Aberglasllyn, 5½ miles, Pennant.
—— Llanllyfni, 11 miles, Warner.
—— Beddgelert, 7 miles.

PENMORVA, or head of the marsh, is a small wood-clad Village, romantically situated on the western bank of Traeth Mawr, Caernarvonshire; but lies so much out of the rout of tourists as to be seldom visited. The Church is small, and dedicated to St. Beuno, having within a small monument to the memory of sir *John Owen*, a general and supporter of Charles I, but on the execution of his royal master, he was condemned by the parliament to lose his head, but through the interest of Ireton, his advocate, was, after a few months' imprisonment, liberated. There is a ford from Penmorva, across Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bach, to the roads leading to Tan-y-Bwlch and Harlech, which saves a very circuitous road by Beddgelert; yet, to cross these sands is not entirely unattended with danger, for the tide frequently washes deep holes in them. It is on this account unsafe to attempt these fords without a guide.

Eastward of this place is a lofty rocky mountain, called *Llallt Gwyn*, or white hill, whence an extensive view opens stretching over the village of Penmorva, the bay of Caernarvon, the contiguous mountains, and the ocean.

To Harlech the mouth of Traeth mawr and Traeth bach is crossed by a boat at the ferry.

Upon the coast near Penmorva grows Cheiranthus sinuatus.

To Crickaeth, 3 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
— Harlech, 7 miles, Warner.

From Plâs Newydd, 5 miles, Hutton.

PENMYNIDD is situated on the eastern side of Anglesea, near the great post road from London to Holyhead, 6 miles from Bangor Ferry. This hall is celebrated for being the native place of *Owen Tudor*, from whom have descended a numerous race of kings. In visiting this place mr. Hutton walked 33 miles to examine it, and spent two days in making enquiries, tho' at the age of 77. His remarks are as follow. "The chief that is said of Owen, in history, is that "he was accomplished, and a handsome Welsh gentleman." And is this all the man merits who furnished England with a numerous race of kings? Shall he be consigned to oblivion whom history has not charged with error? Let him live then in my page, since he he has not found another. Whether he was Lord of the Manor does not appear, but I am inclined to think he was, because he possessed the manor-house. His private estate was not quite 400 acres; worth, in the present day 7s. 6d. an acre, 150*l.* per annum. As money, 378 years ago, was 10 times the value it is now, his estate must then have been about 15*l.* a year. He occupied it himself. The land forms the side of a hill, and declines to the west. The house is stone unhewn, the walls of which are 3 feet thick, and stands in the grounds, about 200 yards from the road, but fronting the N., and consists of only 2 stories, 4 rooms on a floor, all low and little. Tradition says, "It has been rebuilt since Owen's time;" and Pennant says, "There is a gateway and a chimney-piece yet standing." But tradition may mistake repairing for building; and mr. Pennant's gate-way is certainly a common house door, without a porch, 3 feet wide, and forms a gothic arch. The thick wall being cyphered off, and fluted in the gothic style, gives it a grander air. To this you rise by a semicircular flight of 4 steps. The chimney-piece is ample, of hewn stone, an elliptic arch, and in tolerable perfection. It is contracted within, perhaps owing to smoke. The room has been dignified by mr. Pennant with "The great hall." It would better bear the name of kitchen, for I think it is not 15 feet square. If the door and chimney-piece be allowed to be Owen's, we must allow the whole, except a modern addition or two, which seem to have been made to the back part of the house, facing the turnpike-road. A roof cannot be expected to endure 350 years; but when stone walls, 3 feet thick, are kept dry, and fresh pointed, as the frost destroys the mortar, who can say how long they will *not* last. Over the house door, is a device cut in stone, too much weather-beaten to be understood. Over the stable door are the family arms. In the wall of the brew-house, are five stones with inscriptions. On one, "Eslopus," on another "ausdod" (the first letter wanting); on a 3d, "Vivela Vibas." A 4th contains 8 or 10 words, much defaced by time. On the fifth is $\left.\begin{matrix}\text{B.O.}\\ \text{E.O.}\end{matrix}\right\}$ 1650. These are perhaps the initials of 2 brothers who repaired the building. Upon a summer, within the brewhouse, 15 feet long, is a line of words, in an ancient style, the whole length of the beam, which I could not understand. The estate is lord Bulkeley's. By what means Owen found his way to court is uncertain, but at his first introduction, being unacquainted with the English tongue, he was called "The dumb Welchman." I shall state the traditions which I obtained from elderly people born on the premises, and firmly believed by them. While Owen, with others, was dancing with Queen Catharine, his knee happened to touch her. He tied a ribbon about his knee, "Why do you use that ribbon, sir?" "Please your grace, to avoid touching you." "Perhaps you may touch me in another part." Tradition does not say that her eyes spoke in plainer language than her tongue; language that could not be mistaken. The queen sent privately into Anglesea to enquire into particulars. Owen bribed the messengers, and apprised his mother of their errand. "Arriving at *Plâs Penmynidd*, they found the mother dining on a dish of potatoes upon her knee." To their interrogatories she replied, "She fed upon roast and boiled (potatoes cooked two ways); that she would not take a 100*l.* for her table (her knees); and that she kept 6 male and 6 female servants constantly under arms for her defence (goats with horns). When a man rises, like Owen, he stands as a butt for every one to shoot at. That the dance, the ribbon, and the reply, may be true there is little doubt; but the roast, the boiled, the 100*l.* table, the potatoes, and the goats, were probably sneers thrown at the man who had risen higher than themselves. Potatoes were then unknown in Anglesea. Henry the 5th died in 1422, leaving his son Henry 6, 8 months old. Catharine of France, his widow, married Owen in 1428, and from what can be collected from history they lived agreeably together. She never acted on the political stage, and he was kept totally behind the curtain, not having conferred on him the honour of knighthood, till about 30 years after, by his son the earl of Pembroke. The king's uncle assumed the reins of government, to whom this match was disagreeable. The queen lived 9 years after her marriage and died Jan. 3, 1437, in Bermondsey. She was buried, but when Hen. 7, her grandson built his chapel, she was taken up, and never interred after, but lay neglected in a shabby coffin, near her husband's monument in Westminster Abbey. During the next 22 years, Owen appears to have sunk in his style of living, and in his resources, which perhaps were reduced to the issues of his estate. The queen seems to have been his protector, for on her death, Humphrey duke of Glocester, caused him to be apprehended, and committed to the tower, because contrary to the statute made in the 6th of this king's reign (after the fault was committed) he had married the queen without the king's consent. He escaped out of prison, but was again apprehended, and committed to Wallingford castle, under the earl of Suffolk; out of which, by the assistance of a priest, he made a second escape, but was again taken by lord Beaumont and committed to Newate. Polychronicon says, that "Owen was an esquire of low birth, and as low a degree," yet it is well known that Henry 7, his grandson, traced him up to the famous Cadwalader, and from him to Arthur, prince of Wales. By Catharine, Owen had 3 sons, Edmund, Jasper, and Owen; he had also a daughter, who died young. Tho' the court took no notice of the father, except to punish him, they attended to the children. Edmund was created earl of Richmond, and married the heiress of the house of Beaufort, pretenders to the crown, after the reigning family. He died in 1456, at about the age of 27, leaving his son, afterwards Henry 7, 15 weeks old. Jasper was earl of Pembroke. Owen took a religious order. [Hume mentions only two sons.] In 1459, Henry 6, granted to sir Owen Tudor 100*l.* a year out of his manors of Falkston, Walton, and Bensted in Kent; and the next year some emoluments out of the lordship of Denbigh. But he enjoyed these only one year, for in 1461, he was taken prisoner by Edward the 4th, at the battle of Mortimer's-cross, in fighting for the house of Lancaster as an officer under his son the earl of Pembroke, was carried to Hereford, suffered decapitation, without trial, and lies buried in the Gray Friars Church. Whether Tudor was a gainer or loser, by his elevation, the reader will determine. His private fortune would have supplied every necessary of life, and something more; all beyond is pride." —"Remarks on North Wales."

To Beaumaris, 6 miles, Hutton.

* * *

From Llandygai, 1 mile, Bingley.

PENRHYN CASTLE, near Bangor, in Caernarvonshire, lately the seat of lord Penrhyn, is supposed to stand upon the site of a palace which in the eight century belonged to Rodri Moelwynog, the son of Edwal Iwrch, son of Cadwaladr, the last king of the Britons. The buildings enclose a large area or quadrangle, with gateway, tower, chapel, a vast hall, saloon, and other apartments. The entrance into the park is through an elegant and highly finished gateway, resembling a triumphal arch. The house is a fine but not superb building, faced with the yellow devonshire bricks. The architecture is the military gothic of the reign of Henry 6, with embattled turrets, rising to some height above the roof. The grounds are well wooded. The stables are supposed to be among the first in the kingdom for accommodation. They are fronted with purple slate. The fences round the park, are constructed of long slips of fine blue slate nailed to rails, having the appearance of pailing. The other appendages are a Chapel built out of an ancient one which stood near the house, in which is a brilliant gothic window, painted by the late mr. Egginton of Birmingham. The Baths are at the distance of a mile upon the beach; in the way to which is the cottage of mr. Lloyd, the under-steward. This station commands an uncommonly fine view. The objects which form it are the sea, Orme's head rock, Penmaen Mawr, Carnedd Llewelyn, and Carnedd Dddfydd, the island of Anglesea, from Beaumaris northwards to Penmon, and Priestholme, with the woods of Baron-hill. The baths are seen immediately below. Out upon the sands, is an extensive weir and fishery. Here is still preserved an elegant, and perhaps the only specimen of the *Hirlas*, or ancient drinking-horn.

> Fill with mead the Hirlas high,
> nor let a soul this day be dry;
> the hall resounds, the triumph rings,
> and every bard the conflict sings.
> *Ednyfed's* trophied shield displays
> themes of glory, themes of praise;
> a lion, in the tented field;
> a lamb when vanquish'd heroes yield.
> Ednyfed! bravest of the brave!
> his name shall live beyond the grave!
>
> *Richard Lloyd.*

While employing an ample fortune with taste and judgment, lord Penrhyn gave a new aspect to this neighbourhood; and while he enriched himself promoted the interest of a numerous class of men. The professional skill of of mr. Benjamin Wyatt, his lordship's agent, brother to the celebrated architect, and who possesses no small share of kindred genius, has been called into action, to adorn a tract of several miles round Penrhyn Castle. Mr. Wyatt's own house, called *Lime Grove*, is built with exquisite taste. It is charmingly sheltered among groves of trees, and stands on the left, near where a Rail-Way crosses the public road. Here is exhibited the wonderful power of machinery. By means of an inclined plane, with an apparatus upon an eminence, about 20 small waggons are drawn up, and as many let down at the same time. They are drawn from the level by two horses, with great ease to the adjoining quay on the Menai, called PORT PENRHYN. This rail-way and it's accompaniments cost about 170,000*l.* and the nett profits of the slate quarries, cannot on a moderate calculation amount to less than 15,000*l.* a year.

AGRICULTURE: In the vicinity of Castle Penrhyn, all the modern improvements are adopted; and wheat, barley, turnips, ruta baga, and other crops and roots, under a good system, cover the ground; but except there and round *Maes y groes*, the best practice of husbandry is little known or attended to. It must be owned, however, that potatoes in several parts of Caernarvonshire, are cultivated on a large scale, and very improved principle. They are raised on ridges by means of a two furrows plough, horse-hoed to mould them up, and dug up by the application of another kind of plough, which passing under the roots, throws them on both sides with the same expedition as a horse can walk, while women and children pick up the produce.—Modern Travels, vol. iv. p. 117.

On the 21st of January 1808, the public sustained the loss of *Richard Pennant, Baron Penrhyn*, who died at his seat in Cheshire. His remains were conveyed to Capel Carig, and afterwards to Penrhyn castle, where they were interred in the family vault. He served during several parliaments as member for Liverpool. And no where could that populous and flourishing town have found a representative more capable of understanding and promoting it's interests. His habits of application, thorough acquaintance with business, and complete knowledge of trade and of commercial concerns were very considerable. But in no respect was his lordship distinguished more honourably to himself and more serviceable to his country, than by the magnificent improvements which he introduced into the county of Caernarvon. Judicious in his arrangements, and spirited in the execution of his plans, he entered on no measure, which either in itself, or as an example, was not beneficial to all around him. In the course of a few years the agriculture of his own large possessions and of the neighbouring country, made greater advances in improvement, than it had done for several preceding centuries; and by the creation of an active and extensive traffic, the materials drawn from his own estate, gave employment and food to thousands. Thus, by his countenance and assistance, the example was set of making that country accessible to itself and to the world, by the opening of roads throughout almost every pass among it's mountains. These good works and their influence still remain; and while the friends of his lordship lament his loss, they may find no ordinary consolation in reflecting that they cherish the memory of a man who through every stage of his life did honour to his rank in society, and conferred upon a very extensive tract of his country, benefits which have rarely been equalled by any individual. In 1765 his lordship, then mr. Pennant, married Ann Susannah, only child and heiress of lieutenant general Hugh Warburton, of Winnington, in Cheshire. He was son of Richard Pennant, esq. of Penrhyn; created a baron, Sep. 26, 1783.

To Port Penrhyn, 1 mile; [illegible]
— Bangor, 2 miles.

* * *

From Ostermouth Castle, 10 miles, Skrine.

PENRICE-CASTLE, in Glamorganshire, is so called after the family of the Penrices, originally Normans, who settled here in the reign of Edward I. This castle is comprised in an extensive domain belonging to Thomas Mansel Talbot, esq. which occupies a great part of the peninsula, who has erected an elegant villa, with all the appendant beauties of wood and lawn, lake and promenade. The whole demesne seems as if it was recently the complete improvement of a wilderness, with a bold view of the sea through the valley eastward. The unexpected appearance of flowers in great variety, (planted in the crevices of the rocks, or between segments of them, where nothing so luxuriant could be supposed to vegetate) surprises the spectator in various places. Several precipices seem to hang over our heads, so as to diversify the scene with objects of terror, which make those of pleasure the more agreeable when we meet them. After passing the shrubbery, to enter the garden, appears a heap of large unpolished stones, as if thrown together, in a kind of regular confusion, which composes the covering and sides of the door. Out of the river or lake, (which descends into the sea, and was lately formed out of the lap of the valley, abounding with fish from the ocean) several little islands are seen to advantage, which serve as aviaries for the most animating part of the creation, and as umbrellas for the silent inhabitants of the waters. In June the large thorn near the stables, which is then in flower, has a fine effect in contrast with the green leaved scenery around. Mr. Talbot has procured from Italy a very ancient marble monument or tomb of one of the emperors, decorated with images of the Graces and Mercury, finely sculptured. It is placed under the shade of one of the trees, in the avenue to the garden on the right hand side. The soil of a great part of the garden seems composed of pebbles; but by the management of the ingenious director of it, and the natural warmth of the climate and soil, vegetation rather improves than suffers from this circumstance. The soil also of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, is almost concealed from the eye by the quantity of small stones spread over it; and yet it abounds with large crops of barley. Indeed the land of *Gower* in general, lying upon limestone, seems far more barren than it really is; the experience of agricultural improvements, begun in the country by mr. Talbot and an english farmer, who deserves much praise for his example of industry and ingenuity, proves the land to be fruitful beyond the imagination of a stranger, who views it as yet mostly unredeemed from the wild uncultivated state which marked the rude age of it's old flemish inhabitants. It is plain, from experience, in this as well as in other southerly parts of the island, that trees and plants which are natural to a much warmer climate, will by management and expense, bear well, and add to the riches of our soil; but why the inhabitants of the vale of Glamorgan, do not cultivate orchards, which, in fruitful seasons, are abundantly profitable, and require very little management and expense, in comparison with the grapes, the pine-apples, and oranges of India, is wonderful.

Mr. Talbot has erected a neat, roomy, brick building for the acommodation of the incumbent of the living of Oxwich; which is delightfully situated on the shore near the sea, so as to command an awful prospect of it's extensive surface, calculated to excite in the reverend pastor of a flock, and the rising olive branches round his table, daily sensations of wonder and filial obedience towards the creator of the Great Deep! Near this mansion lies an extensive marsh, over which mr. Talbot is extending his improvements. Part of it is already rendered rich land, and the rest at a very great expense, is now nearly divided and drained by a long, winding, and capacious bed or lake of water; and at the N.E. extremity of the marsh, a large track of land has been recovered from the sea by a bank. To the honour of mr. Talbot it should be remarked, that, that parsimonious avarice, which the political as well as fashionable vices of the times has created in some places, and increased in others, so as to exclude much of the old English hospitality and manners has not reached Penrice, and affected the poor. One, who has seen better days, now enjoys placid contentment in this asylum, even with the loss of sight, amusing himself and those around him with the harmony of the treble harp.

> Where chissell'd rocks and neatness view with
> state,
> where parian marble glitters o'er the grate;
> where on the mellow harp a Handel plays,
> and melts in air the sorrows of his days;
> where on a hillock, peeping o'er the plain,
> (as if to tell us "all below is vain,")
> the village temple strikes the wandering eye,
> and from the thinking soul compels a sigh.
>
> A Poem entitled "Lines in Penrice Castle" and Notes. Europ. Mag. vol. xl, p. 124.

The village of *Penrice* situated near the sea-coast at a short distance, has a good harbour for ships.

About 3 miles northward of Penrice, upon a mountain called *Com Bryn*, near *Llanridian*, is a table-like monument or cromlech, called *Arthur's stone*: it consists of a huge flat stone, supposed to weigh near twenty tons, supported upon six or seven others about five feet in height; the smaller stones are placed in a circle. Beneath this stone is a spring ebbing and flowing with the tide, celebrated as a *Ffynnon Vair*, or my lady's well. A few miles farther, near the mouth of the Loughor, is *Webley Castle*, which is described as a place of considerable strength, and as being still entire and partially inhabited. The difficulty of access to this castle, and it's detached situation, prevents most travellers from visiting it; similar reasons also prevents them from examining a curiosity at *Wormhead point*, a bold promontory jutting far into the sea, and divided from the main land at high-water by the sea overflowing it's low isthmus. Near the extremity of the point is a cleft in the ground, into which, if dust or sand be thrown, it will be returned back into the air; and a person applying his ear to the crevice, will hear a deep noise, like the blowing of a large pair of bellows: this effect is attributed to the concussions of the waves of the sea among the caverns of the cliff.

Back to Swansea, 12 miles, Skrine.

From Chepstow, 2 miles, Skrine; Barber; Coxe, with which his "Tour in Monmouthshire" ends.

PIERCEFIELD, near Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, was long the property of the family of Walters. It was sold in 1736 to Colonel Morris, of the island of St. Vincent, father of Valentine Morris, to whom it owes it's improvements. In 1784 it was disposed of to George Smith, esq., of Burnhall, in the county of Durham; in 1794 to colonel Wood, formerly chief engineer at Bengal, who completed the present tasteful and magnificent mansion, after it had been partly built by mr. Smith; in it was sold to the present proprietor Nathaniel Wells, esq. Among the specimens of art which embellish this mansion, are 4 exquisite pieces of gobeline tapestry, which belonged to Louis xvi. They exhibit the natural history of Africa, and represent various productions, vegetable and animal, grouped with admirable skill, and uniting great correctness of design with richness and beauty of colouring. When mr. Barber applied for admittance at the lodge, he was informed that the grounds were shewn on Tuesdays and Fridays only; and the mansion from 11 to 4. It unfortunately was Saturday. To wait till Tuesday would be a tax indeed; and to proceed without seeing Piercefield would be a vile omission. The following means therefore were essayed. "We rode," says mr. Barber, "up an embowered lane to the village of St. Arvans, and leaving our horses at the blacksmith's, entered Piercefield grounds at a back gate. Here commencing a walk 3 miles in length, we passed through agreeable plantations of oak, ash, and elm, to the edge of a perpendicular cliff called the Lover's Leap, overlooking an abyss-like hollow, whose fearful depth is softened by a tract of forest extending over the surrounding rocks. High, above competition at the northern extremity of the scene rises Wynd cliff: a dark wood fringes it's lofty summit, and shelves down it's sides to the river Wye, which urges it's sinuous course at the bottom of the glen. In one place, the river, gently curving, appears in all the breadth of it's channel; in another, projecting rocks and intervening foliage conceal it's course, or sparingly exhibit it's darkened surface. Following the bend of the river on it's marginal height, a range of naked perpendicular cliffs (the Banagor rocks) appear above the wooded hills which prevail through the scenery; of so regular a figure, that one can scarcely help imagining it the fortification of a town, with curtains, bastions, and demibastions. But a very leading feature is, the peninsula of Llancaust; the hills of Piercefield here receding into a semicircular bend, watered by the river immediately beneath, are opposed by a similar concavity in the Banagor rocks; the whole forming a grand amphitheatre of lofty woods and precipices. From the opposite side descends a fertile expanse, or tongue of land, filling up the area of the circle. This singular valley is laid out in a compact ornamented farm; the richly verdant meadows are intersected by flourishing hedge rows; while numerous trees diversify the tract, and imbower the farm-house. A row of elms shadows the margin of the river, which, skirting the base of the hills, nearly surrounds the valley. These subjects disclose themselves in different combinations through intervals in the shrubbery which encloses the walk; and which, altho' selected from the nicest observations, are managed with so just an attention to the simplicity of nature, as to appear the work of her plastic hand. The Giant's Cave, a little further, is a passage cut through a rock. Over one of the entrances is a mutilated colossal figure, which once sustained the fragment of a rock in his uplifted arms, threatening to overwhelm whoever dared enter his retreat; but some time since the stone fell, carrying the giant's arms along with it. From this place a path, traced under the woods, descends to the Bath, a commodious building, concealed from outward view by impending foliage. Deserting for a while, the course of the river, we ascend a superior eminence called the Double View, whence the different scenes which have presented themselves in detail appear in one comprehensive range. Here too a new field of prospect discloses itself, much more extensive than the former, and beautifully picturesque. The mazy Wye, with all it's interesting accompaniments, passes from beneath us, through a richly variegated country to it's junction with the Severn, beyond which silvery expanse the grand swelling shores of Somersetshire, form the distance. A A curious *deceptio visus* occurring here must not be passed over; it arises from a coincidence in the angle of vision between the embattled rocks already mentioned, and a part of the Severn; which appears to wash their summit, altho' it is many miles distant. The subject of the prospect from this spot is seen much more picturesquely combined as we continue our walk on a gentle descent, and catch the varying scene through apertures in the foliage; yet there is something which one would wish added or removed, till we reach the Grotto, when a picture is presented in the happiest state of composition. In this charming view from the grotto, a diversified plantation occupies the foreground, and descends through a grand hollow to the river, which passes in a long reach under the elevated ruin of Chepstow Castle, the town, and bridge, towards the Severn. Rocks and precipices, dark shelving forests, groves, and lawns, hang on it's course; and with a variety of sailing vessels, are reflected from the liquid mirror, with an effect I cannot attempt to describe, and at which the magic pencil of a Claude would faulter. The distant Severn and it's remote shores form an excellent termination, and complete the picture. Highly gratified with this delightful scenery, we returned by another track through tangled shrubberies, open groves, and waving lawns, to the mansion. This edifice is constructed of free stone, and has had two handsome wings added to it by colonel Wood. Altho' not extensive, it has an elegant external appearance; and as we are informed, is fitted up internally with a taste and splendour little inferior to the first-rate houses in England. Remounting our horses at the village of St. Arvans, a steep ascent led over some outgrounds of Piercefield to the summit of Wyndcliff, where a prodigious extent of prospect bursts open; comprehending at one view not only the different scenes in the neighbourhood of Chepstow, which appeared sunk into the lines of a map, but a wonderful range over 9 counties."

As one of the leading features in this scenery is the Wye, which passes round the fertile peninsula of Llancaut, under a semicircular chain of stupendous cliffs, it is advisable to visit the place at high tide. It is always preferable to pass through the village of St. Arvans, to the upper part of the grounds, and descend from the Lover's Leap to the Alcove; by taking this direction the visitant will enjoy the entire scenery in proper succession, and to the greatest advantage. Mr. Cox entered the grounds at the extremity of the village of St. Arvans, and at the bottom of Wynd Cliff, the walk leads through plantations as before described by mr. Barber, commanding on the right a distant view of the Severn and the surrounding country. Mr. Cox remarks that the "walk is carried through a thick mantle of forests, with occasional openings, which seem, not the result of art or design, but the effect of chance or nature; and seats are placed where the spectator may repose and view at leisure the scenery above, beneath and around. [These views are 1, the Lover's Leap; 2, a Seat near two beaches, on the edge of the precipice; 3, the Giant's Cave; 4, the Half-way Seat, under a large Beach tree; 5, the Double View; 6, above Pierce Wood; 7, the Grotto; 8, the Platform; 9, the Alcove.] This bowery walk" adds he, "consonant to the genius of Piercefield; the screen of wood prevents the uniformity of a bird's eye view, and the imperceptible bend of the amphitheatre conveys the spectator from one part of this fairy region to another, without discovering the gradations. Hence the Wye is sometimes concealed or half obscured by overhanging foliage, at others, wholly expanding to view, is seen sweeping beneath a broad and circuitous channel; hence, at one place the Severn spreads in the midst of a boundless expanse of country, and on the opposite side to the Wye; at another, both rivers appear on the same side, and the Severn seems supported on the level summit of the cliffs which form the banks of the Wye. Hence the same objects present themselves in different aspects and with vasical accompaniments; hence the magic transition from the impervious gloom of the forest to open groves; from meadows and lawns to rocks and precipices, and from the mild beauties of English landscape to the wildness of Alpine scenery."

The charms of Piercefield, if not created, were disclosed by *Valentine Morris*, esq., about the year 1753, who engrafted the blandishments of art upon the majestic wildness of Nature, without distorting it's original character. Philanthropic, hospitable, and magnificent, his house was promiscuously open to the numerous visitors whom curiosity led to his improvements; but, alas! his splendid liberality, his unbounded benevolence, and some unforeseen contingencies, involved his fortune. He was obliged to part with his estate, and take refuge in the West Indies. Before he left his country, he took a farewell view of Piercefield, and with manly resignation parted with that idol of his contemplations. The industrious poor, whose happiness he had promoted by his exertions and his bounty, crowded around him, and on their knees implored the interposition of providence in his behalf, with tears and prayers. That mind which oft had melted at the recital of their sorrows, beheld them now unmoved; nor did his firmness forsake him in quitting what was most interesting to him; but after having crossed Chepstow bridge, hearing the mournful sound of the muffled bells, he could not support so striking a mark of affection and respect without giving vent to tears. In quitting England he did not shake off the evils of his destiny. Being appointed governor of St. Vincent's, he expended the residue of his fortune in advancing the cultivation of the colony, and raising works for it's defence, when the island fell into the hands of the French. Government failing to reimburse his expences, on his return to England he was thrown into the King's bench prison by his creditors. He here experienced all the rigour of penury during a confinement of 7 years. Out of the numerous sharers of his prosperity, his amiable wife, and one friend, only remained to participate his misery, and alleviate his distress. Even the clothes of his lady, who was a niece of lord Peterborough, were sold to purchase bread; and that nothing of evil might be wanting to fill his cup of wretchedness, the faithful partner of his cares, unable to bear up against continued and accumulating misery, became insane. At length he recovered his liberty; and fortune, tired of this long persecution, seemed to abate somewhat of her rigour; when death closed his chequered career at the house of his brother-in-law, mr. Wilmot, in Bloomsbury-square, in the year 1789.

The natural embellishments of Piercefield reject, with scorn, the decorative artifices of temples, statues, obelisks; yet one solitary URN! simply dedicated to the Memory of Valentine Morris, seems demanded, but no portion of gratitude has bestowed even this slender tribute!

To Tintern Abbey, 3 miles, Barber.
Back to Chepstow, 2 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Llanedwyn, 3 miles, Hutton.
—— Moel y Don, 2 miles, Bingley.
—— Caernarvon, upon the Menai, 6 miles, Pennant; Wyndham.
—— Llan Idan, 3 miles, Pennant.

PLAS NEWYDD, (the new mansion) anciently Llwyn Moel (the church on the hill) one of the principal groves in Anglesea, sacred to druidic worship, is now a magnificient seat of Lord Uxbridge. The mansion is castellated, and commands a fine view down the Menai, and of the opposite shores on the edge of the park. The plantations consist chiefly of venerable oaks and ash, in the midst of which stands this edifice, recently improved by additions of modern architecture. The whole, including the stables, is built in a gothic castellated form, with a dark coloured stone. On entering the vestibule, it has greatly the appearance of a chapel, the ceiling resting upon gothic arches, with a gallery, and nitches in the sides of the walls. A long suite of apartments, formed from good designs, appear convenient and elegant. The house is protected from the encroachments of the sea by a strong parapet embattled wall.

At a little distance is a large Carnedd; which once covered a space of ground 142 yards in circumference, raised into a pyramid with stones, nearly the same size, thrown promiscuously together, and mixed with soil to favour the growth of trees on the surface. One of it's recent proprietors, supposing this mound a mere heap of rubbish, began to level it, but meeting with human bones the workmen were ordered to desist. The present state of the Carnedd is a bank about 90 yards in circumference, and 14 feet high, composed of stones covered with grass, and here and there a tree. This bank is also sloped down on the inside, in the form of a bowl or dish. At the bottom of this hollow lies a flat stone, 6 feet square, which, supported at one end and two sides by other upright stones, leaves an opening into which a man might creep. At the far end is another stone, which lies in the same state, but is only about 4 feet square. At six yards distance are some other parts. Two hundred yards N. of this carnedd, and the same distance from the Menai, stands the completest *Cromlech* in Anglesea, perhaps in Britain. The cap stone of this ancient british monument is 12 feet long in the centre, and 10 broad. On one side it is 12½ feet long, and only 8 on the other. A corner seems always to have been wanting. The head or upper end of this stone, which lies flat, and points towards the E., is, in the thickest part, 4½ feet, and the other end 3½. This ponderous weight was supported by 7 upright stones, 4 feet high, or rather the irregular points of 7, but two of them have fallen. One lies within and the other is in an inclined position near the feet. It may give an idea of this druidic erection, which has weathered out more than 2000 years, to suppose it the inside of a small room, 4 feet high, and 6 wide, supported by five stones. As the Cromlech stands on the declivity of an eminence, the cap-stone, on one side, is only 2 feet from the ground, that ground being also a little elevated, but on the other side 4 feet. Eleven inches from the lower end stands a much smaller Cromlech. "Various conjectures," says mr. Hutton, "have been spent on these venerable pieces of antiquity; but I have no doubt of the greater Cromlech having been appropriated for the sacrifice; the lesser, for the use of the priest, while he attended it. This altar of death was probably in use many centuries prior to the extinction of druidic worship. It excites a melancholy idea, when we consider what a number of lives, both of the human and brute creation, have been sacrificed upon this fatal stone! We might naturally ask, Is that *religion* which delights in blood? Can that man be a proper minister of religion, whose daily practice is cutting throats? And can that people who delight in such spectacles, be any other than savages?"

Mr. Bingley differs much from this opinion when he says, "That these erections should have been intended as altars for druidic sacrifices, seems altogether impossible. The upper stones are, in general, too small, and much too high for a fire to be kindled upon them, sufficient to consume the victim, without burning the officiating priest. The upper stones of several of them were also so thin, that the intenseness of the sacrifical fire would have cracked and broken them." One fact speaks strongly in favour of mr. Hutton's opinion, which is, that these altars are uniformly lower at one end, and have a channel cut in them, as if for the conveyance of blood.

Mr. Wyndham says that in the beginning of November 1771 there was accidentally discovered at the hamlet of *Brynkelly*, between Plas Newydd and Moel y Don ferry, a subterraneous gallery, 18 feet in length, 3 in breadth, and 4 in height. This led to a chamber of the same height, covered with a stone 12 feet long and 9 wide. A small round pillar seemed to afford some support to this stone from the centre of the room. Many human bones were upon the floor, which mouldered into dust on being touched.

To BEAUMARIS mr. Pennant continued his journey within sight of the water, and at *Craig y Ddinas* he was irresistibly delayed by a grand treat of a fine view of the noble curvature of the Menai. Not far hence he rode towards the shore, to admire the furious current of the *Swelly*, or *Pwll keris*. "At low-water this channel, for a considerable space, appears pointed with rocks black and horrible; and the fury of the tide among them is amazing. At high water all is still.

A little lower down, upon a rocky peninsula, stands the church of *Llandysilio*, jutting far into the water. *Porthaethwy*, the most common ferry into Anglesea, is just below the church.

The country hence to HOLYHEAD (25 miles) is dreary, woodless, hedgeless; yet rising into small hills, watered with various brooks, and fertile in grass and corn. Continuing near the Menai, the opposite limits are inexpressibly beautiful, lofty, and finely cloathed with hanging woods. Bangor opens on the Caernarvonshire side; in front is a magnificent bay, bounded by the great promontory *Pen Maen Mawr*, and the vast *Llandudno*, apparently insulated; and the estuary of the river Conwy flows at it's bottom, between noble head-lands. This prospect is seen to great advantage from the Green, near the castle of Beaumaris; and in addition Priestholme island, the semi-lunar bay thence to the town, the Fortress, Baron-hill, and Red-hill.

To Penmynidd, 5 miles, Hutton.
— Bangor, 5 miles, Wyndham.
— Beaumaris, 6 miles, Pennant.

* * *

The mountain of PLINLIMMON, or Pumlumon, occupies a great extent of barren and dreary country. It is situated in about 7 or 8 miles s. of Machynlleth, about 19 miles w. of Llanidloes, up the course of the infant Severn, and about 18 NE. from Aberystwith. It's name seems to have been derived from Pen lummon (the summit of the beacon). There is nothing interesting in the character of this mountain, but it is remarkable for being the fruitful parent of not less than five rivers, the principal of which are, the Wye, or Gwy; the Severn, or Hafren; and the Rhydiol. From the summit may be seen the shaggy head of Cader Idris, and the spiral top of Snowdon. At a hovel, near the foot of the mountain, on the side, a conductor may sometimes be had, but as it is impossible for any person to gain a subsistence from the donations of visitors, such assistance is uncertain, and the ascent without is very precarious if not dangerous.

Few travellers think themselves repaid in any kind of gratification from a visit to this mountain, it's perpendicular height being far exceeded by Snowdon and Cader Idris. {See page 331.}

This mountain is not only famous for being the father of rivers, but also as an important station, held by the great Glyndwr in the first year of his insurrection. Unable, however, to oppose the formidable force sent against him, he advantageously placed himself upon Plinlimmon, with a few chosen followers; a spot well adapted for receiving succours from the N. and S. It was from this place that he harassed the country exceedingly, sacked Montgomery, burnt Pool, and destroyed the Abbey of Cwm Hir in Radnorshire. THE LAND here is wholly maiden turf. The hand of cultivation has not yet approached this vicinity.

* * *

From Beddgelart, 1½ miles, Pennant; Bingley; Skrine.
— Tan-y-bwlch, by the edge of Traeth Mawr, 11 miles, Aikin; Hutton.
— Maentwrog, over Moel Wyn yr Hydd, 9 miles, Evans.
— Tan-y-bwlch, 7 miles, Wyndham; Warner.

PONT ABERGLASLLYN, (the bridge at the conflux of the blue pool, or as it is sometimes called the Devil's bridge,) on the road to Maentwrog over the main stream which discharges itself into the estuary of Traeth Mawr, and is the only entrance by the s. into Caernarvonshire, which county it separates from that of Merioneth. There is nothing remarkable in the bridge, which is a single arch, it's chord 30 feet, but the scenery around is most magnificent. The road winds most romantically along a narrow stony vale, where the dark perpendicular cliffs on each side, so nearly approach, as only just to leave width sufficient at the bottom, for the road and the bed of the rapid stream formed by the united torrents of the Colwyn and Glas Llyn, which rolls by it's side. A few yards below the bridge is a small cataract, remarked as being a salmon leap. It's height above the bed of the river is about 13 feet, and generally 8 or 9 feet from the surface. The salmon come up the rivers the latter end of the year, sometimes as early as the beginning of October, in order to deposit their spawn on the sandy shallows, and have the power of leaping to a great height over rocks and dams. This place being only a few miles from the sea, it frequented by great numbers; they are, however, prevented from ascending by a net placed for the purpose during the months of August and September, by people who rent the river. By this means the fish are kept in the still waters below, where they are either taken in nets, or barbarously struck with harpoons. This practice, at which the Welsh are very expert, may be less refined, but certainly a more manly attack than that of alluring them by a fascinating bait to the fatal tho' concealed hook. The former is like the blow of an avowed enemy; the latter the insiduous thrust of a treacherous assassin.

"Having recently passed much of the wonderful from Maentwrog," says mr. Evans, "the first view of this place was not particularly striking. It presented only a narrow bridge of one arch; but there surprising scenery began to be developed. It is thrown across a deep rocky chasm, connecting 2 precipices of crag, through which the united torrents of the Colwyn and Glas Llyn roll their waters down the steep declivities of the mountains, in angry roarings, over huge fragments of rocks, which intercepting and arresting their course, add to their rage and impetuosity. Just above the bridge, a simicircular ledge of rock rises several feet above the water, forming a small but beautiful fall. The scenery hereabouts is the most wonderful and magnificent that can be imagined. Below the bridge the torrent continues to flow over rocky ledges towards the sea, encompassed with sloping crags, diversified by a few forest trees and brush wood on the margin of the waters. Above, the perpendicular dark cliffs rise one beyond the other, as far as the eye can reach, ascending in the greatest irregularity a thousand feet high; and their summits terminating in the most grotesque and fanciful shapes; with dark excavations, and lateral fissures, whence issue tributary torrents roaring in distant murmurs. The opposite projecting rocks threaten to overwhelm the road, which is a narrow shelf cut out of the solid rock. In a word, every object contributes in a high degree to render this a scene of sublimity, arising from the combination of gloom and grandeur. The mountains exhibit on both sides similar strata, running in a serpentine form nearly parallel, and so close as barely to leave room for the waters, which descend from the lakes, to pass between them. Winding round the mountain, on the margin of the flood, we passed an adit of a copper-mine, belonging to sir W. W. Wynne. From one of it's levels, issues a stream of water, strongly impregnated with sulphat of copper. We now obtained a sight of the threefold vale, in which stands the village of Bedd-gelart, situated near the conflux of the Colwyn and Glas Llyn.—Tour 152. Several attempts have been made to procure copper near Pont Aberglâsllyn, but the ore is not rich. Similar trials have been made near the very summit of Snowdon, as well as among the other mountains, not wholly without success. Anglesea however stands yet unrivalled for the richness and value of it's copper.

Mr. Warner visited this bridge Aug. 20, 1797, and waited a considerable time upon it to see the fish leap; but only 2 attempted it, and without success.

Advancing to BEDDGELART the pass expands to a little plain. Upon the road side a stone is pointed out and called the chair of *Rhys Goch o'r Ryri*, the celebrated mountain bard, contemporary with Owen Glyndwr. He was of the house of Havodgarregog, at the entrance into Traeth-mawr sands, whence he frequently walked, and sitting upon this stone, composed many of his poems. After having escaped the vengeance of the English, for inspiring his countrymen with the love of liberty, and animating them into a tedious and gallant defence of their native rights, he died about the year 1420, and was interred at Beddgelart. Towards the termination of this plain, on the left of the road, appears the pleasantly situated Beddgellart hotel.

On a bog near Pont Aberglâslyn grow Osmunda regalis, and Myrica gale; on bank sides near the bridge, Senecio sylvaticus.

The road to PENMORVA from Pont Aberglâsllyn is a tedious foot-path over rocks which run close by an arm of the sea, called *Traeth mawr*, the large sands. This walk is however, rendered highly interesting by the lofty mountains, piled in rugged order along the opposite side. These sands are occasioned by a variety of springs and rivers which flow from the Snowdon mountains, and uniting their streams form an æstuary below Pont Aberglâslyn. On quitting the sands, arrive in a tract of meadows, sprinkled with insulated rocks, rising in various places, and embosomed with woods, rocks, and precipices. The small town of Penmorva lies at the head of these meadows.

AN EXCURSION

To the Promontory of Llyn,

might be taken from this bridge, by making our entry on the excellent new road at the foot of the mountains, overlooking the traeth or estuary, which, with it's small but picturesque rocky islands, forms at high water a very striking object. Even when the tide has retired, the varied and abrupt outlines of the mountains in the vicinity of

Harlech and Festiniog appear doubly striking from the flatness of the foreground. At the distance of between 2 and 3 miles from Pont Aberglaslyn, the continuity of the mountains is broken by a valley about half a mile wide, with a little stream running through it; in which is situated the newly built town of *Tre-Madoc*. On the opposite side of the valley the mountains again rise, forming a triangular group, the base of which marks the northern boundary of the entrance of the Traeth from the sea. Westward, the coast is rocky, but not mountainous, with narrow sandy tracts of considerable length between the cliffs and the sea, and detached rocks from 50 to 200 feet high placed generally on the edge of the water, and sometimes forming little islands, mostly within a few hundred yards of the shore. The northern coast of this promontory is more uniformly rocky than the southern, and, except in a few of the bays, there is no sand or gravel to be perceived. Some of the mountains approach close to the shore, forming precipices of considerable elevation. The interior of the country is varied, tho' it presents none of those deep glens and continuous chains of mountains which characterize the rest of Caernarvonshire: it's surface is for the most part, what would be called upland pasture, in England; interrupted occasionally by narrow and often marshy vallies, with interspersed conic mountains, either solitary or in small groups. The fields are divided by stone walls or earthen mounds, and trees are generally wanting, which gives the district a bare appearance. Some fine timber is however to be found in several of the vallies, and even in exposed situations there appears no difficulty in raising wood. The general character of the soil is light and stony; but, from it's situation with regard to the mountains, being both dryer and warmer than most other parts of the county, the quantity and value of it's agricultural produce is proportionably larger: many cattle are reared here, and the horses of the district are greatly superior to the average of welsh ponies; a superiority to be attributed, probably, in no small degree to mr. Parry, of Madryn, who possesses a stud, among which are several fine hunter stallions. The maritime trade of the district is carried on for the most part at PWLLHELI. The little borough of CRICCIETH is situated on a small bay a few miles to the w. of Pwllheli. The spirit of improvement, so visible in most other parts of N. Wales, has been peculiarly active in this district. It was first visible in the construction of a good road from Caernarvon to Pwllheli, and since in the spirited undertakings of mr. Maddox and mr. Parry. A project was conceived of diverting the stream of passengers between Dublin and London, from the accustomed track through Holyhead and Chester, by offering a line of road shorter by several miles, and in which the troublesome and dangerous passages of Conwy and Bangor ferries should be avoided. For this purpose, good carriage-roads have been opened from Capel Cureg, in one direction, and Maentwrog in another to Beddgelart, whence an excellent line of communication has been formed along the edge of Traeth mawr, through the new town of Tre-Madoc, to the little bay of *Porth Dynlleyn* on the northern coast of the promontory, not far from Nevyn. The advantages of this harbour (where a town is building) over Holyhead, are, that it is better sheltered, that even at the lowest ebb tide there is plenty of water for the largest packets to go in and come out, and that the frequent loss of one or two tides, now experienced by the packets being forced by north-westerly gales into Caernarvon bay is entirely obviated. Whether this scheme will meet with the success it appears to merit is not ascertained. Two other probable sources of improvement to this district are the extensive embankments of the marshes and sands of Traeth mawr, carrying on by mr. Maddox; and the introduction of the cotton manufactory into his new town of Tre-Madoc.

The general dip of the strata in this promontory is to the s. w.; on the northern coast we find chlorite slate and coarse serpentine, the latter of which is intermixed with veins of calcareous spar and red jasper. This serpentine is particularly abundant at *Porth-Dynlleyn*, where the piers and new houses are constructed of it. Upon the chlorite slate rest beds of primitive argillaceous schistus and grunstein, sometimes alternating one with the other: of these minerals the former is generally in the state of coarse common slate; in some places, however, it is largely mixed with carbon, forming a hard kind of drawing slate, and in others is penetrated both by carbon and pyrites, forming alum slate; the grünstein consists of white and greenish crystals of felspar, largely mixed with chlorite and hornblende. The above-mentioned strata form the general level of the district, rarely rising into hills, except at the eastern extremity. The higher hills consist entirely of smoke-coloured hornstone porphyry; their figure is for the most part regularly conical, and their surface is remarkably rough with broken fragments. The lower hills, especially on the southern coast, have a strong tendency to form banks and ridges, and are chiefly compact felspar, of a whitish-gray colour, and not unfrequently phorphyritic. No mines of any description have been opened in this district."—The Athenæum, vol. iii. p. 24. [See page 143.]

To Penmorva, 7 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
— Beddgelert, 4½ miles, Wyndham; Aikin; Evans; Warner.
— Caernarvon, 15 miles.
— Tanybwlch, 7 miles, Bingley; Skrine.

* * *

From Llanelly, 6 miles, Malkin.
—— Swansea, 12 miles, Skrine.

PONT AR DULAS Caermarthenshire. The bridge over the little river Dulas, which here joins the Lwghor, separates the counties of Caermarthen and Glamorgan. The breadth and importance of the larger river, and the engaging character of the scenery, with the lengthened reach of the vale down to Burry river, which is the mouth of the Lwghor, distinguished by a different name, render this solitary house a desirable place for strangers to stop at, particularly as the accommodations are good.

The road to the left by Newbridge, Bryn y Maen, and Llannon, through a country rather rugged, is the course which the mail takes from Glamorganshire to Caermarthen. The situation of *Llannon* is elevated, and the view from the church-yard extensive; but there is nothing, says mr. Malkin in this stretch of country to repay the labour of passing over it. Not so between Pont ar Dulas and Llandilo vawr. To *Llandebie*, the road, for the most part, runs on high ground, and is traced along the ridge of a hill, overlooking a valley on each side, with hanging woods, cultivated fields, and enclosures thickly planted. Towards the N.E. the Black Mountains raise their heads above the tops of the fruitful hills which line the vale of Lwghor. After passing a common, you come down upon the upper vale of Lwghor, and overlook a great part of the rich country towards Llandilo Vawr. A little beyond, Lwghor river is to be forded, which is here a slender and shallow stream, except after heavy rain, when it is rapid and dangerous. The village of Llandebie is far from mean. There are few rides more various and pleasing than from Llandebie to Llandilo Vawr. But the traveller must not be diverted from exploring *Carreg Cennin castle*. The path is wild and difficult to find without a guide. [See p. 606.]

The road to Llanelly lies principally along the banks of the Lwghor river.

To Llandilo Vawr, 14 miles, Malkin.
— Llanelly, 6 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Corwen, 6 miles, Bingley.
—— Cerig y Druidian, 4½ miles, Hutton.

PONT Y GLYN, (the bridge of the precipice), is situated on the road from Corwen to Cerig y Druidian. Mr. Bingley, who visited this place from Corwen speaks very highly of the general beauty of the walk, especially where the vale of *Edeirnion* appears, bounded by the Berwyn mountains; and of this bridge and it's scenery remarks as follows. "The woody glen, at the head of which stands Pont y Glyn, with it's prominent rocks, nearly obscured by the surrounding foliage, after a while presented itself, and then immediately on a sudden turn of the road, appeared the bridge thrown over the chasm. Beneath it was the rugged and precipitous bed of the river, where, among immense masses and fragments of rock, the stream foamed with the most violent impetuosity. The transition to this romantic scene was so momentary, as to seem almost the effect of magic. The cataract is not very lofty, but from it's being directly under the bridge, where the foam was seen dashing among the dark opposing rocks, with the addition of the pendant foliage from each side, a scene was formed altogether finely picturesque and elegant. The bridge rests upon two nearly perpendicular rocks, and appeared to be 50 or 60 feet above the bed of the stream. The view thence down the hollow was grand and tremendous." Under the bridge grows the Fumaria claviculata.

Back to Corwen, 6 miles, Bingley.
To Bala, 12 miles, Hutton.

From Hafod, 4 miles, Malkin; Warner's 1st and 2d walks.
—— Aberystwith, 12 miles, Skrine; Evans; Barber.
—— Strata Florida, 10 miles, Wyndham.

PONT Y MONACH, or Pont ar Fynach, vulgarly the Devil's Bridge, near the *Hafod-arms Inn*, Caerdiganshire, is a single arch between 20 and 30 feet in the chord, thrown over another arch of less than 20 feet, under it, which spans a dark and tremendous chasm. The lower arch is understood to have been thrown across by the monks of Ystrad Fflur or Strata Florida Abbey, about the year 1087; but the country people, thinking so bold an effort above the reach of their spiritual fathers, ascribed it to his majesty the Devil. The derivation of the name of Devil's bridge according to the tradition of the country, is as follows, which the lower uninformed class believe. "An old woman, in search of her strayed cow, saw her on the opposite side of the cleft rock, and in this lamentable case the Devil appeared, sympathized with her deeply, and offered to accommodate her with a bridge over the chasm, if she would suffer him to take the first who passed it. Reflecting that as she must be ruined in one case, she could but be ruined in the other, she desperately complied. A bridge instantly arose. What a situation! Her cow was dear to her and valuable, but self-preservation was an impulse superior to every other consideration. Fortunately, however, she had a dog, and in her pocket a piece of bread. A glorious thought occurred of saving herself and cow by the sacrifice of the cur. She took the piece of bread from her pocket and threw it on the other side. Her dog darted over the bridge to seize it. Satan looked peevishly askance, galled at the thought of being bit by an old woman, hung his tail and walked off!" It must be said that mr. Satan behaved very honourably in this case, for he kept his word, which is more than men always do. It has been conjectured that this bridge has derived it's name from what by some it may be called, "A devil of a bridge." The safety of the structure, however, began to be suspected, and in the year 1753, the present bridge was built at the expense of the county, over the original, which was left standing. When mr. Hutton of Birmingham visited this place in the year 1787, he descended the bank and entered upon the under bridge, about 6 feet from the upper. A first descent may be made to the right after passing the bridge from the inn, to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach drives it's furious passage. The depth from the present bridge to the bed of the river is 114 feet. On regaining the road the SECOND DESCENT lies at the distance of a few yards on the other side of the bridge, to view the four concatenated falls from the point of a rock in front. The first fall takes place about 40 yards s.w. of the bridge, where the river is much confined by the rocks. It is carried about 6 feet over the ridge, and projected into a bason at the depth of 18 feet. It's next leap is 60 feet, and the third is diminished to 20, when it encounters rocks of prodigious size, through which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract, and descends in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of 110 feet. From this spot, with the assistance of a guide, from the contiguous inn of Hafod-arms, may be found the *Fall of the Rhydiol*, the approach to which is difficult, and entirely impracticable during heavy rains. This is generally considered the finest part of this scenery. The bason into which this cataract falls is agitated like a sea, by the violence of the shock. From the ordinary station it is seen with considerable effect, in four separate cascades. The perpendicular descent of this cataract is not less than 210 feet. "I have seen," says mr. Barber, "waterfalls more picturesquely grand than the cataract of the Mynach, but none more awfully so, not even excepting the celebrated falls of Lowdore, and Scaleforce in Cumberland." Turn from this stupendous object, and look along the glen, against a precipice of forests, on the brink of which stands the Hafod-arms Inn, at the perpendicular height of more than 150 yards. The cascades upon the two rivers are not within sight of each other; nor is Pont y Monach seen from the falls of the Mynach. After repassing Pont y Monach, A FOURTH DESCENT is at the side of the Mynach falls, to the Robber's Cave, at the jet of the lowest fall. There is nothing extraordinary in the cave, but the four cascades taken thus in detail impress the mind more strongly than before with the gigantic measurement of their proportions, because here the unfathomed pools between each is obvious to the eye. The second fall of 60 feet is extremely grand. From a bow-window of the principal room at the Hafod-Arms, the scene is inexpressibly fine. All the principal features of the junction of the Rhydiol and Mynach may be seen at one view, and the cataracts of the former are in front. A descent to the falls of the Mynach may be made by winding behind the house almost as far as a spot called Llyn Vate's Cave, a traditional personage who is said to have followed the vocation of robbing, and to have lodged here.

While in this neighbourhood, the curious traveller should make an excursion to *Pont Herwid*, at the confluence of the rivers Castel and Rhydiol, in a deep and narrow dingle, lying a little to the left of *Yspytty'r Enwyn*, at the distance of about 4 miles. This dingle possesses more than the wildness of the scenery about Pont y Monach, without their rich and varied beauties. A rude bridge is thrown from rock to rock over a chasm, tho' different in form, scarcely less repulsive in it's aspect than that under Pont y Monach. Mr. Malkin says that mr. Charles Long, late of the Treasury, leaped over this bed of waters, and cleared it in perfect safety.

Mr. Arthur Aikin having examined the scenery around this bridge, walked along the cliffs overhanging the deep glen which receives the mingled waters of the Rhydiol and Mynach, the luxuriant woods of which almost concealed the numerous rapids and falls occasioned by the ruggedness of it's rocky bottom. "Midway down the glen," says he, "we saw several kites skirting, with an easy flight, the sides of the thickets in search of prey, or floating along the windings of the vale. After a troublesome and rather hazardous walk, forcing our way among the trees and across two or three headlong little streams, we arrived at a rocky bank a few feet above the river, commanding a fine view of the junction of the Rhydiol and Mynach, which seems to vie with each other in the turbulence of their waters, and the frequency of their cascades. Immediately above the union of the two torrents rises a perpendicular rock, on the crags of which we saw several kites perched; the summit of the rock is crowned with wood equal in luxuriance to that which clothes the lofty sides of the glen. As we returned up the rock, we saw several nests of the Formica Herculanea, the largest species of ants that are natives of Britain; these nests are composed of small ends of twigs, forming a heap, a yard or two across, and from one to two feet high: the insects themselves exceed in size 3 of the ordinary black kind, and are possessed of uncommon strength; their favourite situation is a wood, in a light and rocky soil. In the afternoon we returned along the banks of the Rhydiol, (at the foot of the hills across which lies the turnpike-road from Aberystwith to Pont y Monach) passing through a tract of rich and well cultivated land, enclosed by wooded hills and enlivened by the windings of the river. Of this beautiful valley Aberystwith is the termination."

The road TO HAFOD lies on the steep bank of the Mynach, commanding a fine view of the glen, and it's romantic bridge. Then ascending the *Cwmystwith* hill, from it's summit is an interrupted view of the whole range of N. Walean mountains, stretching from the english counties to the great bay of Caerdigan. A parting view of the Mynach's glen may now be taken, and a descent made to the vale of Ystwith, when some stone-walls and plantations announce the approach to Hafod. Pass a common gate with an ordinary cottage lodge, by degrees a scene of sylvan beauty opens in the descent, which appears, after traversing a barren mountain, the effect of enchantment. Both sides of the mountains which bound the crystalline Ystwith are covered from top to bottom with plantations of luxuriant oaks, intermixed with birch and ash. Passing through some arable land a handsome park gate with a lodge ushers the visitor to a view of the church, proudly elevated among trees on the right. A thick wood is now entered, producing all the obscurity of sylvan shades. Far below rolls the Ystwith; the scene begins to open; and a turn to the right leads to a sight of the mansion, accompanied with unrivalled appendages of beauty. Tickets for visiting the grounds at Hafod are granted at the inn at Pont y Monach.

To Aberystwith mr. Malkin turned off to the right from the great road, and after winding down one of the vast dingles, into the vale of Rhydiol, a narrow foot bridge conveyed him across the river, just below a cascade. After a varied and interesting walk, a bold fall of the river of considerable height occurs, to which an adjoining mill gives additional character. After passing near *Fronfaith-house*, the seat of sir Thomas Bonsal, is the village of *Llan Padern*, once a bishop's see, founded by St Padern the Great. In the time of Girald there was still an abbey, the existence of which may still be traced in the form and architecture of the present parish church, which retains many indications of great antiquity. It is large, and built as a cross, with a nave, and chancel, in the oldest gothic style. Llan Padern, then a city, was destroyed by the Danes in the year 987, in the reign of Meredydd ap Owen.

The turnpike-road to Aberystwith lies over a ridge of hills, exhibiting a general view of the vale. Except the village of *Eskynald*, there is little appearance of an inhabited country. About 3 miles from Aberystwith there is a fine sea view.

Mr. Warner, on his second walk, quitted the turnpike-road, and descended a rugged and abrupt hill to the right, about half a mile from Pont y Monach, taking the bridle road to Aberystwith, which follows the banks of the beautiful river Rhydiol for several miles. Mr. Wyndham, in pursuing his route to Machynlleth, passed from Pont y Monach to Llanbadern Vawr, formerly one of the largest bishopricks in Wales. The supposed sepulchre of Taliesin, which stood near the highway, about 4 miles from Aberystwith, he found broken and the stones made into gate-posts.

To Machynlleth, mr. Warner engaged a guide, and pursuing a bridle road to the left, descended to a hamlet called *Pont ar wyd*, or Wide-bridge, over the river Rhydiol. At the distance of 10 miles from Pont y Monach, he passed the foot of Plinlimmon, by the side of two large lead mines and a copper mine. After climbing a steep hill, the head of Cader Idris and the summit of Snowdon became visible, with their thousand subject hills. Afterwards, a boggy bottom continued within 3 miles of Machynllaeth, when a rugged carriage road leads to the town.

To Llanidloes cross the Pont y Monach and for some time follow the course of the Rhydiol on the left. Pass through the village of *Ysputty 'r Enwyn*, in the church-yard of which are some ancient pillars. Wind round the foot of Plinlimmon. In proceeding, hills beyond hills appear in endless succession. About the 6th mile enter Montgomeryshire over a small brook; then following the Wye, which rises not far distant, proceed amid a continuation of alpine scenery to *Llangerig*, where the vale of the Wye begins to expand. This place offers no accommodation to the traveller. The tower of the Church is ancient, and it's font is remarkable for it's tracery and elegance. The rest of the interior presents a mixture of meanness and negligence; yet this is the mother to 7 other churches, and the parish is 20 miles across. In advancing to Llanidloes the soil is better than that which is remote. Native woods of oak and birch, fine fields of oats, rye, and barley, occur. The vale leading to Llanidloes contains many charming spots. The flannel manufactory occupies, in this country, an abundance of hands.

Back to Aberystwith, thence to Towyn, 17 miles, Aikin.
—— Hafod, 4 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.
—— Aberystwith, 12 miles, Malkin; Warner's 2d. walk.
—— Machynllaeth, 20 miles, Warner. Over Plinlimmon, 27 miles.
—— Llanbadern Vawr, 12 miles, Wyndham.
—— Llanidloes, 18 miles.

* * *

From Newport, Mon. 11 miles, Wyndham.
—— Caerphilly Castle, 10 miles, Skrine.

PONT Y POOL, near Usk, in Monmouthshire, is charmingly placed on the edge of a steep cliff, overhanging the Avon Llwyd, or Torvaen river, and on the slope of a declivity, under impending hills. It is the principal mart for the inhabitants of the mountains, and the weekly markets exhibit a curious specimen of the welsh character, dress, and manners. This town owes it's increase to the neighbouring iron works established by the Hanbury family; but it is chiefly noted for the japan manufactory called Pont y Pool ware, the invention of Thomas Allgood, in the reign of Charles 2, and gradually perfected by his descendents. The head of Pont y Pool Canal is a mile from the town, and 12 from Newport. It is the means of conveyance for the goods manufactured at Pont y Pool, and the produce of the Blaenavon iron-works, to Newport, whence they may be shipped in the Usk and exported to any part of the world. The Gray river furnishes it with a constant supply of water.

Mr. Pratt in his "Gleanings through Wales," has mentioned Merionethshire, and the country about Pont y Pool, as replete with superabundant and varied beauty.

For two excursions from Pont y Pool into THE VALLIES OF THE EBWY AND SORWY, see Abergavenny page 9, printed there through mistake.

From Pont y Pool TO ABERGAVENNY the road crosses the *Avon Llwyd*, over Pont y Moel, and within a mile joins the turnpike from Newport to Abergavenny. The Brecon canal here passes in a Tunnel 220 yards long. A little beyond is the Church of *Llanvihangel, Pont y Moel*, and, not far distant on the right, a farm-house called *Great Monkwood*, formerly a religious house belonging to Tintern Abbey. The road then passes by *Mamhilad* and *Llanover*, and falls into the high road from the New Passage to Abergavenny, opposite *Coldbrook-house*. This route is rendered extremely interesting by the serpentine course of the Usk, and by a chain of undulating hills to the w., commencing with the rich eminence of Pont y Pool park, mantled with wood, and interspersed with occasional fields of corn and pasture, till they approach the naked ridge of the Blorenge. *Llanover-house*, the seat of Benjamin Waddington, esq. stands on a gentle rise near the torrent Rhyd y Mirch, which ripples through the grounds, and hastens to the Usk. In front, the rich meadows sink into an oval vale, intersected by the meandering Usk, and skirted by a ridge of gentle elevations, dotted with numerous seats, churches, and hamlets; beyond these rise, in a grand succession, hills and mountains, which combine the varieties of light and shade, and vie in the contrast and singularity of their forms. The extremity of the vale is closed by the *Clytha hills*, mantled with wood; the elegant swell of the Little Skirrid is backed by the majestic top of *St. Michael's Mount*, and the gloomy and irregular mass of the Black Mountains, bounds the distant horizon. To these succeed the russet summits of the *Gaer* and *Brynaro*, and the *Pen y Vale hills*, which form beautiful undulations above the town of Abergavenny, and are crowned by the *Sugar Loaf*. Beyond the Sugar Loaf, the perspective of the vale of Usk terminates in the rugged crags in the vicinity of Crickhowel; opposite towers the magnificent Blorenge, joining the chain of hills which stretch to Pont y Pool.

THE DISTRICT TO THE SE. OF LLANOVER deserves to be examined on account of it's singular wildness. The hamlet of *Goytre* or *Coedtrev* in the midst of this region, abounds with delightful recesses and pleasant glades, dotted with white cottages. This district is like the wilds of America, and a gentleman who passed great part of his life on the other side the Atlantic, has built a house in a sequestered spot, from it's resemblance to the scenes which were familiar to him from his infancy. *Coldbrook-House* is delightfully situated at the foot of the Little Skyrrid, in the midst of grounds beautifully diversified and richly clothed with oak, beech, and elm. It has been the distinguished residence of two persons, equally memorable in their time; sir *Richard Herbert*, the intrepid soldier and flower of chivalry, and sir *Charles Hanbury Williams*, the polished courtier, and the votary of wit and pleasure. The house was originally an irregular edifice, with a tower at each angle; the northern front, with an elegant doric portico, was constructed by sir Charles Hanbury Williams. It contains some family, and other portraits.

TO NEWPORT the pedestrian will find the towing path of the canal the nearest road. The considerable fall of ground has rendered many locks necessary. This canal joins the Crumlin branch in the plain of Malpas and in junction reaches Newport under the name of the Monmouthshire canal.

To Usk, 7 miles, Wyndham.
— Caerleon, 8 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Llantrissant, 5 miles, Barber.
—— Llandaff, 10 miles, Evans.
—— Caerphilly, 7 miles, Wyndham.
—— Merthyr Tydvil, 11 miles, Skrine.
—— Caerdiff, 11 miles.

PONT Y PRYDD, [Bridge of Beauty] or New Bridge, the celebrated bridge of Glamorganshire, is an extraordinary piece of masonry, consisting of a single arch, thrown across the river Tâff. The architect and builder of this bridge was William Edwards, son of a farmer of the parish of Eglwysilan, born in 1719. Having a natural genius for masonry, he was observed to excel in that art, and in 1746, undertook to build a new bridge over the river Tâff, consisting of 3 arches; but owing to the uncommon rapidity of this river, when swelled by long and heavy rains, the bridge was soon after it's erection swept away. He had given ample security for it's stability for seven years, and he proceeded on his duty in erecting another with all possible speed. The second bridge was of one arch; the span or cord 140 feet; it's altitude 35 feet. The arch was finished but the parapets not erected, when the pressure of the ponderous work over the haunches caused the arch to spring up in the middle, and the key-stones were forced out. This was a severe blow, but the spirit of Edwards was not to be disconcerted. He engaged in the work a third time, and by means of three cylindrical holes through the work over the haunches reduced the weight. The second bridge fell in 1751; the third, which has stood ever since, was completed in 1755. The Rialto has been considered the largest arch in Europe, if not in the world. It's chord was 98 feet; but the New Bridge is 42 feet wider. "The beauty of this arch," says mr. Barber, "arises from the simplicity of it's construction, and even from it's defect as a road way; for the passage over the bridge is not sloped gradually into the adjoining roads, but precipitately descends on each side, following the line of the arch. This circumstance added to it's being defended with only a low parapet, gives the bridge a remarkably light appearance. Situated in a romantic hollow, and abruptly jutting from the bold woody banks of the river, it seems a magic bow thrown across by enchantment.

TWO WATERFALLS in this neighbourhood deserve notice. They are thus described by the author just mentioned. "One occurs about half a mile above the bridge. A delightful sylvan path on the bank of the river, under the beetling brow of Craig-er-esk leads to it. The river is seen for a considerable distance struggling through a region of rocks, which in some places rise in larg masses above it's surface, and in other appear through the transparency of th stream, shelving to a considerabl depth; wearing throughout the odd ap pearance of a vast assemblage of cube variously heaped, but with one fac constantly horizontal: at length the riv er breaks over a compact strata; y only in a fall of 8 or 10 feet, which divided into several streams. The whi foam of the river, and the light gray ti of the rocks, afford a strong contrast the mixed verdure and dark shadows it's banks; but on the whole the subje is rather to be noticed for it's singulari ty than for any leading points of pictu esque beauty. The other cascade o the tributary river Rhayader, seem more agreeably composed, which is the distance of 2 miles from the bridge The dark rocks which occasion the fal the surrounding crags; the light an pendant foliage which adorns them and the vigourous trees which emerg from the banks, are all disposed wit the utmost symmetry, and form a high ly pleasing picture, tho' of inconsidera ble dimensions."

Mr. Skrine proceeded down a wind ing vale, upon a beautiful terrace, a bove the banks of the Tâff, till he reach ed the track which deviates TO CAIR PHILLY CASTLE.

When mr. Barber and his companio visited this bridge they made an excu sion, not only to the waterfalls, but to wards MERTHYR-TYDVIL, in order ra ther to trace the beauties of the Tâf than to examine the considerable iro works in that neighbourhood. At on time, a towering hill, complete wooded, the shaggy summit of whic was elevated to the clouds; in succes sion, naked rocks perpendicularly de cended to the water; or through favou ed hollows, stripes of green slantin meadows mixed their verdure with th stream. Advancing, the narrow valle was still further contracted, and the riv er, confined by the approaching bas of the mountains, assumed the charact of a torrent. Their road was on th margin of the river, while a canal, sin gularly abounding with rocks, ran upo the other, to the cyclopean region o MERTHYR TYDVIL. They did not en ter the town, but remeasured their step to Pont-y-pridd; and, about 4 miles be low it, bade adieu to the romanti course of the Tâff, by deviating up steep confine of it's valley towards the town and castle of Caerphilly.

Upon a lofty hill above the Tâff, not far from Merthyr Tydvil, near the road leading from Caerdiff to Brecon, stands the remains of *Sengennith Castle*. On the N. and W. it is defended by the steep escarpment of the elevated spot on which it stands, and the deep ravine through which flows the lesser Tâff; and on the S. and E. sides by a deep excavation cut in the native rocks; a mode of defence peculiar to roman and british fortifications. The building appears irregular, approaching to a pentagonal shape. Some walls, intersecting each other at right angles, form the advanced works without the trench. The whole covered about an acre of ground. Beneath the ruins, almost buried, is a large circular gothic room, about 30 feet in diameter, with 12 flat arches; the roof supported by an umbilic pillar, similar to the Chapter-house, at Margam. From this circumstance it has been supposed of norman origin.—J. Evans.

Few scenes are more agreeable than the ride from Pont y Pridd towards Caerdiff. The road lies along the shady bank of the raging Taff for 6 or 7 miles. The country is finely diversified by the inequality of the mountains, on each side of the torrent. Two of them are richly wooded, and almost contiguous. Between these, under the small remains of *Castle Coch*, the vale of Glamorgan is entered, beneath the thick smoke and black columns of iron furnaces, lime kilns, &c.—Wyndham.

To Caerphilly, 7 miles, Skrine; Barber.
— Merthyr Tydvil, 11 miles, Evans.
— Caerdiff, 13 miles, Wyndham.
— Brecon, by way of Merthyr Tydvil, 29 miles.

* * *

From Bangor, 2 miles, Pennant; Aikin; Evans; Bingley; Warner.
—— Penrhyn Castle, 1 mile, Bingley.

PORT PENRHYN; or, as anciently, *Aber-Cegid*, on the northern border, of Caernarvonshire, is the grand depository of slates from the quarries at *Dol-owen*, formed by an egress of the *Cegin* into the Menai. Along the quay of this small port very large brigs and snows lie with sufficient depth of water. Vessels from 300 to 400 tons, here take their loading, which consists of extremely fine slates of a large size and slabs of slate rock. Almost close to the port is a small house, inhabited by the agent, built by Wyatt, in a pleasing style of architecture, and sheltered by a flourishing plantation, disposed with great taste. Near the port is a large manufactory of cyphering slates, ink-stands, and other fancy articles. On a small eminence above the banks of the Ogwyn, near the road to Capel Carig, stands the very neat structure of Llandegai church.

The road to Aber lies through a highly cultivated country. The Menai begins to expand itself from the harbours of Beaumaris and Conwy, into the Irish sea, beyond the jetting promontories of the great and little Orme's-head. The lofty Ogwyn is seen stretching eastward. The sullen Penmaen-mawr is in front; and variety of shipping bound to and from Liverpool may be seen in the distant offing.

To Bangor, 1½ miles, Bingley.
— Aber, 5 miles, Aikin; Evans.
— Pen-maen-mawr, Warner.
— Llandegai, 1 mile, Pennant.
Back to Bangor, Evans.

* * *

From Rhayader, thence to Penybont, thence to Gaer Ditches or Caer Caradoc, near Clun, and down the vale of Teme, about 50 miles, Skrine.
—— Rhayader, 29 miles.
—— Knighton, 6 miles.
—— Radnor, 7 miles.

PRESTEIGN, or Llan-Andrew, is a handsome well-built town of Radnorshire, seated near the source of the Lug, in a rich valley, graced with a beautiful little eminence, the site of it's castle, now laid out in public walks. It is considered as the modern capital of the county, in which are held the assizes, and where the jail is kept. It is a place which exhibits traces of original grandeur and extent, far superior to it's present appearance. A good market is held for corn. The valley inclosing the town, watered by the Lug, may be seen to great advantage; in which is an ancient gothic mansion rising from a rock in it's centre, where tradition reports that a gentleman of the name of Llewelyn resided, who was principally concerned in betraying prince Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, at Buallt, a short time previous to his death in 1283.

On quitting Presteign, mr Skrine took the first considerable ascent which conducted him into the rich plain of Herefordshire; but after a short range by

Eywood and *Kington*, he re-entered Radnorshire, and soon arrived at the county town of Radnor.

To Radnor, 7 miles, Skrine.
— Knighton, 7 miles.
— Leominster, 13 miles.

* * *

PWLLHELLI, in the hundred or Promontory of Llyn, in Caernarvonshire, is a market town and a magazine for goods, sent thence to most parts of the county. It is situated on the southern coast, at the confluence of 4 small streams. Here is a good harbour for vessels of about 60 tons. The maritime trade of the hundred of Llyn is chiefly carried on here, and is entirely of the description called coasting. The exports are provisions and a little alum ore; there is a lobster fishery near Bardsey, the produce of which is principally disposed of at the Liverpool markets. The imports consist of coals, liquors, grocery, cotton goods, &c. from Liverpool, and limestone and a few other articles from S. Wales. This place was made a free borough by charter dated in the 12th year of the reign of Edward the black prince. *Carn-madryn*, a strong fortress of the sons of Owen Gwynedd, lies at the distance of 5 miles. The bottom, sides, and top, are filled with cells of different shapes, once covered, many of which are tolerably entire. At *Llangybi*, distant 3 miles from Pwllhelli and 12 from Caernarvon, is a mineral water of excellent use in diseases of the eyes. This unanalyzed spring is heavier than common water, and lighter than sea-water, is mixed with a large portion of mineral spirits, contains a mineral alkalline salt, and a white metalic earth.

To Caernarvon through Clynog Vawr, some objects worthy of remark occur. The first is a valley called *Nant y Gwrtheyrn*, or the *Valley of Vortigern*, whither that prince is said to have sought an asylum against the persecution of his subjects. "Fancy cannot frame a place," says mr. Pennant, "more fit for a retreat from the knowledge of mankind, or more apt to inspire one with full hopes of security. Embosomed in a lofty mountain, on two sides bounded by stony steeps, on which no vegetables appear but the blasted heath and stunted gorse. The third side exhibits a most tremendous front of black precipice, with the loftiest peak of the mountain *Eifl* soaring above; and the only opening towards this secluded spot is the sea; a northern aspect, where chilling winds exert all their fury, and half freeze, during the winter, it's few inhabitants."—Pennant, ii, 204. At *Clynnog Vawr* is one of the largest and handsomest churches in Wales, dedicated to St. Beuno, who founded a college at *Clynog in Arvon* in the year 616. *Dinas Dinlle* an encampment on the sea-coast is an object of great attraction on this road. A considerable part of the hill on which it was formed has been washed away by the sea.

The *promontory of Llyn* extends to the w. of the mass of mountains occupying the space between the western entrance of the Menai, and Traeth Mawr, not very dissimilar in shape to the county of Cornwall. It's length is about 22 miles, and it's extreme breadth somewhat exceeds 10 miles; at it's *western* extremity, however, it is *scarcely* 3 miles across. It forms the northern horn of Caerdigan bay, and separates the latter from Caerrarvon bay. When viewed from Barmouth, from the hills above Aberdovey, or from Aberystwith, it presents the appearance of an interrupted range of conic mountains, which decrease in height and increase in distance one from the other, in proceeding in an eastern direction. At the extremity of this promontory is the island of Bardsey. A survey of this district may be conveniently commenced at Pont Aberglaslyn. [See page 500.]

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From Margam Park, 3 miles, Barber; Malkin.
—— St. Donatts, 11 miles, Skrine; Warner.
—— Ewenny Priory, 7 miles, Wyndham; Donovan.

PYLE-INN in Glamorganshire, is a noble house, built by mr. Talbot, for the accommodation of the public, in a retired situation and beautiful country, 6 miles n.w. of Bridgend in Glamorganshire. Mr. Warner says the house makes up forty beds. The church at Pyle is handsome.

When at Pyle, mr, Wyndham made a little walking excursion to *Cynfig*. On his return he followed the little brook which runs from the ruins towards the inn, and was much surprised with the uncommon strength of a spring which rose like a spout from a small pool adjoining to the rivulet. In approaching Margan along a lane, he noticed one of the pillars mentioned by Camden, standing upright. The following inscription was perfectly legible. "Punpeius Car Antopius." The *Castle of Cynfig*, one of Fitzhamon's residences, stood on a mount; but it has been so enveloped in sand, that there is scarcely any traces remaining of it. *Cynfig pool* is said to be unfathomable.

NEWTON is a commodious and agreeable bathing-place, with a fine shore. *Merthyr Mawr* is a well-wooded, pretty place, on the western bank of Ogmore river. On the eastern side, at the confluence of the rivers Ewenny and Ogmore, William de London, after having obtained the lordship of Ogmore, built a strong castle. It's remains, tho' of no great magnitude are interesting. Near this place there are several pits, like those in Gower, hedged round. At *Tythegstone*, on the estate of Henry Knight, esq., there is a demolished cromlech, with a heap of stones thrown over it. The top stone is visible. *Laleston* will be thought interesting to the antiquary, as connected with the improvement, if not the introduction of castle architecture, and probably the gothic, into Glamorganshire.

On the road TO MARGAN, about a mile beyond Pyle are two curious relics of ancient british sculpture, these form a foot bridge over a rivulet on the right hand side of the public road. The current passes close by a farm house called *Court-y-Davydd*. The village of Margan continues in view a considerable part of the road; it lies in a bottom, under a finely wooded range of mountain, forming a picture of rural beauty. Leaving the village a few score paces to the left, a plain carriage road leads to the gate park and gardens, in the midst of which a new conservatory rises in a conspicuous manner.—E. Donovan.

To Newton, 4 miles, Barber.
— Bridgend, 7 miles, Malkin.
— Margan, 3 miles, Wyndham; Donovan; Skrine; Warner.

* * *

From Hay, 12 miles, Malkin,
—— Knighton, 11 miles, Wyndham.
—— Presteign, 7 miles, Skrine.

RADNOR (NEW) or Maes-yfed-newydd, contains very few houses, and those few ill arranged. An old building like a barn, forms the County-hall, where the borough election and County courts are held. The town seems to have been originally enclosed by a square wall, with 4 gates, similarly stationed with those of Caerleon and Caerwent, which are roman. The Castle, of which very little remains, was built on an eminence commanding the town, and defending the pass between two pointed hills leading to it. The Church stands upon an eminence above the town, but is a very small edifice, and contains nothing remarkable. A forest is contiguous. Within a mile of the town there is a water-fall much visited by travellers. A path along the side of a steep mountain, with a brook rolling below, leads to the entrance of the chasm. The fall is 70 feet in perpendicular height; the grandeur of which is much heightened by an insulated mass of rock 20 feet high, standing erect above the great water-fall. The access is dull and barren; and there is neither gradation nor variety in the scenery. The spring rises at no great distance from the cascade, and at some seasons it is nearly dry. It's precipitous descent has obtained the appellation of "Water break it's neck.

OLD RADNOR, or Maes yfed Hen, but frequently called Pen-y-craig, from it's situation on the summit of a high rock. 2 or 3 miles southward, has been supposed, by Camden, to have been the Magnos of Antoninus, garrisoned by the Phaciensian regiment in the reign of Theodosius the younger. It's decline is dated from the rebellion of Owen Glyndwr, who destroyed the castle and ravaged all the surrounding district. The Church has the appearance of some antiquity. It is a large stone building, consisting of a nave and chancel, with some monuments to the memory of the family of Lewis of Harton. The font is noticed on account of the largeness of it's bowl, and some external carving.

On the great road TO RHAYADER is the little village of *Llanvihangel Nant Melon*, rural and well-wooded. Thus far the road between New Radnor and Buallt is retraced. The road towards Rhayader is on the right, which is dull till within a short distance of *Llandegles*, a village consisting of but few houses, but those are interestingly placed. Just by *Falden* you cross the small river Comran which falls into the Ithon a little below *Penybont*, a hamlet, the situation of which is pleasing. The traveller may be agreeably surprised in finding on this spot a good inn, but at which there is no post-chaise. Two modern houses are distinguished from the rest. One was erected by John Price, banker and shopkeeper, a man of obscure origin, who to the astonishment of the country amassed, in this small and mean hamlet, the enormous property of 100,000*l.* He died about the latter end of 1798, and left this handsome fortune to a daughter then only 5 years old. The other is a neat modern built-house, placed upon a summit fronting Penybont, at the expense of it's resident Middleton Jones, esq. About 4 miles to the left are Llandrindod Wells. On the direct road towards Rhayader, just beyond Penybont is *Cevellees*, where there is the site of an ancient fortress, on a bank of the Ithon, which almost surrounds it, except on one side, where it lies open to the common. This is an admirable situation of defence, and before the invention of modern artillery, must have been almost impregnable. Close by is a place called *Llanbadern Vawr*. The country hereabouts is dreary, but improves as you reach the parish of *Nantmel*, the church of which forms an object from several points of view. *Hendre Vach* is the only spot worth attention till you come near Rhayader. The descent to it is truly grand.

Mr. Wyndham says that "New Radnor is a miserable place, with as ill-conditioned an inn in it as a traveller would wish to avoid. It's poverty is so remarkable that it cannot maintain a barber. From Radnor we rode," says he, "through stony and miry lanes, sometimes crossing the hills, and sometimes traversing the little vallies, till we arrived at the extreme brow of this bleak and uncomfortable country. Hence we began to view and enjoy the beautiful prospects, which arose below us, in a various and unequal assemblage of woods, meadows, and corn fields, from each side of the Wye. A handsome stone bridge, with seven semicircular arches, led us into the town of Hay."—Tour in 1777.

From New Radnor mr. Skrine entering upon a wild plain, by execrable roads, yet not unmixed with agreeable features, he regained the banks of the Wye, and entered Buallt.

To Rhayader, 19 miles, Malkin.
— Hay, (through Glasgwm, 4½ miles, and New-Church, 2½ miles,) 14 miles, Wyndham.
— Buallt, 14 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Usk, 5 miles, Coxe; Barber; Skrine.
—— Abergavenny, 9 miles, Wyndham; Evans.

RAGLAN, in Monmouthshire, consists of little to arrest the attention of the tourist except it's Church, which is a small gothic building, containing a few mutilated monuments of the Beaufort and Worcester families; but the superb ruins of it's Castle, at a short distance, are highly interesting. "The approach," says Mr. Barber, "led up a gentle eminence, called *Twyn y Ciros*, or Cherry Hill; but a screen of high elms and thick underwood, rising from the moat, intervene before the castle, and remains concealed, till penetrating the thicket, a display of the ruin bursts on the traveller, elegantly beautiful! sweetly picturesque! No theatric scene was ever designed in happier taste, or unfolded itself to admiring beholders with a more sudden and impressive effect. In this coup d'œil, the gothic portal and two elegant embattled towers immediately arrest the eye. Of the polygonal towers which formerly defended the entrance, one is completely hidden in a majestic mantle of ivy, which descends in a profuse festoon over the gateway. The other, in an excellent state of preservation, rears it's beautiful machiolated summit with scarcely any leafy exuberance. Another tower of similar beauty, but superior dimensions, appears a little further, at the eastern angle of the structure. On the other side of the porch, the ruins are concealed by a profuse pile of ivy; but some lofty portions of the ruin start from the verdure with considerable elegance; and two windows, standing one over the other, exhibit an effect of ornamental relief in their friezes and mouldings which would not discredit any age. A massy citadel is placed rather obliquely in front of the ornamented ruins. One half of this structure was blown up by order of Cromwell, on the taking of the castle by Fairfax: from the remaining section it appears to have been a considerable hexagonal, building of five stories, each side 33 feet broad; it's walls 10 feet thick of hewn stone; the sides of which were flanked by semicircular bastions covering each angle. The tower is ascended by a geometric stone stair-case, of 90 steps. The citadel is surrounded by a moat and terrace, with a wall, in which are niches, once adorned with statues of the roman emperors. The apartments appear to have been constructed at different periods between the ages of Henry 5, and Elizabeth; yet the disunion of style produces no discordance of effect. Of the first court, the principal entrance, and a range of once elegant rooms, occupy the s. side; the baronial hall, and some other noble apartments, fill up the western part of the court; the culinary and other domestic offices, with the servants' habitations, appear to have occupied the n. and e. sides: at the angle of their junction, a pentagonal tower contained the kitchen, and a small projection on the eastern side was the oven. A broken flight of steps affords the means of ascent to the superior apartments, where some lightly-ornamented chimney-pieces and gothic moulding shew the handy works of our forefathers. Passing the parlours, dining, and drawing rooms you come to the music-gallery, 126 feet long; and leaving the chapel on the left, enter the stately hall, 66 feet long, and 28 broad, having a curious geometric roof of irish oak, with a dome at top, for the admission of light. It has 3 windows at the upper end, and a large bow-window on the left side of the court. The baronial hall has suffered less from time than from the pilfering attempts of the neighbourhood; it's dimensions are stately, and it's fire-place prodigious. There still exist a few remnants of ornament, including the stone-sculptured arms of the Marquis of Worcester. The arms are surrounded with the legend of the order of the garter, and underneath the earl's motto, "Mutare vel timere sperne." The supporters have been removed to accommodate the part to the purpose for which this room is now used, namely, a five's court! Passing through the western portal of the hall, the few remains of the chapel appear; but some of it's springing arches, rising from grotesque heads, are imperfectly visible; and two whole-length figures, coarsely executed, appear through the thick-woven ivy. From this place may be entered the area of the second or large court, once adorned with a marble fountain and an equestrian statue; but now planted with fruit-trees. This court is surrounded by a range of secondary yet capital apartments: it is 100 feet long and 60 broad, remarkable for the curious fret-work of it's walls and windows. What is called the bowling-green, now an orchard, was turned into a bastion, as appears by the remains of the parapet wall. In the front is another bastion, at the s. e. corner of the terrace, intended to flank the other. To cover it, was erected before the principal gate, a large horn work. The great tower, after a tedious battering, was undermined, and fell in the position in which it appears. The subterraneous apendages of the castle are uncommonly extensive. Raglan Castle was one of the latest which held out against Cromwell; and the intrenchments raised for it's defence, and against it, may be readily traced in the adjoining fields. This splendid seat of the Beaufort family, still venerable in it's decay, exhibits a melancholy instance of that fate which awaits all sublunary objects. "Here was held," says mr. Skrine, "what might be called the court of the modern princes of this country, and at no far distant period, the youths of family in South Wales acquired the polish of improvement within these walls, where a degree of regal splendour was supported, with all the imposing magnificence of feudal power."

On the road to Chepstow a long ascent occurs, from the summit of which is an extensive view over the middle parts of Monmouthshire, an undulating tract of uncommon fertility and high cultivation. Another considerable height about 3 miles further commands a similar view, from which at a short distance is the summit of *Devaudon*, a remarkable elevation, whence a most extensive view may be had, not only over the country northward, but in the opposite direction, over the British channel and it's opposing shores. Descending into an agreeable valley, the opposite hills of which are clothed with wild forest trees, the decayed town of *Shire Newton* occupies the summit of a high hill bordering the vale. Passing about half way towards the village of *Crick*, turn off the road to visit *Wrunston*, an ecclesiastical ruin concealed in a sequestered thicket. The picturesque remnant of a small chapel is the only existing part. From Crick occurs an old *roman* causeway.

From Ragland Castle, mr. Skrine pursued the Chepstow road for the purpose of ascending the high ridge of *Devaudon*, and contemplating the charming prospects thence. On this summit he fell in with the road TO MONMOUTH, which he reached after a descent of three miles.

FROM RAGLAN, TO ABERGAVENNY mr. Coxe passed through a rich and picturesque country to *Llansanfraed*, the seat of James Green, esq. This spot is remarkable as the mansion of Thomas ap Gwillim, from whom the earls of Pembroke, Powis, and Caernarvon, are descended by the male, and the dukes of Beaufort by the female line. The view from the lawn is extremely pleasing; it commands an undulating tract, rising from the banks of the Usk, bounded by a chain of fertile eminences, and backed by hills and mountains. Among these the Clytha hills, the Blorenge, the elegant Sugar Loaf, and the Great Skyrrid are the most striking objects. *Llansanfraed* church appears to be very ancient; yet it contains nothing remarkable except a curious sepulchral inscription on one of the Herbert family. In the vicinity are several country seats, which add to the beauty of the scenery. *Pant y Goitre*, the seat of dr. Hooper occupies a beautiful spot on the banks of the Usk, and is surrounded by rich meadows, backed by forest trees. The walks are delightful, and the views from the wooded knoll which overtops the house, are pleasing, grand, and diversified. *Clytha House*, the seat of William Jones, esq. is a comfortable mansion. A beautiful gothic gateway forms the entrance to the grounds; and *Clytha Castle* is an ornament to his residence and to the surrounding country. *Llanarth Castle*, the seat of John Jones, esq. is a handsome modern mansion, and the front is ornamented with an elegant portico, resembling that of the temple of Pæstum. It stands on a gentle declivity; and what is singular, in a county abounding with hills, not a single hill or mountain is seen from the house. Mr. Jones is a lineal descendant of Henry Fitzherbert, the ancestor of the Herberts. During Mr. Coxe's stay in this neighbourhood, he made a pleasing excursion to *Trostrey* forge, and in his passage down the Usk examined a weir constructed for the purpose of catching salmon. Iron bar is manufactured here and conveyed down the Usk to Newport. A little beyond the forge the river ceases to be navigable. The church of *Kemeys Commander*, which is supposed to derive the name from Edward Kemeys, commander of the army under Dru de Baladun, at the conquest of upper Gwent. The *church of Trostrey* is placed in a wild and romantic situation, rather resembling the solitary chapel of a hermit. The church of *Bettus Newydd* still retains it's ancient roof, and a large wooden cross is suspended at the eastern extremity. Beyond this place the roads form a gentle rise, from which may be caught a view of the romantic cluster of mountains in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny.

To Caerwent, 13 miles, Bingley; Barber.
— Abergavenny, 10 miles, Coxe.
— Striguil Castle, Evans.
— Monmouth, 8 miles, Wyndham; *Skrine*.

* * *

From Radnor, 19 miles, Malkin.
—— Buallt, 17 miles, Barber; Warner.
—— Hafod, 17 miles, Skrine.

RHAYADER, or Rhaiadr gwy, in Radnorshire, formerly the chief village in Maelienydd, but at present a considerable market town, divided into 2 streets crossing each other, in conformity to the prevailing plan of towns in N. Wales. In the reign of Henry 8 the quarter sessions were held here, and the judges resided at a house called *Pen y porth*. The county jaol was also here, no part of which now exists; one in it's place was erected at Presteign, where the quarter-sessions are held. A meeting house now stands upon the spot. During the erection, some massy stone pillars, and iron rings were found. The town is romantically situated; in the centre of which stands the Hall, a handsome, modern, square building, erected about the year 1768, with stone brought from Gamalt. The Church is likewise a very respectable modern structure, built in the form of an oblong square, with a quadrangular stone tower and turrets. The internal part consists of a nave and chancel. Anciently Rhayader derived considerable importance from it's Castle, which stood on a nook of the river Wye, at the extremity of *Maesbach*, a small common N. E. of the town, and close to the river Wye. Of the superstructure nothing remains, but the original foundation may yet be traced, especially on the S. E. where it has still a deep trench, cut out of a hard rock, leading to the river. There is another trench more S., forming 3 sides of a quadrangle, and about 8 feet deep. There appears to have been left, between the two trenches, a narrow space, by which the town might hold a communication with the castle, and is at present the only entrance. Immediately below the latter is a large foss, about 16 feet deep and 12 wide, running along the foundation of the old fortress until it communicates with a steep precipice, the bottom of which is even with the bed of the river. Adjoining this foss, at irregular distances, are several barrows, for purposes unknown; and at the distance of two furlongs, below the site of the castle, there is a large tumulus, called *Tomen Llan St. Tréd*, and near it on the other side, are 2 more, but smaller, called *Cefn Ceido*, where a church is supposed to have stood, as an adjoining piece of ground is named *Clyteur Eglwys*. This primitive fortress, according to Caradoc of Llancarvan, was first built by Rhys, prince of S. Wales, as a check to the depredations of the Normans.—T. Evans's "Cambrian Itinerary." The S. side of Rhayader-bridge affords a very characteristic view of local features. The arch of the bridge is elegant, and the picturesque line of the river furnishes a most agreeable morceau. Mr. Malkin has given this scene in his erudite 4to, as drawn and engraved by Laporte.

The princpal INNS at this place are the Redlion, and Royal-oak. Of one of them, (not distinguished) mr Skrine says "tho' small and rustic, it is sufficiently commodious; and what would render any fare agreeable, the civilities of the people were native and sincere.

At the distance of 7 miles N. E. of Rhayader, was a religious house, called *Abbey Cwm Hir*, but now, a heap of ruins. The valley in which it stood is delightful. The hills around appear extremely grand, forming an amphitheatre round it's rich bottom, wherein this venerable monastery stood. It's situation upon a fertile bank of the Clewedog, abounding in beautiful and sublime objects, was exceedingly calculated to inspire religious ideas. The hill on the N. is 1511 yards high, with a gradual ascent on one side called the Park, formerly nine miles in circumference, and stocked with above 300 deer. An old gate and some pales are still visible, with two foundations of deer-houses. To the S. is another hill, 1751 yards in height, called *Birch-hill*, from the great quantity of birch timber which nearly covers the side fronting the remains of the abbey. To complete the circle, *Wenallt* rises on the W., and *Beddugreu* on the E. According to Leland, Abbey Cwmhir was founded by Cadwallon ap Madawc, in 1143, for 60 cistercian monks, but never finished. The remaining walls are very considerable, forming an area of 255 feet by 73. Perhaps the refectory may be traced, where some apertures appear in the N. side, about 2 feet from the ground. The monks' habitations are supposed to have been on the N. E. side; probably the same which Leland calls the third unfinished part. Thomas Hodges Fowler, esq. is the present proprietor of Abbey Cwmhir. Besides the specimens of the architecture of this abbey which the tradition of the country says were carried to LLANIDLOES some mutilated specimens may still be found about the dwelling and outhouses of the farm, and particularly about the contiguous chapel, founded by sir William Fowler, in 1680. A small monument appears in this chapel erected to the memory of the late sir Hans Fowler, bart. The church at *Llanbister* is reported to have been erected with stones purloined from this abbey. This has been the case respecting *Y Vanner*, as appears evident from the building, distant one mile from the former. The most prefect *Carneddau* in the country of Radnor are near Abbey Cwmhir, and on *Gwastedyn hill*, near Rhayader. These consist of stones to the amount of 30 or 40 cart loads, thrown down promiscuously to form a carn, erected by the Britons in commemoration of their hero or chieftain, who fell in battle. These heaps are found in various situations and of different dimensions; but the largest does not much exceed 60 feet in diameter, and about 7 feet deep in the middle, where the carn is always most protuberant, to conceal the chest, or stone coffin, which is usually found in this part, covered with a large stone. It frequently happens that a circular range of large stones are pitched an end on the outside of the heap, while the stones contained within are piled loosely in circles about the tomb, and the interstices filled up with lesser stones. Some of the carns are covered with earth, almost conical, and approach near the form of a tumulus. In many of these carns the stones bear marks of ignition, being remarkably red and brittle, by the action of fire, and some are in a great measure vitrified. To a perfect carn there is always a large stone placed endwise, within 10, 20, 30, 40, or 50 yards of it, and such as are without them at present, may have been deprived of them. There is also some distinction to be observed; i. e. the tumulus and carn appearing together, prove that the interred was an ancient chief; while the sepulchres of the commonality are always found upon the hills, in a small declivity and hollow of an oblong form, with the earth heaped like a small hillock. When these are opened, a stratum of ashes, blackish, or red burnt earth is discovered, but on digging a little deeper we soon perceive a difference and come to the native soil. A traveller seldom passes over a barren hill in Wales, without perceiving a Gwyddfa, or some memorial of the ancient Britons.—Evans's Cambrian Itin.

Paine's Castle is situated in a small hamlet of that name, containing some good houses. It is supposed to have received it's name from Paganus, a Norman who founded the castle. These remains are very inconsiderable, a few loose fragments of the outer walls serve to shew merely that a building once existed.

Castell Tinbott, Tibbot, or Timboth, is situated upon a steep hill called *Crogen*, above the river Ython, in the parish of Llananna, and 3 miles from Abbey Cwmhir. The remnant of this castle consists only of a fragment of a thick wall. The original building was destroyed by Llewelyn ap Gruffydd, in 1260.

The ROAD INTO CAERDIGANSHIRE may be taken either circuitously through Cwmeland, or directly by the turnpike near *Llyn Gwyn*. Neither can be relinquished without loss. The former is the most engaging, but ample time is necessary, and it can only be pursued on foot.

Keeping along the turnpike road for a short space, a bye path to the left leads to the banks of the romantic *Elan*. By crossing the fields, the country is better seen. Not far off the Elan joins the Clarwen and the Clarwy, already united. Further in the valley, there is a retired and neat chapel by the road side. The scene becomes confined, the rocks of slate and limestone rising gradually higher. The principal house in *Cwmeland* is mr. Groves's, a wiltshire gentleman, who purchased 10,000 almost worthless acres, which he is now converting into a paradise. This estate is called *Cwm Elan*, distant from Rhayader 4 miles. The approach to the house is over a handsome wooden bridge, leading to a fine verdant lawn, which stretches from the house, and forms a curve with the river Elan, uniting a singular combination of natural and artificial beauties, of wild scenery and elegant ornament; a foaming river, rugged rocks, precipices, and lofty mountains, contrasted with rich meadows, neat enclosures, and elegant buildings. In pursuing the Elan through mr. Groves's estate, it's various beauties are very striking, particularly at the distance of a mile from the house, where the pedestrian crosses a rude alpine bridge, formed of the branches of trees, thrown from rock to rock, under which the Elan dashes at the depth of 30 feet. This spot is described by mr. Bowles, in his poem of "Coombe Ellen," as follows.

> The footway plank that leads across
> the narrow torrent, foaming through the chasm
> below; the rugged stones are wash'd and worn
> into a thousand shapes and hollows, scoop'd
> by long attrition of the ceaseless surge,
> smooth, deep, and polish'd as the marble urn,
> in their hard forms.

This river contends with the wild and irregular channel for several miles, confined within a rocky chasm, the sides of which are often perpendicular, and of great height, discoloured by drippings, tinted with mosses, and crowned with the mountain-ash, birch, and wych-elms; the whole forming a more wild and romantic appearance than can be described. There is no longer a worn path to lead to the great road, nor any thing to describe. The traveller must trust to his guide, who is necessary in this route. The DIRECT ROAD ascends by a long and steep pitch of two miles into a bold and hilly region, disparted by precipices, with mountain rising above mountain. The Wye in it's infancy, forms a predominant feature on the right. By deviating across the heath, to the left, may be gained a view of *Llyn Gwyn*, an eminently picturesque lake. Beyond is an immense reach of the Wye. On returning to the road the Wye above becomes the object. After another ascent of a mile, we view the innumerable mountains of Caerdiganshire, enlivened only by the purple heath. The road is then down a precipitous descent; finding the Elan in the bottom. It is here that the more intrepid traveller may meet the less adventurous of his party who have taken the direct high road, or his horses and servants, if so happily accommodated. Here the three counties meet. **Hafod** is distant from this point 9 miles, upon terraces, hanging on the sides of mountains, across a most wild and barren tract. The Elan here mixes with the scene of desolation and becomes a mere brook, where it is crossed near it's source. The mountains on the left are rugged, and overspread with treacherous bogs. Anon the traveller finds himself impending over the Ystwidd, at the height of full 200 feet. An insulated mountain terminating in a craggy precipice, rises abruptly from the bed of the river, to the height, it is said, of 220 yards. On descending, the traveller instead of entering upon a more level country finds himself at the base of Plinlimmon. There is an elegant stone bridge over the Ystwidd, built for public accommodation, by Baldwyn of Bath, at the expense of mr. Johnes.

The lead mines of Cwm Istwidd lie on the sides of two mountains, to the right of the river Ystwidd, and their entrance is just above the road. "Beyond the lead mines," says mr. Malkin, "the smoothness of the road, a narrow stripe of cultivation by the Ystwidd, on which, however poor, the bewildered eye fixes as a resting place, a hill in front, crowned with the novel ornament of a plantation, bespeak the approach to objects more cheerful, to a scene of brilliant enchantment, prepared behind the shifting caverns and magic-struck abodes, which seem only placed there to heighten the effect, and be withdrawn. I do not know that I was ever sensible of more pleasure or relief, than on the unexpected sight of that woody hill, at my first visit. The road turning suddenly to the right, leads up to *Pentre Brunant* Inn, one of the most wretched and destitute imaginable, in a situation which challenges the residence of a nobleman; yet are the attractions of the vicinity such, that many parties are induced to bear with the privations of the place for days together, while they explore sometimes the wild, and sometimes the cultivated, beauties surrounding them. The entrance to Hafod, by this approach is at the shepherd's cot, on the hill to the $. The descent by the foot-path from Pentre Brunant Inn is steep and romantic. The foot bridge across the stream affords a scene of picturesque and entangled wildness." [See page 213.]

From Rhayader, mr. Skrine proceeded towards *Penybont*, at which little obscure hamlet, he crossed the Ithon, and pursuing a rugged track over a wild range of hills, he entered a deep romantic vale, through which the Teme winds. "Great and memorable," says this author, "are the remains of antiquity to be found in this district; the *camp of Caractacus* being yet in high preservation upon the hills towards *Clun*, and that of *Cæsar* may easily be traced upon an eminence impending over the valley. *Offa's Dyke* also passes by Knighton, extending from the mouth of the Dee, in a slanting direction across the kingdom. In this vale stands *Brampton Brian*, an old seat of the Oxford family, once surrounded by fine woods; but the ruthless ax has despoiled it of these sylvan honours. He then reached Presteign.

To Hafod, 17 miles, Malkin; Warner's 1st and 2d walks.
— Presteign; from an excursion to Caractacus's camp, upon the hills towards Clun; thence down the vale of Teme to Knighton; Skrine.

From St. Asaph, 3 miles, Bingley; Warner.
—— Abergeley, 6 miles, Skrine.
—— Diserth, 2½ miles, Pennant.

RHYDDLAN, in Flintshire, lies in a flat on the eastern bank of the river Clwyd, about 2 miles from it's influx into the sea. It is here so wide as to allow flat vessels of about 20 tons burden to pass up as high as the bridge. Tho' now a very insignificant village, Rhyddlan was once a place of great importance, of which however no trace is left, except the ruins of it's castle. From a port about 2 miles from this place, where the river discharges itself into the sea, much corn and timber are annually exported. Below the town is a large marsh, called *Morfa Rhyddlan*, the marsh of Rhyddlan, where, in 795, was fought a dreadful battle betwixt the Welsh, under their leader Caradoc, and the Saxon forces under Offa king of Mercia. The Welch were routed and their commander slain; in addition to this severe loss, the saxon prince cruelly ordered all the men and children, who unfortunately fell into his hands to be massacred, the women only escaping his fury. The memory of this tragical event has been brought down to posterity in a ballad called Morfa Rhyddlan, the air of which is most tenderly plaintive. The Castle is of red stone, nearly square, having six towers, two at each of two opposite corners, and only one at each of the others. Three of them on the N. W. side, remain tolerably entire. It had a double ditch on the N., and a strong wall and foss all round. In this wall is a tower still standing, called Twr y Silod, or Twr y Brennin. The principal entrance was from the N.W., between two rounders. Opposite to these are two very much shattered, but the remainder are tolerably entire. Powell and Camden say it was built by Llewelyn ap Sitfyllt, at the commencement of the 11th century, who made it his place of residence; others say it was built by Robert de Rodelent, but soon after burnt by Gruffydd ap Cynan, prince of Wales. Henry 2, subsequently rebuilt or fortified this castle, in which Giraldus Cambriensis says he was nobly entertained. Queen Eleanor was also delivered of a princess here in 1283. Northumberland seized it's castle in 1399, previous to the deposition of Richard 2, who dined here on his way to Flint castle. At a private house in this village is shewn part of the building where Edward 1st held the parliament which passed the statute of Rhyddlan, about 1284. Of this place only one solitary gothic window remains. There is another old house on the N. side of the castle, where tradition says the king resided. It is at present the property of the crown.

To the S. of the castle is shewn a mount, called Tut-hill, whence it is said the castle was battered; but it appears a more ancient fortification, surrounded by a deep ditch, including the Abbey. Not far distant once stood a house of Black Friars, founded some time before 1268. The Bridge at this place consists of two arches, built or rebuilt in 1595, with an impression of the arms of Hughes, bishop of St. Asaph, upon one of the battlements. The Port, is at 2 miles distance, where the Clwyd falls into the sea. The Church has nothing remarkable about it, except an ancient grave-stone, with a flowery cross and sword.

A little beyond the priory, mr. Pennant descended the bank, and fording the Clwyd, soon reached ST. ASAPH; in which approach the handsome extensive bridge, the little town, and the cathedral mixed with trees, form a most agreeable view.

To ABERGELEY there is a bridle causeway 5 miles in length, across Morfa-Rhyddlan.

To CONWY FERRY the road lies principally over the hills, commanding fine sea prospects, till the mountain of *Penmanross* occurs, in winding round which, the magnificent ruin of Conwy Castle breaks upon the sight, backed by the vast mountains of Caernarvonshire. Instead of crossing the Ferry, mr. Skrine proceeded 12 miles further along the bank of the Conwy to Llanrwst.

PLANTS. In the church-yard grow Salvia verbenaca, and Anethum foeniculum. In Rhyddlan marsh, Rotbollia incurvata; in ditches, Potamogeton gramineum; in ditches on the NW. side, Lemna gibba; about this marsh and on sand-banks near the shore, Arunda arenaria. On hedge banks betwixt and the sea, near the stone house, Lepidium latifolium. In a salt-water ditch by the road side leading to St. Asaph, Aster tripolium.

To Conwy-Ferry, 16 miles, Skrine.
— St. Asaph, 3 miles, Pennant.
— Diserth, 2½ miles, Bingley.

* * *

Mr. Gilpin begins his Description of the Wye at Ross. see also Wye.
From Goodrich Castle, 4 miles, Barber.
—— Newnham, 9 miles, Skrine.
—— Hereford, 14½ miles.

ROSS is the central town between Glocester, Hereford, Monmouth, and Ledbury. The bold irregularities of ground, and the strong fertility of soil, so congenial to the growth of oak and culture of orcharding, have contributed to render the approach to this place extremely gratifying. Descending the main street, within a few yards of it's lower extremity, and there ascending the banks, a copious stream forms in view a spacious canal. Adjoining the church-yard, a terrace of very considerable altitude, seems almost to overhang the river Wye, which wantons below in a variety of pleasing sweeps; stretching into a fine semicircle, with each of it's extremities uniformly reverted, immediately under the eye, in a most luxuriant vale, embellished, among other objects, with the castles of Wilton and Bridstow, and terminated in the distance by the mountains of Pembrokeshire. The most striking object in the town is the Market-House, built in the saxon style. At it's w. end is a bust of Charles 2 badly preserved, in whose reign it was erected. But the greatest boast of this town, is the honour of having produced that pattern of benevolence, John Kyrle, esq. characterized by Pope, and invested with deathless fame under the title of the Man of Ross. The King's-Arms, now a respectable inn, was formerly his residence; where there remains a good picture of him. [See Pope's account of the Man of Ross, in his "Moral Essays," epis. iii, v. 250—290.]

The DIRECT ROAD TO GOODRICH-FERRY is a retired and pleasant ride of little more than 2 miles, in a southerly direction. For a few paces from the town, the road veers rather to the left, leaving that which leads to Monmouth on the right, it is afterwards direct. At the distance of about 2 miles from Ross, upon an eminence on the right, stands a handsome mansion called *Hill-Court*, the residence of mrs. Clarke.

On the approach to Ross from Ledbury, the large and towering wood of *Penyard* has a most grand and striking appearance; and it probably is alluded to by Pope in his account of the Man of Ross, when he says, "Who hung with wood yon sultry mountain's brow?" Dr. Booker, in his poem of "Malvern," says that it is certain the index or hand, attached to the Summer-House in Kyrle's Walks, and on which were painted these words; ☞ Si non tibi non ibi, pointed to this wood. Penyard is the property of William Partridge, esq. of Goodrich. In a remote and retired part of the wood are the ruins of a castle, or with more probability, from their retired situation, a monastery.

About 3 miles to the E. from Ross, and nearly 1 mile to the S. of the road leading TO GLOCESTER, is *Rose*, or *Bury Hill*, [Hoare says *Bolitree*] the undoubted site of a Roman station, the Ariconium of Antoninus, which Camden, and other antiquaries, have placed at Kinchester; but which Horsley, on unquestionable grounds, removes, to the neighbourhood of Ross. Traversing a well cultivated district, where numerous gentle hills are clothed with apple archards, at the distance of 6 miles, over a bad road, a heathy eminence is gained, whence the great plain of Gloucester appears, stretching to an immense distance, in every direction. At the extremity of the plain appears to rise the towers and spires of Gloucester, faintly distinguished from the Cotteswold hills, the high continuous summits of which are strongly contrasted by the broken form of the Malvern hills far distant on the left.

From Ross mr. Skrine determined to take the navigation of the Wye to Monmouth and Chepstow; and having obtained a good covered boat, well stored with provisions, he set out on this most interesting voyage, which afforded an infinite variety of the picturesque, the pleasing, the tremendous, and sublime of nature "To do justice," says he, "to the attractions which captivate the senses in this excursion would require the pencil of a Gilpin or a Claude, and the descriptive fire of Rousseau." Two guineas is the stated price for this navigation; but besides this the boatmen, three in number, expect a farther compliment. The castles of *Wilton* and GOODRICH should be visited the first day sleeping at MONMOUTH; the next day TINTERN ABBEY, and CHEPSTOW.

To Monmouth, upon the Wye, 25 miles, Gilpin; Skrine.
— Monmouth, the Turnpike road, 10 miles.
— Gloucester, 18 miles, Barber.
— Goodrich Castle, 4 miles.

* * *

From Wrexham, 5 miles, Wyndham.
—— Chirk, 4½ miles, Skrine; Bingley.
—— Llangollen, 7 miles, Pennant.

RUABON; or Rhiwabon, a village of Denbighshire, is pleasantly situated upon rising ground. The Church is a good building, in which is an organ given by the late Sir Watkin Williams Wynne. Here are several marble monuments, two of which deserve notice. One to the memory of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, of whom a fall from his horse deprived the world of a valuable citizen, on the 26th of September, 1749, aged 41 years. Rysbrac has preserved his figure in a graceful attitude; and the late dr. King of St. Mary's-hall, has thus expressed the qualities of his mind.

ADSERTORI LIBERTATIS PUBLICÆ.
H. S. E.
WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BARONETTUS.

Qui ab illustri Britannorum veterum stirpe ori undus, majoribus suis se dignissimum semper præbuit, et non modo nomine, sed virtute et fide hominem vere Britannum. Admodum juvenis in senatum electus confestim cunetis innotuit gravitate et judicio: Postquam vero et ipse de republica cœpit disputare, et libertatis patrocinium ac defensionem suscipere, incredibilem animi magnitudinem, atque ejus constantiam omnes ita suspexerunt, ut, cum senatus princeps, tum patriæ pater meritò haberetur. Tam rectis studiis et ea singulari bonitate fuit præditus, ut non posset fieri, quin maximam sibi gratiam et venerationem compararet vir innocentissimus, idemque prudentissimus paterfamilias, continentissimus maritus, benignissimus hospes, optimus literarum patronus, et assiduus Dei et Christianæ veritatis cultor. Ad hæc quam suavis et jucundus fuit in convictu! Quanta fides ejus sermonibus! Qualis in ore probatis et decor! Quæ mensæ reverentia! Quæ in cultu moderato! Quæ in omni vita modestia, elegantia, comitas, liberalitas! Talis tantique viri immaturo interitu quam grave damnum fecit Britannia; quum cuncti qui ejus virtutescognoverint (cognovit penitus qui hæc mœrens scripsit) eo erepto, miserorum omnium perfugium, bonorum omnium delicias, doctorum omnium præsidium, Walliæ suæ decus et ornamentum, et clarissimum reipublicæ lumen ereptum et extinctum esse fateantur!

TRANSLATION.

Here lies interred Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. who descended from an illustrious family of ancient Britons, was himself most worthy of his ancestors, not only in name but in virtue and integrity. Tho' elected into parliament at a very early period of his youth, the dignity of his behaviour and maturity of his judgment were immediately distinguished. When afterwards he engaged in debates of national importance, and when he undertook the patronage and defence of liberty, the amazing greatness and constancy of his soul was so much revered by all, that he was valued both as a leader in the senate and as the father of his country. With such just principles and peculiar goodness was he endowed, as could not but excite in every one the profoundest veneration and sincere regard for him whose innocency of life was much distinguished, whose economy was most prudent, whose faith to the marriage bed most inviolate, whose hospitality was most liberal; a patron of learning, constant in his devotions to the Deity, and a warm professor of christian truths. Yet more; how engaging and cheerful was he in society! what sincerity in his conversations! What an open and becoming honesty in his countenance! what decency at his table! what moderation in his dress! what modesty, elegancy, affability, and generosity in his whole character! how heavy was the loss sustained by the untimely *death* of so good and so great a man, when all who knew his virtues (well did the weeping author of this inscription know them) must confess that when he was torn from us, the refuge of the distressed, the delight of the good, the protector of the learned, the ornament and honour of his native Wales was lost and extinguished in him.

The other monument is by Nollikens, of his lady Henrietta Williams Wynne, who died in 1769, she is represented by a beautiful figure of Hope reclining on an urn. Dr. *David Powel*, the welsh historian, who translated into English the "Chronicle" of Caradoc of Llancarvan, was instituted to this vicarage in the year 1571, and was buried here. At this place is a comfortable Inn, whence the park gate of *Wynnstay*, the seat of the present sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart. is seen; and with permission, the traveller may examine it's varied and magnificent improvements.

Under the direction of John Evans esq. of Llewenygroes, author of the first accurate survey of N. Wales, the waters of the small brook Belan, and some other pretty rills, were so concentrated as to form a considerable torrent, dashing over artificial rock-work, not distinguishable when covered with moss and lichens, from a natural cascade. Thence the waters spread into a majestic lake, winding through the Bath, or Belan grounds, in Wynnstay Park; it's edges skirted with lofty woods, where only a few years since some stinted hawthorns, thinly scattered, were almost the sole possessors of the soil. To those who can remember it's then rude and rugged state, the change must appear the work of some potent enchanter; whose only spells, however, were industry and munificence, guided by the faculty of taste.—Note to "The Bees," a poem, book first: by Dr. Evans, (son of the before-mentioned mr. John Evans) printed at Shrewsbury in 1806. To this park trees of a large size were removed, by appropriate machinery, from a considerable distance, without regard to the season of the year, with large portions of earth at their roots.

The House has little of elegance in it's exterior, owing to it's having been erected at different times and in different styles of architecture. This place was anciently the residence of Madoc ap Gryffydd Maelor, Lord of Bromfield, and founder of Valle Crucis Abbey, near Llangollen. It had once the name of Wattstay, from the circumstance of Watt's dyke passing through the grounds. On coming into the possession of the Wynne family it was changed to Winnstay. The grounds are nearly 8 miles in circumference, and generally well-wooded. In the park is a handsome column of 100 feet high, the base 16, and the top 9, built with free stone and fluted. Round the top is a gallery, in the centre of which is a handsome urn in bronze. The base of the column is wreathed with oakleaves in the beaks of eagles. On the sw. side is a door, with a well-staircase to the gallery on the top, whence is an extensive but not beautiful prospect. It was erected to the memory of the late sir Watkin Williams Wynne, (son of the sir Watkin whom dr. King has eulogized) at the expense of his mother, and designed by mr. Wyatt. Upon the base is the following concise, but emphatic inscription: "Filio optimo, Mater, eheu! superstes." This pillar is not seen from the house, but is visible from all the surrounding country. The turnpike road from the old house runs for about 2 miles upon the bank made by forming *Clawdd-Offa* or *Offa's Dyke*. It is here 10 feet high, and broad enough to admit 2 carriages, for a long space of ground called *Llwybr y Cath* or the cat's path. Near this road is a remarkable Tumulus, besides a fine view of the Dee, in it's course through a delightful valley. After having viewed the obelisk, mansion, theatre, bath, &c. the Dee may be crossed, on the bounds of the extensive park, and CHIRK-CASTLE, a grand and venerable pile, arrived at. *Nant y Bele* (the dingle of the martin) is a deep woody hollow, not far from Wynnstay commanding many exquisite natural beauties. The sides are steep and rocky, with the Dee rolling in the bottom, overshaded or hidden by the thickness of the foliage. In the distant back-ground appears Chirk-castle, to the w. Castell Dinas Bran crowning the summit of it's steep mountain. The entire vale as far as Llangollen lies nearly in a line, and the scene is closed by the distant British Alps.

Advancing 3 miles on the Wrexham road, *Erddig*, the elegant grounds of Philip York, esq. author of the "Fifteen Tribes of North Wales," are on the right. These grounds are laid out with considerable taste, but the efforts of art are too prominent. The approach is through a fine wood, overhanging the banqueting room, which is disposed upon the edge of a murmuring brook, skirting a verdant meadow of peculiar richness and beauty.

Watt's Dyke, is the most distinguished remain of antiquity in this district, and runs along one side of a bank between the two valleys by which this domain is bounded. At the extremity are several small intrenchments, particularly one of a pentagon form, beyond which is a green mount. These compose what is called the Roman Fort.

On mr. Pennant's return to Ruabon, he passed through the turnpike towards Wrexham, and digressed a little to the left to visit *Caer-ddin*, called *Garthen*, seated upon the summit of a hill, commanding an extensive view of Maelor Gymraeg, or Bromfield, and part of Maelor Saesneg or English Maelor, mostly flat and wooded. This Caer includes 4 acres of ground, protected by deep ditches. The inner dyke is made of loose stones, with a wall of vast thickness on the top. Within the area are many vestiges of buildings. It lies about 200 yards upon the outside of Offa's dyke; upon the top of which the turnpike-road is formed for a considerable way. He pursued the track of Watt's dyke to *Erddig*.

To Wrexham, 5½ miles, Bingley; Skrine; Pennant.
— Llangollen, 7 miles.
— Chirk Castle, 6 miles, Wyndham.
To and from Bangor iscoed, by way of Overton, 20 miles, Bingley.

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From Llanrhaiadr, 4 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
— Mold, 8½ miles, Bingley.
— Denbigh, 8 miles, Wyndham; Pennant; Aikin; Hutton.
— Bala, 21 miles, Warner.

RUTHIN, like Denbigh and St. Asaph is pleasantly situated on an eminence near the high range of hills which separate the vale of Clwydd from that of Llangollen. It's name seems to be derived from Rhdd, red, and Dinas, a fort. On one side there is no approach to this town, but it is accessible on the other by three streets, which like the folds of a fan terminate in one point, at the market-place. This vicinity is pleasingly variegated by mountains and interesting prospects. At this populous place is the county gaol for Denbighshire, and the great sessions are held here. The Church was originally conventual, belonging to a house of Bonhommes, a species of Augustine monks. It was made collegiate in 1310, by John, son of Reginald Grey, for 7 regulars, but now it is only a chapel to Llanrydd. The apartments of the priests were joined to the church by a cloister, part of which was built up and now is the residence of the warden. The inhabitants of Ruthin and Holt send jointly one member to parliament.

The Castle and town-walls are supposed to have been built by Reginald Grey, to whom Edward 1, in 1281, gave nearly the whole to Duffryn Clwyd, for his actual services against the Welsh. It was afterwards sold to Henry 7, but, being neglected, soon fell into decay. At present, the E. walls, built within the town, and it's principal front on the W. are nearly entire, with a gate, square tower, and battlements. On this and the S. side were formerly 5 handsome round towers, which were well garrisoned in the civil wars in favour of the king, but compelled to surrender to general Mytton, in 1645, after supporting a seige of 2 months, and in the same year dismantled by order of parliament. In a meadow near the castle grows Erigeron acre. The new Jail does much honour to the architect mr. Joseph Turner.

INNS. The White-Lion, is a large inn; but the Cross-Foxes, will be found more comfortable, except for those who travel in carriages.

Near Ruthin is the neat little village of *St. Fynnon St. Dyfnog*, remarkable for a well, said to possess marvellous properties in the cure of the rheumatism. Passing through the church-yard, and thence by an alms-house, to a plantation of trees with a broad gravel-walk, deeply shaded, the fountain is observable, enclosed in an angular shaped wall, forming a bath of considerable size. A subterraneous path leads thence into the pleasure-grounds belonging the seat of major Wylyn.

On the road TO MOLD, at the distance of a mile from Ruthin, the traveller ascends *Bwlch Pen Barras*, being part of a vast chain of mountains which terminate the beautiful and extended vale of Clwyd.

The road TO DENBIGH skirts the western side of the vale. At the termination of the 6th mile, the road branches into two. That to the right is the new road, that to the left the old one. From the latter the town of Denbigh makes an august appearance.—R. Warner. The descent of the hills towards Wrexham, overlooks the extensive level of the vale royal of Chester. At the foot, *Offa's Dyke* is very visible upon each side of the road.—Wyndham.

On the road to Llangollen grows Polygonum fagopyrum.

From Ruthin, mr. Pennant visited the neat little mother Church of *Llanruth*. In it is the monument of John Thelwall, esq. of Bathavarn, and his wife, kneeling at an altar; with their sons and daughters. A bust of St. Ambrose, is admirably cut. The vale grows very narrow, and almost closes with the parish of *Llanvair*. If the extremity be placed at *Pont Newydd*, there cannot be a more beautiful finish, where the bridge, near the junction of the Clwyd and the Hespin, and a lofty hill cloathed with hanging woods, terminate the view. Went over part of *Coed Marchan*, a large naked common, noted for a quarry of coarse red and white marble. Descended into the narrow vale of *Nantclwyd;* and for some time rode over dreary commons. Upon one is a small encampment, with a single foss, called *Caer Senial*. Near this place entered Meireoneddshire, and visited *Caer Drewyn*, another post, in full view of the beautiful vales of *Glyndwrdwyc* and *Edeirnion*, watered by the Dee. It lies upon the steep slope of a hill; is of a circular form, and about half a mile in circumference. The defence consisted of a single wall, mostly in ruins. Not far hence, near *Gwyddelwern*, is a place called *Saith Maachog*. This post or fastness of *Caer Drewyn*, is but one of the chain which begins at Diserth, and is continued along the Clwydian hills into the mountains of Yale. These were temporary retreats of the inhabitants in time of war, or sudden invasions. Descended and found the usual ford of the Dee to CORWEN impassable, gained again the Ruthin road, upon a common marked with Tumuli. Passed near the house of *Rûg*, memorable from being the place of treacherous surprisal of Gryffydd ap Cynan, king of Wales, soon after his victory at Carno, in the year 1077. In after times this place became the property of Owen Brogyntyn, natural son of Madog ap Meredd-ydd, a prince of Powys. Crossed the Dee, upon a very handsome bridge of six arches.

To Valle Crucis Abbey, 10½ miles, Bingley.
— Mold, 8½ miles, Hutton.
— Denbigh, 8 miles, Warner.
— Wrexham, 16 miles, Wyndham.
— Corwen, 13 miles, Pennant; Aikin.
— Llangollen, 13½ miles, 10½ enter the Vale Crucis; 1, pass the pillar of Eliseg, in a meadow on the left; ½, on the left Vale Crucis Abbey; Castel Dinas Bran is upon an eminence beyond; 1½, Llangollen.

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From Llanymynech, 16 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
— Oswestry, 18 miles, Wyndham.

Henry Skrine esq. and the Rev. J. Evans commenced their Tours through North Wales at this place.

SHREWSBURY, the county town of Shropshire, is thought to have derived it's name from the Saxon word Scrobbesberig, which signifies a town built upon a wooded hill. It was once the capital of Powisland, and the seat of several of the princes. It is supposed to have originated on the ruin of the Roman Uriconium, the Vreken Ceaster of the Saxons, and the modern Wroxeter, a village upon the Severn about 6 miles distant. It stands upon a singularly beautiful peninsular hill, which the Severn encircles, except on the N. side. Being the great frontier of England, towards N. Wales, and the capital of a flourishing county, it has, from a very early period of our history, been a place of considerable importance. The best houses, however, are in the outskirts of the town and it's environs; the interior of the place having few attractions. The disposition of the streets are extremely irregular.

The staple trade of Shrewsbury is in fine flannels and Welsh webs. The flannels are bought at Welsh-pool, and chiefly resold to the London Merchants, who are the exporters. The webs are fabricated in Merionethshire and Denbighshire, and brought to Shrewsbury where they are sold in a hall, in which none but the members of the draper's company are allowed to transact business. This market has, however, of late been much anticipated by buyers in the country, which compels the Shrewsbury drapers to send thither. The webs made in Merionethshire are about seven-eighths of a yard wide, and are called strong or high-country-cloth. Those made in Denbighshire, are called small or low country cloth. The former, after they are bought by the drapers, have the wool raised and sheared by men called at Shrewsbury shearmen, or they are sent to the fulling-mill to be thickened, and are then exported in bales of different sizes, some containing 2000 yards. The ultimate markets are Holland, Germany, and America.

Here are also 2 large manufactories of linen yarn, a cotton manufactory, a starch manufactory, a porter brewery, and an extensive iron foundery. The cakes made here, which bear the name of the place, and the brawn, which are sent to the most remote parts of the kingdom, are both in high estimation.

The most noted military transaction connected with this town is the important battle in July 1403, between Henry 4, and Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur, in which the army of the latter was routed and about 5000 men slain. The place of this bloody contention appears to have been *Battlefield*, a village in the parish of Albrighton, at the distance of 3 miles. In the reign of William 1, Shrewsbury was granted to Roger de Montgomery, who founded the castle and abbey. At this time it was a city. In the reign of Elizabeth the town was made corporate, which charter was confirmed by Charles 1, and James 2. The Corporation consists of a mayor, 24 aldermen, 48 assistants, called the common council, and other subordinate officers. It sends two members to parliament. The Castle, which stands on the neck of the peninsula, formed by the Severn, has lately been repaired with much success, and the landscape from it's mount, can scarcely be surpassed in picturesque beauty. The keep was on a large artificial mount, which shews it to have been of Saxon or British origin. The inside is cleared from buildings, except one house; and the whole castle-yard is a garden. It is at present the property of lord Darlington. The walls, were begun to be erected by Robert de Belesme, son to Roger de Montgomery, to a considerable extent on each side the castle; and he thus secured himself for a while from the attacks of his enemy Henry 1. The other part of the walls was erected by Henry 3, at the request of the inhabitants, in order to resist the inroads of the Welsh. In almost every part, the original walls were at a distance from the river. Those on the SE. side of the town are kept in good repair, and form pleasant, but interrupted walks: Those on the NW. side are entirely covered with houses. Along the verge of the river from the school to the Welsh-bridge, another was built in 1645, called Rowshill-wall. The County Jail, which is likewise the House of Correction, stands near the Castle, and was first inhabited in 1793. The boundary-wall encloses 2 acres of ground, and is 16 feet high. The entrance in front is called the Porter's Lodge, and over the gate is a bust of mr. Howard. The ground floor on the left contains the turnkey's apartments and his bed-chambers are above. On the right hand is the Lazaretto, a hot and cold bath, with an oven to fumigate and purify prisoners' clothes, which are taken from them on admission and the gaol uniform put on, Up stairs are two reception-rooms, a room for the irons, and a sitting-room for the clergyman, who there performs the last offices to persons under sentence of death, who fuffer on the flat roof above. The court in front of the keeper's house is about 20 yards square, and the inner turnkey's lodge adjoins. The master's-side debtors, the common side-debtors, the female debtors, female felons, capital male felons, petty male felons, lewd women and vagrants, male and female disorderly servants and apprentices, male vagrants and deserters, have each a spacious court, day rooms, and sleeping cells. There are 2 courts and rooms for male and female king's evidence and 2 for male and female refractory prisoners. There is a detached infirmary, with separate courts, day-rooms and sleeping-rooms. Seventy-eight of the felons' cells have double doors, the outer iron-grated, the inner wood. The chapel is in the centre of the building and the several classes enter by different doors and are separated by partitions so as not to be seen one by another. On a level with the chapel are six cells for prisoners under sentence of death, or solitary confinement. All the cells are well ventilated, and divided by lobbies, or passages. There are several work-rooms for both men and women. A watchman goes round the prison and cries the hour. A pleasant terrace walk is at the end of the building, whence descending to the river, a foot path leads to the English Bridge, the first stone of which was laid June 29 1769; it is elegantly constructed of stone with balustrades, consisting of 7 arches, is 410 feet in length and 35 in breadth. Hence the castle, river, the town, partly hidden by trees, with the spires of St. Mary's and St. Alkmund's churches, form a beautiful scene. Close adjoining are the water-works which supply the town. In an opposite direction is the Welsh Bridge. Instead of the ancient one, with a gate and towers at each end, the present is a newly erected substitute, more beautiful and convenient. The statue of a prince in armour, supposed to be intended for Richard duke of York, was removed thence into a niche in the end of the Market-house. Not far from the English bridge stood the Abbey of St. Peter and St. Paul, founded in 1083, by Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury, and his countess Adelissa. It's monks were Benedictines from Seez, in Normandy. The great tower only is left, which contains a fine gothic window, over which is a statue. On the S. side of the altar is a recumbent figure, in a coat of mail, and in the act of drawing a sword. It was found among the ruins of the abbey in 1622. In the garden is a most beautiful stone pulpit, open on all sides, of which mr. Pennant has given a print. It is supposed to be the remains of an ancient oratory.—Tour in Wales, 4to. vol. 2, p. 404. The Franciscans or Grey Friars, had a house a little to the s. of the new bridge, without the town walls, at the end of Marwell-street. The remains were fitted up into a private house. The parochial Churches of Shrewsbury are mostly ancient. Old St. Chad's was founded before the Norman conquest, probably by the Saxons, soon after the expulsion of the Welsh, on the site of a palace of the princes of Powis, which was destroyed by fire. Part of the chancel is only standing, which is kept in repair as a chapel to the burying ground. In the year 1393 this structure was burnt down by the carelessness of a workman who was repairing the leads. In order that this loss might be retrieved, Richard 2 granted the town several indulgences to assist them in erecting another fabric. The interior of this building, as well as it's exterior, is said to have been extremely venerable. This fabric, however, in the course of a night, in the year 1788, fell, or rather sunk to the earth, with so little noise, that no person in the neighbourhood, which was very populous, nor even the watchmen were alarmed. It is supposed that it sunk from a deep excavation made by coal-pits, with which the neighbourhood abounds. It is from this building that the present fragment remains. Another church called the New St. Chads, has been lately erected near the Quarry. It's style is highly ornamental. The principal entrance is through the w. door into a circular vestibule containing the stairs leading to the galleries. The body of the church is a rotunda, resembling a Theatre. Mr. Bingley remarks, that "the supporting pillars both above and below are out of all proportion. The upper ones are in the corinthian order, and tho' the intention may have been to give an appearance of lightness to the building, they are inexcusably too long for their diameter, and reminded him of a range of long mould candles. The columns which support the galleries are of a different order, and, perhaps by way of contrast, are as short and thick as the others are long and small. In addition, their basses are made level with the tops of the pews, giving an appearance of insecurity." St. Mary's and St. Alcmund's are both remarkable for their handsome spires. In the latter is a modern painting on the glass of the E. window, which cost 200*l*, the performance of the late mr. Egginton of Handsworth near Birmingham. The subject is Faith in the attitude of kneeling upon a cross; her arms extended towards a crown, which appears from the clouds. It was put up in the year 1795. The first is said to have been founded by king Edgar and the latter by the heroine Elfreda, in honour of the son of Alured, king of Northumberland. The church, said to be most ancient, is that of St. Giles, placed on the skirts of the suburbs beyond the abbey. St. Julian's Church is of brick, the tower of stone. Here are also chapels for the presbyterians, independents, anabaptists, methodists, quakers, and roman catholics. The Free School, which is in a street near the castle, was originally built of wood, and founded by Edward 6, in 1552. The present structure was erected 43 years afterwards. It consists of the school, houses for the masters, and a library, containing some valuable books and several curiosities. The Subscription Charity-School, for instructing and clothing poor children, is situated by the road-side leading to the abbey. It was begun in the year 1708. St. Chad's Alms-houses, for decayed old men and women, were founded in 1409, by Bennet Tupton. They are situated in St. Chad's Church-yard. St. Mary's Alms-houses, in Ox-lane, near St. Mary's church, were founded about the year 1460, by Digery Waters, a draper.

The Charity School in Back-lane was founded in 1724, under the will of mr. Alderman Bowdler. The Infirmary stands near St. Mary's church-yard. It was opened in 1745, is supported by voluntary benefactions, and it's benefits extend to all proper objects without distinction of place. The other public buildings are the Town-Hall, a modern elegant structure, in which the assizes are held, and where the magistrates transact public business; the Market-House, where the manufacturers hold their market for welsh cloths and flannel; and the Theatre situated at the bottom of St. John's Hill. The last was formerly a palace belonging to the lords of Powis, called Chorlton-Hall. It was fitted up for a theatre, and opened in 1765. On an eminence above *Frankwell*, a suburb beyond the Welsh bridge, stands Millington's Hospital; a handsome brick building, founded in 1734, under the direction of the will of mr. James Millington, a draper. A Magazine, capable of containing 1000 stand of arms, has been recently erected near the town.

Shrewsbury Shew, as it is called, is believed to have originated in the romish procession on Corpus Christi days to St. Chads. On the monday fortnight after Whitsunday, the associated tradesmen, with flags, drums, and fifes, and a person clad in armour on horseback, pass in procession through the streets of the town, to the piece of ground called Kingsland, on the opposite side of the river, where arbours are erected, and where the mayor and aldermen visit them; after a day spent in festivity the whole procession returns to the town.

Inns. The Lion, and Talbot, for families; and the Raven and Bell, Unicorn, Fox, and Turf Tavern, for travellers.

Near the Church of New St. Chad's is a delightful walk called the Quarry, along avenues of limes, which lead to the banks of the Severn, forming a charming prominade; it probably obtained it's name from a small quarry of red stone, which formerly existed in the dingle. This stone was of the colour of that species of brick called Windsor. The buildings erected with it, seen in several of the adjoining counties as well as at Shrewsbury, are singular in their appearance, looking as if formed of large bricks. Powis castle, near Welsh Pool, in Montgomeryshire, and Chirk Castle, in Denbighshire, seem originally built with this kind of stone. The Red Stone Ferry-house on the Severn, a few miles below Bewdley, is another instance. In the 16th century this place was the scene of theatric representations, as of "Julian the Apostate," and other pieces, the compositions of an ingenious man of those times named Aston, who makes a considerable figure in the historic annals of Shrewsbury. "This yeare 1568, at Whytsuntyde, was a notable stage playe, played at Shrosbury, which lasted all the holly dayes unto which com greate numbers of people, of noblemen and others, the which was praysed greately, and the chyffe actor thereof was one master Aston, beinge the head scoole master of the free scoole there, a godly and learned man who tooke marvelous great paynes therein." —Addition to doctor Taylor's manuscript Account of the Reception and Entertainment of sir Henry Sidney at the Free School Shrewsbury, 1582. The particular spot which formed the rural theatre, was at the top of the rope-walk in the Quarry. The ground, which forms a gentle acclivity, was cut into the form of an amphitheatre, the seats of which were as late as the year 1759, still visible. The ground opposite is called Kingsland. The lower walk which skirts the river, is 540 yards in length, shaded with lime trees, planted by Henry Jenks, esq., in the year of his mayoralty 1719, and which having subsequently attained a considerable size, renders the walks extremely pleasant. In the middle of this walk is a double alcove, with seats fronting both the river and the town, erected in the year 1734. Three walks lead from the town to that on the river side and two others cross the entrance; one of these was made during the mayoralty, and under the direction of mr. John Cotton, in the year 1755; extending from St. John's Hill to where once stood the Tower; the other extends from the reservoir to the top of the hill near the dry dingle, and was formed during the mayoralty of mr. John Bennet, in 1759. The Tower just mentioned was one of the ancient guard stations of the town. About the year 1787, it however became by purchase, the property of William Smith, esq., who sacrilegiously pulled it down, and erected an elegant residence upon it's site.

Upon a lofty bank, opposite to these walks, is a fine brick building, begun in 1760, which cost upwards of 12,000*l*, designed to receive part of the foundlings from the great hospital in London, but on the decline of that, it's design was frustrated. It was then made use of as a place of confinement for prisoners of war. But an act of parliament was obtained by the inhabitants of Shrewsbury to enable them to convert it to a House of Industry. It was opened for this purpose in December 1783. The alterations, &c. cost 7000*l*.

The front of the building commands a fine view of the town and suburbs of Shrewsbury. The trees of the Quarry appear like a wood, above which are seen the churches of St. Mary, St. Alkmund, and St. Chad. Beyond appears the Wrekin, and other mountains. In an opposite direction the Breiddin Hills are visible, and an extensive tract of country. For minute and interesting particulars of this institution see "Some account of the Shrewsbury House of Industry, with observations on the Poor's Laws, by I. Wood. Published by Longman & Co. London, price 3s. 6d. 1800. Mr. Neild, the philanthropic disciple of Howard visited this place in 1807, of which he remarks, "The House of Industry is certainly a House of Plenty, for the books every where bear record of good living and the famous beefs slaughtered there. I am informed that the Act incorporates 18 parishes, chapelries, and townships, and the extent N. and S. 18 miles, and nearly the same E. and W. Now this vast district must necessarily preclude the directors from being acquainted with the real circumstances of paupers so remote from inspection, or when the distant out-poor should be taken off the books. In a single parish, the overseer is perfectly acquainted with every pauper, his wages, ability, connections, &c. and cannot easily be imposed upon. Owing to this want of information and personal acquaintance with the paupers, there may be great abuse of out-pay. Particular enquiry imposes a task on the directors which they are unequal to, because they have their own families and concerns to look after. It would be less troublesome and less expeusive (in my opinion) for each parish to provide for it's own poor. The average number in the house 340; the children delicate and pampered, from being accustomed to abundance and variety of provisions, and comfortable rooms, very dissimilar to those of the hardy peasant, and therefore ill calculated to rear up useful assistances in the employments of agriculture, or to make useful servants to the farmers in this agricultural county. They would prefer a race of hardy lads, inured from their infancy to combat weather and temporary want, whose nerves are strong by early exertions, and their understandings furnished with some knowledge of rural life." [Gent. Mag. Oct. 1807.] Mr. Nield's remarks bear obvious and decisive weight of argument, and they are further strengthened by the following observation by Dr. Lettsom. "It is a frequent question, "What conduces most to health and happiness?" The answer might be, "the two things mankind take the most pains to avoid, Labour and Abstinence." That degree of labour which may be hard without being oppressive, and that quantity of food which suffices to support nature without loading the stomach: and hence benign in it's effects, is the injunction of the Creator, "In the sweat of they face thou shalt eat thy bread." Indulgence and plenty unfit poor children for laborious situations, who ought, by early initiation to know that hard work and hard living are the natural allotments of their rank in society. At the same time let it be understood, that spartan severities are not recommended, nor would they be conducive either to the health or happiness of the youth."

Wroxeter is an ancient town, 5 miles from Shrewsbury, near the London road, supposed to be Uriconium, one of the cities of the Cornavii, the ancient inhabitants of these parts. It is situated upon the confluence of the Severn and Tern. The remains of the walls or old buildings are about 20 feet high and 100 feet in length, of hewn stone, with 7 rows of british bricks at equal distances, and arched within. The citadel probably stood here. The entire walls were 3 miles in circumference. Roman coins have been found here and several urns. Deep and wide graves have also been met with, and the corpse enclosed in red clay. The roman way passed hence to the Strettons.

On the road TO OSWESTRY 8 miles, is the little village *Nescliff*, situated at the foot of some free-stone rocks. Near Mountford bridge grows the Erodium moschatum, and Campanula rapunculus. A little further on, the road ascends, and presents a fine view of the three *Breidden hills*, rising abruptly from the plain to the height of 1,000 feet. On the summit of the highest hill stands a column of nearly 60 feet in height, erected in 1781, by subscription to commemorate the splendid victories of the late lord Rodney, during the previous year. Advancing on this road the addition of the Nescliff rock, the top of which is occupied with a beautiful wood, renders it highly interesting. The steep sides of these rocks are marked with deep waved regular furrows, like those which have been exposed to the dashing of the sea. This crumbling part produces the Solidago virgaurea, and Vaccinium myrtillus.

On the road to and near WELSH POOL, is the village of *Buttington*; the Severn passes not far distant, over which is a stone bridge, where the English obtained a decisive victory over the Danish army, headed by Hesten in the year 894. Alfred's generals here surrounded and closely blockaded it. The horrors of famine at length inspired the Danes to attempt cutting their way through the Saxons, when they were nearly all slaughtered. On the road side grows the Artemisia absinthium, or wormwood, used by the country people instead of hops. Dr. Stokes says that this plant has the peculiar property of destroying ascescency in beer, when grown hard for want of hops.

Mr. Pennant concluded his third tour by an excursion hence to *Caer Caradoc*, near *Church-Stretton*, a post of the celebrated british hero *Caractacus*. He went over the new bridge, passed by *Condover*, a handsome house for it's time, built by sir Thomas Owens, who died in 1598, one of the judges of the king's bench. It is seated at the end of a fine park, from which are a variety of beautiful views; it is now possessed by N. O. Smyth Owen, esq. At a short distance from Condover is *Pitchford*, the seat of Adam Ottley, esq: an ancient and venerable timber-house, with a hall, suitably furnished with helmets, cuirasses, and broad swords. Here is a portrait of Francis Willoughby, esq. the naturalist, painted in 1659, at the age of 13. He was heir to the magnificent house of Wollaton, near Nottingham. After passing his short but amiable life in instructive travels, and the study of nature, he was snatched in 1672, at the age of 37, by a fatal pleurisy. Near the house is a pond which flings up, in hot weather, a large portion of strong bitumen, resembling pitch. Near the 8th milestone from Shrewsbury is *Longnor*, the house of Joseph Pimley, esq. Near it is *Longnor-hall*, the seat of Robert Corbet, esq. It is a good brick house, built in 1670. It is seated in a pretty vale, commanding a fine view of Caer Caradoc, and Lawly-hill. The portrait of the founder is in the house. Here is an admirable portrait of Margaret, widow of James earl of Salisbury, by Kneller. Her daughter lady Margaret, by the same painter. A spirited half length of lady Mildred, youngest daughter of Margaret countess of Salisbury, and wife to sir Uvedale Corbet, son of sir Richard: A pleasing picture of her daughter Elizabeth, painted in France by le Garde. She died unmarried of a cancer in her breast, in 1724, on whom Pope wrote an epitaph: An exquisite picture by an unknown hand, of Christ raising Lazarus. A large picture of St. Peter denying his Lord, finely executed by Gerard Honthurst. From Longnor, mr. Pennant visited *Caer Caradoc*. "After a ride of three miles," says he, "I fell accidentally on the steepest part, and, after a laborious clamber up a green and smooth ascent, now and then mixed with small fragments of lava, I reached the summit, impeded a little by the first ditch and rampart, in a place, where from the exceeding steepness, they seemed totally unnecessary. A little higher is a second ditch, with a vast agger of stones, now sodded over. The area is irregular, of rather considerable extent. Upon the more accessible side are three fosses and ramparts. The entrance and approach are very conspicuous, and may be travelled on horseback. The area slopes upwards, and ends in a peak. Notwithstanding this place is styled Caer Caradoc, it certainly is not that attacked by Ostorius, described by Tacitus. The learned editor of Camden places it at *Gaer Ditches*, about 3 miles s. of Clun, on the left of the road to Knighton. [Vide Taciti Annal. lib. xii.] Formerly a society of gentlemen struck with admiration of the virtue of Caractacus, met annually upon this hill, to celebrate his name in prose and verse." The following notice of such meeting occurs in the Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1755. "Tuesday 5th. The Caractacusian Society was held, according to annual custom, upon that memorable mount Caer Caradoc, in the lordship of Cardington; a name derived from Caractacus, that heroic british prince, who made a noble resistance upon the summit of this hill, against Ostorius, proprætor of the Romans, in the year 53, and whose kingly virtues shone forth in native greatness, even when a captive in chains, before Claudius at Rome." Mason has made Caractacus to address the roman general, who held him captive, as follows.

"Romans: methinks the malice of your tyrant
might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,
and withered as you see these war-worn limbs,
trust me, they shall support the weightiest load
injustice dares impose.
Proud crested soldier!
who seem'st the master mover in this business,
say, dost thou read less terror on my brow
than when thou met'st me in the fields of war

heading thy nations? No, my free born soul
has scorn still left to sparkle through these eyes,
and frown defiance on thee.
Soldiers! I had arms,
had neighing steeds to whirl my iron cars,
had wealth, dominion. Dost thou wonder,
Roman,
I fought to save them? What if Cæsar aims
to lord it universal o'er the world, [stool?
shall the world tamely crouch at Cæsar's foot-

The Rev. W. Bingley ended his Tour at this place.

To Llanymynach, 14 miles, Aikin.
— Welsh Pool, 18 miles, Evans.
— Bishop's Castle, 20 miles, Wyndham.
— Hawkstone, 12 miles, Skrine.

Mr. Pennant's Account of his third Journey terminates with an Excursion hence to Caer Caradoc, near Church Stretton.

To Wenlock, 18 miles.

* * *

From Llanberis to Caernarvon, 10 miles; thence to the summit of Snowdon, 11 miles, Bingley; Hutton.

—— Beddgelert, Aikin; Warner.

—— Lanberis to the neighbourhood of Snowdon, Evans.

—— Dolbadern Castle, Pennant.

—— Caernarvon, to the summit of Snowdon, 11 miles.

SNOWDON, from the Saxon, meaning a snowy hill. The Welsh name Eryri is derived from Mynydd Eryrod, the hill of Eagles. Mr. Pennant derives it from a compound of welsh words, as Creigau'r Eira.

The ridge of Snowdonia is a natural rampire, running in rather a bent line from sea to sea, with two rivers for a moat at the back of it, which fall into the sea, one at Traeth Mawr, the other at Conwy, as if Nature had designed Anglesea for the seat of sovereignty, and Art had likewise lent her aid in securing the passes or avenues leading through them, as *Deganwy* on the Conwy, *Caer-rhûn* on the pass of Bwlch y ddau-faen, and a fort at Aber; DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE, and this Watch Tower in Nant Franco; *Dolbadern Castle* in Nant Peris, and *Cedom* in Nant Tall y llyn; and upon the broad pass of Traeth mawr the castles of HARLECH and CRICCIETH, a tower at Casail Gyfarch, and a fort at Dôlbenmaen.—Rowland's Mona.

EXCURSIONS FROM CAERNARVON,

by Mr. Bingley, and Mr. Pennant.

The ascent to this celebrated mountain, by way of DOLBADERN CASTLE, in the vale of Llanberis, is so gradual, that a person mounted on a welsh poney, might ride very nearly up to the top. From the castle go to the right, by the waterfall, *Caunant Mawr*, up the mountain to a vale called *Cwm Brwynog*. The botanist will undoubtedly be induced to deviate from the immediate route to the foot of *Clogwyn Du'r Arddu*, to look for plants mentioned by Llwyd and Ray, as growing on that rock. If the pedestrian choose to ascend Clogwyn du'r Arddu he will then be at the distance from the summit of not more than 1½ miles. But few travellers take this rout, choosing rather to proceed up the vale of *Cwm Brwynog*, and along the ridge immediately over the vale of Llanberis, till they come within sight of the black, and almost perpendicular rock before mentioned called Clogwyn Du'r Arddu, with a small lake at it's bottom. This will be left about a quarter of a mile on his right, and then ascending the steep called Llechwedd y Rè, he must direct his course s. w. to the well, a place known by the guides, distant from the highest peak of Snowdon, called Yr Wyddfa, the conspicuous, about a mile. The perpendicular height of Snowdon, is, according to the late admeasurements, 1190 yards, not quite three quarters of a mile above the level of the sea. The summit is not more than 5 or 6 yards in diameter, round which is a circular wall, of great use to sit upon, to enjoy the extensive prospects around. The traversing of these almost inaccessible crags is very hazardous and sometimes dangerous, being always slippery, and after rains fragments of rocks give way.

The following description of Snowdon is extracted from Mr. Pennant's Tour. "The mountain, from the summit, seems propped by four buttresses, between which are four deep cwms, or hollows; each, excepting one, had one or more lakes lodged in it's distant bottom. The nearest was *Ffynnon Lâs*, or the Green-well, lying immediately below; the waters of which from this elevation, appeared black and unfathomable, and the edges quite green. Thence is a succession of bottoms, surrounded by the most lofty and rugged hills, the greatest part of the sides of which are quite mural, and form a most magnificent amphitheatre. The *Wyddfa* is on one side; *Crib y Distyll*, with it's serrated tops, on another; *Crib Coch*, a ridge of fiery redness, appears beneath the preceding; and opposite to it, is the boundary called the *Llechwedd.* Another very singular support is *y Clawdd Coch*, rising into a sharp ridge. The view from this exalted situation is unbounded. I saw from it, the county of Chester, the high hills of Yorkshire, part of the North of England, Scotland, and Ireland; a plain view of the isle of Man and that of Anglesea, lay extended like a map beneath us, with every rivulet visible. I took much pains to see this prospect to advantage; sat up at a farm-house on the w. till about 12, and walked up the whole way. The night was remarkably fine and starry. Short intervals of darkness intervened, which was soon dispersed by the dawn of day. The body of the sun appearing most distinctly, with the rotundity of the moon before it, arose high enough to render it's beams too brilliant for our sight. The sea, which bounded the western part, was gilded by it's beams; at first in slender streaks, but at length it glowed with redness. The prospect was disclosed like the gradual drawing up of a curtain in a theatre. We saw more and more till the heat became so powerful, as to attract the mists from the various lakes, which in a slight degree obscured the prospect. The shadow of the mountain was flung many miles, and shewed it's bicapitated form; the Wyddfa making one, Crib y Distyll the other head. I counted between 20 and 30 lakes, either in this county or Merionethshire. The day proved so excessively hot, that the journey cost me the skin of the lower part of my face." At another visit to Snowdon mr. Pennant gives the following account. "A vast mist enveloped the whole circuit of the mountain. The prospect down was horrible. It gave an idea of numbers of abysses, concealed by a thick smoke furiously circulating around us; very often a gust of wind formed an opening in the clouds, which gave a fine and distinct visto of lake and valley. Sometimes they opened only in one place; at others in many, at once exhibiting a most strange and perplexing sight of water, fields, rocks, or chasms in 50 different places. They then closed in at once, and left us involved in darkness; shortly they would separate again, and fly in wild eddies round the middle of the mountains, and expose in parts, both tops and bases, clear to our view. We descended from this varied scene with great reluctance; but before we reached our horses, a thunder-storm overtook us; it's rolling among the mountains was inexpressibly awful; the rain uncommonly heavy; we remounted our horses, and gained the bottom with great hazard. The little rills, which on our ascent, trickled along the gullies, on the sides of the mountains, were now swelled into torrents; and we and our steeds passed with the utmost risk of being swept away by these sudden waters. At length we arrived safe, yet wet and weary, to our quarters. The stone which composes this, and indeed the greatest part of Snowdonia, is excessively hard. Large coarse crystals are often found in the fissures, and very frequently cubic piritæ, the usual attendants on alpine tracts. These are also frequented by the rock owzel, a mountainous bird, and some of the lakes are stocked with char and gwyniads, alpine fish." Mr. Bingley says, that he found the view from the summit extensive beyond his expectation; the eye being able to trace, on a clear day, part of the coast, with the hills of Scotland; the high mountains of Ingleborough, and Penygent in Yorkshire; beyond these the mountains of Westmorland and Cumberland; and on this side some of the hills of Lancashire. When the atmosphere is very transparent, even part of the county of Wicklow, and the whole of the isle of Man, become visible. The uncommon alpine plants are chiefly to be found on the E. and N.E. which form the range of rocks, called *Clogwyn y Carnedd.* Near the top of Snowdon is a spring of fine, clear, well-tasted water, and excessively cold. When the wind blows from the w. Snowdon is almost always completely covered with clouds or mist. And even when the day appears favourable, it will, sometimes suddenly become enveloped and remain in that state for several hours. In exploring this mountain it is necessary to start early in the morning in order to rest, and examine the different prospects; to have an experienced guide; and some provisions, and liquor, which will bear dilution. Mr. Warner of Bath, who has published two separate walks in Wales, says, that a small quantity of any powerful liquor, in these etherial regions, is sufficient to intoxicate; but as the guides have not remarked any such effect, or any other traveller, we may conclude that the assertion originates in mistake. A pint of brandy is commonly shared during the excursion by two persons without the slightest degree of tendency to intoxication.

It is worth remarking here that a traveller intent on ascending mountains, should be provided with such nails as M. A. Pictet, recommends to those who ascend the Glaciers. He observes that "grass is more slippery than ice, when the sole of the shoe has become smooth by walking over it;" and advises that travellers provide themselves with strong shoes, the upper-leather being exceedingly pliable, so that the foot be no where hurt. Nails also of tempered steel must be provided, the tails of which form a screw; their heads not less than 4½ lines in diameter, cut into the form of a square pyramid, which will have two points in consequence of the notch cut into each for receiving the screw-driver to fix them in the shoes. A number of these nails should be disposed at equal distances, as near the edge of the sole as possible without endangering the bursting of the leather."

EXCURSION FROM LLANBERIS.

By the Rev. W. Bingley.

In this excursion to the summit of Snowdon I proceeded about a mile beyond Llanberis, and crossing the brook which runs into the pool, ascended the steep high mountains on the right. After some fatigue, for the sun shone brightly, and the reflection from the rocks was very powerful, we arrived at the first range of rocks which overlook the vale I had left. In a hollow on these mountains I came to a pool called *Ffynnon Frech*, the spotted well. Here I found Subularia aquatica, Isoetes lacustris, and Lobelia dortmanna, growing in such abundance as almost to cover the bottom. Hence I continued my journey up another steep, and from it's top saw two other pools in a vale at a great depth below, called *Llyn Llwydaw*, the dusky pool, and the other, much smaller, *Llyn y Cwm Glâs*, the blue pool in the hollow. The former has in it a small island, the haunt of black-backed gulls, during their breeding season. I did not descend, as there seemed nothing about them likely to repay me for the trouble, but proceeded onward for about a mile and a half, along the sloping sides of the mountains, till I came to a hollow called *Bwlch Glâs*; whence I ascended, once again, to the summit of the monarch of the British Alps. From the top of the first mountains, after leaving Llanberis, till I came within sight of Llyn Llwydaw, the scenery all the way was awfully rude. It was one continued series of rocks, infinitely varied in their form. The nimble-footed sheep which browzed on their dark sides, and skipped along their tremendous precipices, looked down upon us with the utmost composure. In some places the rocks, overhanging the path, seemed ready to start from their beds, threatening destruction to the traveller who had dared to intersect their gloomy shade. The latter part of this excursion along the sides of mountains, was rather unpleasant. The stones which I had to traverse for above a mile were so small and loose as at every step to give way, rendering the walking not only tiresome but sometimes very dangerous. The scenery, tho' wild, was uninteresting. The hollow beneath, hemmed in by the gloomy mountains around, was from some points of view rather grand, but this fell far short of what I had passed. The light clouds swept briskly over the mountains, sometimes entirely obscuring them, and at others shewing their serrated tops visible through the thinness of the mist. Among the higher rocks I observed the black Ouzel, Turdus torquatus, of Linnæus; not unusually an inhabitant of these alpine regions. I descended from Snowdon at this time along what may be denominated a mountain stair-case, which lies down the rocks immediately over the village of Llanberis. This road was altogether so very steep and tiresome, that I should at any time prefer going a few miles round to venturing down it again. The day after I made this journey, I ascended Snowdon once again. [Upon the banks of Llyn Cwyllyn, the largest of the lakes on the road from Beddgelart to Caernarvon, is a small public-house kept by John Morton, who officiates as a guide to Snowdon. His expectations run as high as 7s for attending a single person, and from a party 5s each. The guides from Beddgelart are less exhorbitant.] At this time I chose, as the place of my outset, the cottage of the mountain guide, near *Llyn Cwellyn*, a pool about 6 miles from Caernarvon on the side of the road leading to Beddgelart. We first went along some meadows which extend up the sides of the mountain for about half a mile. Leaving these, after some time, I came to *Bwlch Cwm Brwynog*, a kind of gap betwixt two mountains, which overlook that vale. This hollow is reckoned half way to the top, and persons who come on horseback usually ride thus far, leaving their horses here to the care of their servants till they return. I passed by *Llyn fynnon y Gwâs*, the servant's pool, so called from the servant of a farmer in the neighbourhood being drowned there as he was washing some sheep. The road then lay along a steep ridge. This ascent is much more rocky and tiresome than that from Dolbadern. In one part I passed for nearly a quarter of a mile over immense masses of rock, lying upon each other in almost every different direction, and entirely destitute of vegetation. The sledgeway to the copper-mine, will, however, now have done away all these inconveniences."

PLANTS. On *Clogwyn y garnedd* are the following plants. Anthericum serotinum, Serratula alpina, Cerastium alpinum, C. latifolium, Saxifraga stellaris, S. nivalis, S. oppositifolium, Lychnis alpina, Cyathea fragilis, β, Asplenium septentrionale, Pteris crispa, Papaver cambricum, Ranunculus acris, Phascum montanum, Viola alpina, Geum rivale, Dryas octopetala, Saxifraga aizoides, Juniperus communis, and var. β. Poa cæsia, Festuca rubra, Arenaria verna, Cochlearia officinalis, Asplenium viride, Rumex digynus, Thalictrum alpinum; in clefts in the higher parts, Aspidium lonchitis; upon a moist black rock, almost at the top, facing the N.W. above the lower lake, Polypodium arvonicum. On *Clogwyn du yr Ardd-du*, Arabis hispida, A. hispida, β, Rubus saxatilis, Saxifraga nivalis, Cerastium alpinum. Near Cwm Brwynog, in a boggy flat, Juncus squarrosus, Scirpus cæspitosus, Schœnus nigricans, Agrostis vulgaris, Poa alpina, and Hieracium alpinum. On the the N. side of *Yr wyddfa*, Cerastium alpinum. On moist rocks, Cochlearia officinalis, β. On the highest rocks, Salix herbacea. In various parts, Lycopodium selago, Pteris crispa.

THE ASCENT TO SNOWDON,

from the Lake called Cwellin, by an anonymous Tourist.

For the first mile and a half after we began to ascend from the guide's house, we travelled over a boggy turf, extremely swampy, and to a stranger unsafe. When we had advanced so far, that the part of the mountain in sight had the appearance of a cone, the ascent became so difficult that it could not be effected upon horseback; abandoning our welsh ponies, we therefore proceeded in a zigzag direction along a beaten track composed of slaty materials, on which we continued climbing for nearly half an hour. We then imagined we had almost reached the apex of the mountain; but so intercepted are the higher by the nearer parts, that the traveller is often disappointed by this kind of deception. The wind rose; the clouds gradually dispersed. The point which we had looked towards as the termination of our journey, was only the first station, and not far beyond what the guide jocularly called the half way house. The ground was now covered with a beautiful mossy turf; and for another mile the acclivity was more gentle, till at length we reached one of the most sublime scenes we had ever beheld. To the S. and W. the bay of Caernarvon, the isle of Anglesea, and the Irish sea, bounded by the Wicklow mountains, presented an expansive and finely varied picture to the eye. The isle of Man was likewise dimly discerned in the blue expanse; and the beautiful bay of Caerdigan, with it's indented shores, and all the intervening mountains, lakes, and rivers, were spread out like a map before our enraptured view. On the E. and part of the N. quarter, the mists still intercepted the view; and in a few minutes all that we had just seen was obscured by clouds. During the short time that we were favoured with the rays of the sun, the various effects of light, shadow, and colours produced by the clouds passing over the different parts, were fine beyond description. After contemplating the grandeur of the scenery as long as the clouds and mists allowed a distant prospect, the guide invited us a few steps farther, to behold a precipice of nearly 500 yards, so perpendicular that it could not be approached without terror, at the bottom of which are the two lakes *Llyn y Glas* and *Llyn Llwydaw*, the former remarkable for it's deep green hue, derived from being impregnated with copper. This scene inspired fear rather than pleasure; it may be called the sublime of terror; and this sensation was increased by the following recital of an accident which happened near this spot. On one side of Snowdon is a place remarkable for the number of bee-hives kept there. A man named Howell Williams had been promised a jug of honey from one of the owners of those provident insects. When on his way to receive it, he undertook to descend this precipice by a winding track cut by the miners to bring the copper ore to the top, for it's readiest conveyance to Caernarvon. Alas! he had not descended many steps, ere the snow, which had lately fallen in great quantities, gave way under his feet, and he was precipitated to the bottom, a distance of not less than 400 yards, and in several places quite perpendicular. Two of this man's associates passed the same way soon after, who knew that he had gone just before them. On perceiving the place where he had slipped and traces of him in the snow below, they exclaimed, "Poor Williams, he is dashed to pieces!" Descending with caution, in expectation of discovering the mangled remains of their comrade, they found him, to their joyful surprise, upon his legs, and not materially wounded, except that his hands, tho' protected by worsted gloves, were much torn by catching hold of the rocks as he fell, which checked the acceleration of his motion. So indifferent was this poor man to the singular horrors of his situation and his uncommon preservation, that he expressed more concern for the loss of his jug than for the accident which had occurred to himself. Nothing however besides the snow, could have saved him from destruction. When our guide had ended this narrative, we learned that we had still half a mile to ascend on the margin of this precipice. A gleam of sunshine here visited us, but it was speedily obscured by the surrounding vapour; and when we arrived at the apex of the mountain, which is only a few yards across, our vision was limited to a short distance. Here a small pile of stones has been recently thrown up by some artillery-men employed by government; and there is a rude circular piece of masonry, about 12 feet in diameter, erected as a temporary shelter. The only inconvenience we experienced on this lofty region, was an affection of the muscles of the face from cold, which was speedily removed by rubbing them with brandy. We descended in a short time to the spot where we had left our cambrian ponies; and remounting them, we soon reached the house of our guide, without either accident or memorable occurence.—Tour in Wales in "Modern and Contemporary Voyages and Travels," vol. iv. page 103. CAERNARVON is 7 miles distant from the little public-house of the guide; for a description of what is remarkable on the road, see BEDDGELART.

EXCURSION FROM BEDDGELART.

By the Rev. W. Bingley.

"The distance to the summit of Snowdon hence being reckoned not less than 6 miles, and a lady being one of the party, it was thought best for her to ride as far as she could without danger, and for the rest to walk. In this manner therefore we set out, beginning our mountain journey by turning to the right from the Caernarvon road, at the distance of about 2½ miles from the village. We left the horse at a cottage about half way up, whence taking a bottle of milk to mix with some rum we had brought with us, we continued our route over a series of pointed and craggy rocks. Stopping at different times to rest, we enjoyed to the utmost, the prospects which by degrees were opening around us. Caernarvon and the Isle of Anglesea, aided by the brightness of the morning, were seen to great advantage; and *Llyn Cwellyn* below us, shaded by the vast *Mynydd Mawr*, with *Castell Cidwm* at it's foot, appeared extremely beautiful. In ascending, the mountains which from below seemed of an immense height, began now to appear beneath us; the lakes and vallies became more exposed, and the little rills and mountain streams by degrees became all visible to us, like silver lines intersecting the hollows around. We now approached a most tremendous ridge, over which we had to pass, called *Clawdd Coch*, or *the red ridge* or rampart. This narrow pass, not more than 10 or 12 feet across, and 2 or 300 yards in length, was so steep that the eye reached on each side down the whole extent of the mountain. And I am firmly persuaded that, in some parts of it, if a person held a large stone in each hand, and let them both fall at once, each would roll above a quarter of a mile, and thus, when they stopped, be more than half a mile asunder. The lady who was with us passed this ridge without the smallest signs of fear or trepidation. In the hollow on the left, are four small pools, called *Llyn Coch*, the red pool; *Llyn y Nadroedd*, the adder's pool; *Llyn Gwâs*, the blue pool, and *Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs*, the servant's pool. Soon after we had passed *Clawdd Coch*, we became immersed in light clouds, till we arrived at the summit, when a single gleam of sunshine, which lasted but for a moment, presented us with the majestic scenery on the west. It however only served to tantalize us, for a smart gust of wind obscured us again in clouds. We now sheltered ourselves from the cold under some of the projecting rocks near the top, and ate our dinners, watching with anxiety the dark shades in the clouds, in hopes that a separation might take place, and we be once more delighted with a sight of the grandieur around us. We did not wait in vain, for the clouds by degrees cleared away, and left us at full liberty to admire the numerous beauties in this vast expansive scene. The steep rock of *Clogwyn y Garnedd*, the dreadful precipices of which are, some of them above 200 yards in perpendicular height, and the whole rock, a series of precipices, was an object which first struck my companions with terror. We now stood on a point which commanded the whole dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which we had before considered separately as a great scene, were now only miniature parts of the immense landscape. We had around us such a numerous variety of mountains, valleys, lakes and streams, each receding behind the other, and bounded only by the far distant horizon, that the eye almost strained itself with looking upon them. These majestic prospects were soon shut from our sight by the gathering clouds, which now began to close in much heavier than they had done before, and it was in vain that we waited nearly an hour for another opening; we were therefore at length obliged to descend, despairing of being gratified any more with these sublime views. We again passed Clawdd Coch, and soon afterwards, turning to the left, descended into the mountain vale, called *Cwm Llân*, and followed the course of a stream which runs thence into *Llyn y Dinas* in Gwynant. This little rivulet entertained us much in it's descent, by being frequently thrown over low rocks, and forming small, but sometimes elegant cascades. After 2 hours walking we came into the pleasing vale of *Nant Gwynant*, the vale I had with so much pleasure traversed a day or two before, and passing *Llyn y Dinas* and *Dinas Emrys*, we soon reached Beddgellert, somewhat fatigued with our long walk."

Ascending 3 miles on the road from Beddgelart to Caernarvon, before the lake of Cwellyn is approached, upon a craggy piece of rock near the summit of Snowdon on the right, below a narrow ridge opposite the side near which is a lake, are cubic piritæ found under the feet of pillar-shaped parts of the rock.

AN EXCURSION IN THE VICINITY OF SNOWDON.

By the Rev. J. Evans.

We were in the midst of Snowdonia, a range of mountains from Conwy to the sea at Aberdaron, in a direction nearly from N.E. to N.W.; and unlike other mountains, they are pile upon pile, or groups of cliffs rising above cliffs, as they gradually ascend from each extremity to the centre. *Snowdon*, the common escarpment, or declivity, fronts the *Menai*; and ranges in a parallel line with it. The escarpment of particular mountains generally depends on the inclination of the strata. The principal are Carnedd Davidd, Carnedd Llewellyn, Trevaen, Moel Siabod, the 2 Glyders, the 2 Llyders, Moel Llyfni, and Moel Mynydd Nant; all emulous to support their superior and father, Snowdon; yet his proud peaks of Crib y distyll, and y Wyddfa, appear scarcely to outrival some of the summits which surround them. Carnedd Llewellyn ranges next, and Moel Siabod the third in eminence to Snowdon. The rocks which compose the higher part of the chain are principally porphyry, granite, and granitel of Kirwan; the secondary rocks are chiefly horne blende, schiller spar, toadstone, rowley rag, whinstone, schistose mica, schistose clay, mixtures of quartz, field spar and mica, and argillaceous schistus in all it's varieties. On the western side are many basaltic columns, on a bed of hornstone, or chertz; and large coarse crystals, cubic pyrites, and various mineral bodies, are frequently found in the fissures. [In the poem of "Caernarvon Bay," mr. Lloyd says, that "the uncommon Snowdonia (so denominated, like the Armenian Niphates, and the Tartarian Imaus, from it's snowy summits) consists of such a variety of mineral substances, as to render it impossible to give them a distinctive character, as they begin so high as the Calcareous, and descend so low in the system as the softest Argile. The prevailing strata, however, whereof the highest summits from the Conwy to Snowdon, are composed, consist of petro Silex, Grey Granite, Slate, Shattery, Schistus, intermixed with rich veins of metallic substances, and Quartz spar; of the latter, Llanberis mine produces a remarkable kind, being of a bright ruby. The intelligent mineralogist will of course, be highly delighted by a ramble over these romantic hills; but, however imperative their charms may be, it is hoped, he will not overlook those of the less aspiring but not less deserving ANGLESEA. The amazing diversity of substances which that british wonder and king of mines called *Parys' Mountain* produces, will highly gratify his mind: but let not his thirst for knowledge be therewith satiated, for every mile along the coast or through the interior of this extraordinary island will amply reward his labour by an almost infinite variety of specimens."] In the Schistose rocks are several slate quarries; very considerable ones near Dolbadern; some in Llanddeiniolen; same in Llanberis; a few in Llan Michael; and very large ones at Kilgwyr; the products of all which are brought to Caernarvon, and thence shipped. Those of the late lord Penrhyn are at Dolawen; and there is a quarry of the Novaculite of Kirwan, varieties of 2d and 3d of that species, near Cwm Idwal, where great quantities of hones are cut, and annually sent to London and Dublin. Leaving the 2 Llyders, which form the eastern boundary of Nant Peris, the road lies through a dingle, called *Conaunt yr Esgar*, up a considerable ascent of loose stones, which render the footing difficult; yet this is the easiest and most elegible pass to the sons of Snowdon. Here is the small lake of *Llyn y Cwm*, famous, according to Giraldus for abounding with trout, perch, and eel, all of which were monocular; at present there are no fish in the lake, probably owing to a communication with some mineral strata being opened by an earthquake about the year 1764, which happened during a violent thunder-storm. This is certain, that arsenic and cupreous particles are abundantly diffused in it's waters. Here are Subularia aquatica, Isoetes lacustris, Lobelia dortmanna; and at a little distance the Rubus saxatilis, Juncus triglumis, Hieracium alpinum, Solidago virgaurea β, and Plantago maritima.

Passing by *Rhiw*, the celebrated Glyder Vawr is presented. The prospect is singularly fine from the top of the Glyder: Snowdon, with his biforked head, is seen thence to advantage. The varied vales of Nant Peris and Nant Frangon; the Menai; and the island of Anglesea, are all in full view. Upon a small plain on it's summit, huge fragments of stone, in grotesque shapes, lie in all directions; some of them of many tons weight. They are weather beaten, and by time become cellular, and of a gray colour. Part of this mountain the people call *Carnedd y Gwynt*, the residence of tempests. The vicinity of the Glyder, between Llyn y Cwm and Llyn Idwal, abounds with a variety of rare and curious plants; on this account frequently styled the Botanic Garden of Snowdon. Amid a numerous assemblage, the following grow upon *Hysva Bengam* and *Trygyvylchi rocks*; Geum rivale, Juniperus communis, (var. β.) Solidago virgaurea, Thalictrum minus, T. alpinum, Arenaria verna, β. Rhodiola rosea, in great plenty. Scolopendrium vulgare, Statice armeria, Sedum ruspestre, Sphagnum alpinum, Lichen crassus, Swertia parennis, Thlaspi hirtum, Myrica gale, Anthericum serotinum, Cerastium alpinum, Draba incana, and Veronica hybrida. Another part of this mountain forms a dreadful looking precipice, under the name of *Clogwyn dwynheu y Glyder*, awfully impending it's dark crags over the baleful waters of *Llyn Idwal*, or the Avernus of the Britons. The shepherds believe it to be the haunt of demons. A little farther on the left is a horrid fissure in the rock, called *Twll-du*, or the black Cavern. It is an open gap in a huge dark precipice; in depth about 300 feet, and 6 wide; extending in length for a considerable way. Through it's bottom rush violently the waters of Llyn y cwm. On the rocks appear the Saxifraga nivalis, the rare Bulbocodium vernum, Lichen islandicus, L. tartarius, L. omphalodes.

The two *Glyders* are connected by a long narrow strip of land called *Y Waen oer*, or the cold mountain flat. On one side, in a deep hollow, is *Llyn y Boch Llwyd*, and on the other at the foot of the *Trivaen*, *Llyn Ogwen*. The

Tryvaen is a conical hill of singular appearance, from the rugged and uncouth stones which lie upon it's sides. It introduces you to the *Glyder bach*, out of which it is supposed by some to have been originally formed. The area of the summit of the little Glyder is covered with huge columnar stones, some confusedly piled together, others flat, and others erect, and stones lying horizontally upon them. One stone, about 25 feet long and 15 wide, is poised upon a large upright one, serving for a *fulcrum*, so that a small weight at the extremity will move the opposite end. Some of the stones upon the summit are equal to those of Stonehenge. How these came here, and from what cause, is a question which involves difficulty. [See 106 and 288.] The side of this mountain, and it's opposite *Moel Siabod*, form the long narrow vale of *Dyffryn Mymbr*, in which are the two small lakes of *Llyniau Mymbr*. These occupy the entrance of the vale, at the extremity of which stands the small village and church of Capel Cario. Winding round the base of the lofty *Siabod*, to the southward, the fine lake of *Llyn y Gwynant* stretches along the vale, about a mile in length, and half a one in breadth, with thick woods, (a pleasing rarity) exhibiting the hoary spray of it's numerous waterfalls, which rush down the rocks into the lake, to great advantage. A broad stream connects this with *Llyn y ddinas*, of equal extent, still confined by mountain barriers, with a narrow strip of grass land on one side. This is the much admired and varied *Nant Gwynant*. The vast mountains which surround it, it's transparent lakes, the numerous streams which water it's verdant meads, the wild *Avon Glas Llyn* tumbling down the side of Snowdon from the lofty *Ffynnon Las*, it's picturesque fall, and the hanging diversified woods, combine to entitle it to the appellation *Residence of Beauty*. In this vale rises the remarkable elevation of *Dinas Emrys*, clothed on all sides with wood, which makes a distinguished figure in british story. The sides are very steep, and two large ramparts of stone are still visible. Here hapless Vorti gern is said to have secured himself after the disasters which followed his impolitic treaty. Near the walls of a farm house in this vale grows the Fumaria Claviculata. "I have now," continues mr. Evans, "traversed one of the most wonderful parts, and most worthy of observation, in the three kingdoms; which in point of romantic scenery and variety of productions, is not perhaps to be equalled by the boasted wonders of the Rhetian alps. The views are grand, picturesque, and pleasing, exhibiting a rich variety, both of the sublime and beautiful. Here is nothing of art, so diminutive in the scale; but pure simple nature, wildly and capriciously sporting, in the formation of her gigantic productions, grotesque rocks, towering hills, and extensive lakes, agreeably interspersed and lying in their bosoms; whence the most limpid brooks and romantic streams the eyes ever beheld roll their waters down the sides of mountains, or meander in pleasing murmurs through the distant vales, or fall in beautiful cascades over rocky wears. The manners of the inhabitants of this alpine tract partake of the nature of the country. They may be rude, but they are generous: the severity of their sky renders them hardy; while the pastoral life mingles a degree of softness in their character. These alpine Britons, who have seen no better houses, than their own self-built huts; no other country besides their native rocks; and no other sky but their own atmosphere, darkened by clouds and deluged by storms, conceive the whole world to be in like manner formed of the same rough materials. The heavens do not, however, here always put on those unfriendly appearances. The tempest does not always rage, nor the forked lightnings continually strike the mountain's brow. The storms subside; the sky becomes serene; and the cheering sun again exhilarates the dreary scenes with his enlivening beams. Such are the Cambrian's head, and such his heart: kindness succeeds to anger, and generosity to savage fury. Boldness and intrepidity are characteristics of the inhabitants of this country. A spirit of liberty still warms their bosoms; and they would trample tyrants under their feet."—The Rev. J. Evans's Tour in North Wales.

A considerable vein of copper ore was discovered a few years ago in Cwm Glâs Llyn, the Hollow of the Blue Pool, near the foot of Clogwyn y Garnedd. It is, however, far less rich or valuable than the Llanberis mine. The proprietors have made a tolerably good sledge-path from the Beddgolart road, near

Llyn Cwellyn, to Bwlch Glâs, a hollow just below the highest point of Snowdon, whence there is a winding footpath down to the mine. "Two partners in this concern, have caused a tolerably good mountain horse-path to be made from Gorphwysfa beyond Llanberis, to the mine, which renders the ascent to the summit of Snowdon from Capel Carig and the village of Llanberis perfectly easy.—Bingley.

Y Maeneu-Hirion, is situated about a mile from *Braich y Ddinas*, and is perhaps one of the most remarkable monuments in all Snowdonia. It is a circular intrenchment 80 feet in diameter, with 10 stones on the outside, placed upon their ends; the whole of which is enclosed by a stone wall. Near this are four other smaller circles, and the remains of a cromlech. This tract appears to have been much inhabited, for there are many remains of small buildings, such as may have suited the simplicity of former ages.

Tho' Pennant makes the height of this mountain 1189 yards, what is this altitude in comparison of Mount Blanc or Cota Cathe? The former measures 2426 toises or 4852 yards, and the later 2434 toises, which is the greatest height ever ascended by man.

Fanatisism has made great encroachments on the time of the simple and ignorant part of the welsh peasantry. The *Jumpers*, as they are denominated, betray the greatest extravagances and behave in a manner far beneath reason and common sense. The following account of one of these fanatic meetings bears a cast the most favourable. It occured at a house at the foot of Snowdon near the lake Cwellyn, "Arriving at the place of assembly, which was wretched in the extreme, the preacher was beginning the service, surrounded by as many hearers as could be crowded into the hovel. He delivered a prayer with fervour and great fluency, in the welsh language; then was sung a hymn; and another prayer and hymn preceded the sermon. The preacher's manner was pleasing, and the deportment of his hearers devout. His look was venerable; and his complexion had the paleness of a shoemaker or a taylor. He spoke with that natural impressiveness which convinced his hearers that he was sincere, and they answered him in responses of deep and protracted groans. He held a small bible in his left hand, opened occasionally towards the congregation, as if displaying the authority from whence he spoke. He waved frequently his right hand, with a design to excite attention. In short, his whole figure and manners were calculated to command respect. The ceremony of jumping, did not, as usual, conclude the service. The place seemed to deny this privilege. It is not to be wondered that these illiterate teachers by such means acquire considerable influence over others still more illiterate. I would gladly promote the sentiment of the latin adage, "fas est et ab hoste doceri;" namely, that of deriving instruction even from those we cannot esteem. If the clergy of the established church would imitate the warmth and energy which is so successful among these methodists, what effects might not be expected from the addition of learning and talents. In order to persuade others we should shew that we are persuaded *ourselves*. A dull monotony becomes tiresome; and when a congregation perceive that their pastor labours as at a task which he is anxious only to shorten and dispatch, his exhortations, tho' well written, will have little weight. "Tour in Wales, 1805."

To Caernarvon, 7 miles, thence into Anglesea by the Ferry, Bingley.
— Beddgelart, and back, Aikin.
— Dolbadern Castle, Hutton.
— Back to Caernarvon, from an excursion in Snowdonia, Evans.
To Dolbadern Castle, from Beddgelart, 17 miles, Warner.
— Beddgelart, Pennant.

* * *

From Rhyddlan, 3 miles, Pennant.
—— Denbigh, 5½ miles, Bingley; Skrine.
—— Holywell, 10 miles, Bingley.
—— Abergeley, 8 miles, Aikin; Wyndham.
—— Conwy, 19 miles, Hutton.
—— Caerwys, 7 miles, Warner.
—— Diserth, 8 miles, Bingley.

ST. ASAPH, in Flintshire, is called by the Welsh, Llan Elwy, the church upon the Elwy, situated between the rivers Clwyd and Elwy, the former passing it on the eastern side, the latter on the western. It consists of little more than a single street on the side of a hill. It has a cathedral and parish church, but as a city is perhaps the smallest in the kingdom. The Cathedral, tho' small, is plain and neat. It has lately undergone some judicious repairs. The eastern window was copied from Tintern

Abbey. The painted glass is the performance of the late worthy and ingenious artist mr. Egginton, of Handsworth, near Birmingham. This cathedral was destroyed by fire, rebuilt, and again reduced to ruins by Owen Glyndwr, in 1404. It was rebuilt 70 years afterwards by Bishop Redman. The episcopal Palace is a large and convenient building, and the Deanery stands due w. from the cathedral, on the opposite side of the Elwy, which runs under the bishop's garden. During the protectorship of Cromwell, the post road lying through this place, the palace and cathedral were much injured by the post-master, who had his office in the former, and made great havoc in the choir of the cathedral, using the font as a trough for watering his horses; and by way of ventings his spleen on the clergy, tyed up calves in the Bishop's throne. The tower of the cathedral commands a most extensive prospect of the vale of Clwyd in every direction, and is an excellent situation for seeing it to advantage. The parish church stands at the lower part of the town, and serves for the use of the inhabitants of the town and country; the cathedral being used for other purposes.

Inn. The White Lion.

The river Clwyd, from which the vale takes it's name, is a diminutive little stream, which meanders along it, scarcely 3 yards broad in the widest part. It's banks are low, and after sudden rains the vale is subject to the most dreadful overflowings, the water, at those times, frequently sweeping with it the very soil of the land. This vale is very extensive, being near 24 miles in length, and 7 in breadth. It exhibits a rich and beautiful scene of fertility, yet it's great breadth and want of water renders it less interesting to the painter than the deep glens and picturesque vales of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire. Tho' a valley, it is not wholly destitute of hills; St Asaph stands upon one, Denbigh upon another, and Ruthin upon a third.—Bingley. In the parish church of *Hanmer*, near St. Asaph, in the year 1806, was erected a splendid monument to the memory of the late Lord Kenyon. It is of the usual pyramidal shape, and is divided in height into two parts. The lowest is occupied in the centre, by a projecting pedestal, containing the following inscription.

LLOYD LORD KENYON,
Baron of Gredington, in the county of Flint,
Lord Chief Justice of England.
In the execution of his high and important m-
gistracy, he
was eminently distinguished for
learning, discernment, firmness and integrit
Not only was he qualified to administer the la
with fidelity,
promptitude, and vigour, but as the
Guardian of the public morals,
to instruct, admonish, and reform;
for
the authority of his high station, great a
weighty,
in itself was strengthened, graced, and dignifie
by the religious
simplicity of his own life and character,
and the untainted purity of his habitual conduct
Dear to his family,
in every office and relation of domestic life,
he has left a name,
to which they look up with affectionate and honest pride,
and which his country will remember
with gratitude and veneration,
so long as her happiness and her glory shall
continue to
depend on the great and united *principles* of
religion, law, and order.
Born October 5th, 1732; O.S.
Died April 4th, 1802.

On the right is a spirited figure of Justice; on the left is another of Religion. From the top of the pedestal arises a gothic niche, in which is a sitting figure of his lordship. The whole monument is of white marble, the figures in alto relievo, from the chissel of John Bacon, jun.

Vinca minor grows in hedges, by the road side near Pig y Frân in this neighbourhood.

The scenery from St. Asaph to Denbigh along the vale of Clwyd is not interesting. The lowness of the road and great width of the vale, produces no prospects, except at a woody dell, 3 miles distant from St. Asaph, where a gentleman's seat or two on the right, placed among trees, affords some picturesque beauties.

The road to Holywell lies across the northern boundary of the vale, through a country moderately fertile, and populous but little interesting. On a large common the high road may be left to the right for the sake of a visit to Downing, the seat of the late mr. Pennant, the celebrated naturalist, a beautiful situation, covered with fine timber, and descending in a gentle slope to the banks of the Dee. From an eminence on the road is a good view of the broad estuary of the Dee. On the further side the Cheshire coast may be seen, and the long row of good houses which forms the fashionable watering place of *Parkgate*.

While at St. Asaph, mr. Bingley made AN EXCURSION TO RHYDDLAN, and DISERTH. And another Excursion to DENBIGH.

Mr. Wyndham made an excursion to RHYDDLAN CASTLE from this place, distant 3 miles.

TO CONWY, 18½ miles. 4, on the E. is Kinmael, the seat of the rev. Edward Hughes; 1, Llan St. Siôrs, St. Georges; 2, ABERGELEY; 2½, Llandulas; 8¼, Ferryhouse; ½, CONWY. This road is hilly, but hard and good, and the surrounding country pleasant.

TO RHYDDLAN the country is very pleasing. When distant a mile from St. Asaph, by looking backwards, the single streeted little city is seen to occupy the slope of the hill, at the top of which stands the cathedral, and the intermingled trees and houses, with the little river Clwyd flowing at the bottom, under a majestic bridge of five arches, forming a very beautiful scene. On this road, in a hedge close to the river, about 100 yards above the ford at Rhyd y Ddae Dwfr, on the E. side of the river grows Stellaria nemorum.

TO DENBIGH, the road from St. Asaph, along the common, called the *Rom*, is extremely beautiful. The Elwy runs beneath lofty banks, finely wooded. At it's extremity is *Pont yr allt Goch*, a noble bridge of one lofty arch, 85 feet in diameter. The Elwy here takes another direction, running W. and then N. along most romantic dingles, varied with meadows, woods, and cavernous rocks. *Y ffynnon fair*, (our lady's well) a fine spring, inclosed in an angular wall, formerly roofed; and the ruins of a cross-shaped Chapel, finely overgrown with ivy, are in a deep wooded bottom, not far distant from the bridge. A fine view of these picturesque glens, is obtained from *Pencraig*, in the grounds of mrs. Jones, *Galt-vaenan*. At *Llannerch*, about half a mile to the E. of the bridge, mr. Pennant stopped to admire the charming view of the vale of Clwyd. From *Tremeirchion-green* is a fine view of the whole vale of the western boundary, and the lofty tract of Snowdon. The middle, from end to end, is enriched with towns and castles; among which rises supreme, the rock of Denbigh, topped with it's great fortress. In Tremeirchion Church is the mutilated tomb of sir Robert Pounderling. Under a handsome gothic arch lies, a figure of *Dafydd Ddu*, or the black of Hiraddug. Underneath is inscribed, "Hic jacet David ap Roderic ap Madog. In the bottom, not far distant, lies, half buried in woods, the singular house of *Bachegraig*. It consists of a vast hall, and parlour: the rest of this structure rises into 6 wonderful stories, including the cupola; and forms from the second floor the figure of a pyramid. The bricks are admirable, and appear to have been made in Holland. It was built by sir Richard Clough, an eminent merchant in the reign of queen Elizabeth. The initials of his name are in iron upon the front, with the date 1567. Mr. Pennant here crossed the Clwyd upon Pont y Cambull, and turning to the left, crossed it again at Pont Gruffydd, in order to search in the parish of *Bodfari*, for the ancient roman station Varis, but without success. The sole remaining antiquity is a british post upon a hill to the left, called *Moel y Gaer* (the hill of the camp). The district about *Maes mynan* is singularly fine, consisting of detached hills, cloathed with timber; a charming extent of meadows; and the lofty mountain *Moel y parc*, skirted with trees, contrasting itself to the softer part of the scenery. This place has been called *Llys Maes Mynan*, where Llewellyn ap Gryffydd, last prince of Wales, resided in a house, the foundation of which was, some years since, to be seen in an adjacent meadow. Quit the turnpike road on the left; ford the Wheler; and, after crossing the Clwyd, reach *Lleweni*. Upon this spot is said to have resided, about the year 720, Marchweithian, one of the 15 tribes, or nobility of N. Wales. This place notwithstanding it's flat situation, commands most pleasing views of the mountains on each side of the vale. *Whitchurch* or *St. Marcellus*, the parish church of Denbigh, lies about a mile and a half W. of this house. In the hedges of a wood near the turnpike road to Denbigh grows Campanula trachelium.

To Denbigh, 5½ miles, Pennant; Bingley; Hutton.
— Abergeley, 6¾ miles, Skrine; Bingley.
— Holywell, 10 miles, Aikin.
— Rhyddlan, 3 miles, Warner.

From Haverfordwest, 16 miles, Barber; Evans; Wyndham; Skrine.

—— Fisguard, 16 miles, Malkin.

ST. DAVIDS, in Pembrokeshire, once a flourishing city, is now in appearance an inconsiderable and poor village. It is supposed to have been a Roman station, the Octapitarum of Ptolomy; and here St. Patrick is said to have founded a monastery to the honour of St. Andrew, in the year 470. To this place St. David translated the archbishopric of Wales, from Caerleon, about the year 577, and founded the cathedral, which was afterwards dedicated to him; but the primacy was withdrawn, and annexed to that of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry I. Here also a college was founded for a master and 7 priests by John Duke of Lancaster, in conjunction with his wife and the Bishop of the diocese in the year 1369. This deserted place occupies a gentle eminence on that projecting rocky cape called *St. David's head*. In a sheltered hollow beneath the town, three distinct but adjoining buildings form a massive groupe of various architecture, the Cathedral, College, and Episcopal Palace; the two latter of which are in ruins. On entering the close through a fine octagon gateway, they unexpectedly burst upon the sight, and form a coup d' œil which cannot fail to excite the surprise and admiration of the most indifferent spectator: but, how much more impressive would this view appear if the modern Chapter-House was removed! for it unfortunately intercepts the most interesting building in the whole groupe, the Bishop's Palace.

The exterior of this Cathedral presents no fine specimen of architecture, and (excepting a saxon door-way on the northern side) is entirely gothic. The old western front (of which mr. Grose has given a view in his antiquities of Wales) was much admired for it's saxon workmanship and venerable appearance. The new front is beneath criticism! such an heterogeneous mixture of saxon, gothic, and castellated architecture I never before beheld! the columns as well as the arches in the nave, are saxon, beautifully proportioned and richly decorated: each arch is encircled with a rich border, and each varies in it's design. The large columns are alternately round and octagon, and to these are attached smaller saxon pillars; the upper story has a mixture of gothic in it's ornaments. The front of the rood loft, which separates the choir from the nave, is of very irregular gothic architecture. Under this rood-loft are three recumbent effigies: that of bishop Gower is certain, the other are not. Ascending some steps, you enter the choir which is placed immediately under the tower of the church, supported by four arches, three of which are gothic: the one towards the w. is saxon, and filled up; that towards the s. is also filled up: the other two remain open: all of them spring from saxon pillars. The organ, which formerly stood under the western arch, is now placed under the northern. The bishop's throne is well carved in wood, and on the reverse of the prebendal seats are some curious and fantastic devices. In the area of the chancel stands the altar tomb of Edmund earl of Richmond, father to Henry 7. On the s. side of the choir, and on the pavement, are the recumbent effigies of bishops Jorwerth and Anselm. On the n. and s. sides of the altar, under recesses, are the figures of two knights in armour, well executed in free-stone. The effigy on the s. side represents a man rather advanced in years, in a recumbent attitude, clothed in armour, with his vizor raised, booted and spurred, his head reposing upon an helmet: on his left side he carries a sword suspended by a rich belt; a lion rampant is sculptured on his breast-plate, and there is an animal of the same species at his feet. This monument intended to perpetuate the memory of the illustrious prince Rhys, who died anno 1196, is in good preservation. Upon the northern side of the altar, is another recumbent effigy, very similar in design and execution to the one above described, but represents a much younger man: his head rests on a double cushion; he bears also a lion rampant upon his breast, but varying from the other, as the lion has a cross bar along his neck. This effigy (which has been erroneously attributed to Owen ap Tudor, who was a prince of North Wales, and, according to Leland, buried in the friary at Hereford) was erected to the memory of Rhys or Rhys Gryg. Adjoining to this monument is the celebrated shrine of the British saint; above it are three gothic niches, which, according to tradition, formerly held the images of saint David, saint Patrick, and saint Denis; in the front are 4 quatrefoil holes, and be-

and there are 2 others of a circular form, in which the offerings were deposited. Nearer the altar, on the N. side is the tomb of treasurer Lloyd. He is represented recumbent in his robes, holding a book in his left hand, and raising his right hand up to his head, which rests upon a cushion. The front of the choir, under which the modern altar is placed, has 3 long lancet windows (the one in the centre is the highest) richly decorated with saxon ornaments. The choir presents a mixture of each style of architecture. The N. aisle is roofless, and the monuments lie exposed to the severity of the weather. It contains, on the northern side, the mutilated effigies of a knight Templar, and of a monk. Against the S. wall is an effigy with an inscription much mutilated, and on the same side are two vacant gothic recesses. From this aisle we are led into the beautiful chapel built by bishop Vaughan, in the early part of Henry the 8th's reign, a chef d'œuvre of the florid gothic, and in a high state of preservation; the royal arms and his own are finely executed in rich escutcheons, and affixed to the cieling. He was buried in this place, and his image was engraven in brass upon a marble stone on the pavement, but not the slighest impression of this brazen memorial is left; the elegant little chapel however still remains, "ære perennius," to perpetuate the memory and good taste of it's founder. St. Mary's chapel, built by bishop Martin, is also roofless; but from many of the well-sculptured key-stones that are dispersed near it, we are enabled to form some judgment of the good style in which it was executed. The welsh Cicerone never fails to point out one among them, upon which is the device of three rabbits, the heads of which are so placed as to raise their three ears to appear like six. On the right-hand side of this chapel lies it's founder, under a rich gothic canopy; and on the opposite side is the tomb of bishop Houghton. In the southern isle, the celebrated Giraldus Cambrensis lies interred. The tomb upon the left turning to bishop Vaughan's chapel, has for many years been pointed out as the effigy of this author; and as it represents a dignitary of the church, may have been designed to perpetuate his memory. On the opposite side of this aisle is the figure of an ecclesiastic holding a book in his hand, which may allude to the literary character of Giraldus. This roofless aisle contains the monument of Sylvester the physician; and that of another dignitary of the church in tolerable preservation. The vestry and chanter's chapel, on this side of the church, contain nothing worthy of notice. On the opposite side are two buildings nearly corresponding with these; the Chapter-house and saint Andrew's Chapel, neither of which have any thing remarkable. There is a place railed off, said to have been the Penitentiary, where the penitents stood; and in the wall are some round holes, designed to admit the voice of the priests, who officiated on the other side of it in the choir. Under this building is the effigy of a dignitary omitted by Browne Willis; and in this chapel, many fragments, found in different parts of the cathedral, have been deposited, some of which are curious. The southern door of the cathedral is gothic, with rich saxon decorations, and 3 small figures in niches over it: the highly sculptured cieling of irish oak has a most striking and beautiful effect when viewed from the rood-loft.

The College, founded by bishop Houghton, A. D. 1388, is situated on the northern side of the cathedral, and very contiguous to it. It's architecture is gothic, and the remaining shell of the chapel bespeaks it's former magnificence. The modern ecclesiastical establishment of St. David's consists of the bishop, six residentiaries, four archdeacons, and several minor canons. The present residence of the bishop is at *Abergwilly*, near Caermarthen, a central and pleasant part of his diocese. The Cathedral, however, and it's appendages are kept in excellent order; and divine service is performed in this remote corner, where there are few to witness it, with all the decorum of the proudest and most frequented choirs. "Hic etenim angulus est supra Hibernicum mare remotissimus; terra saxosa, sterilis; et infœcunda; nec sylvis vestita, nec fluminibus distincta nec pratis ornata; ventis solum et procellis semper exposita." Such is the account which Giraldus has given of this once famous ecclesiastic establishment; "and such I fear," says sir Richard Hoare, "will every traveller find it on his approach to the wretched village of Saint David's, where misery and beggary stare him full in the face, and whence the deficiency of even tolerable accommodations has driven away many an inquisitive tourist and antiquarian. Once the fame of this celebrated sanctuary was so extraordinary that princes came barefooted to it's shrine; it's riches were so great, and the offerings to it so abundant, that the monks are said to have divided them every week. It was once the british Loretto: now, alas! the Palmyra of saxon antiquity! To the s.w. of this building stood the Episcopal Palace, erected by bishop Gower, who was elected in the year 1328: it seems to have formed a quadrangle, two sides of which only remain. The bishops occupied the eastern apartments. The kitchen with it's curious chimnies, existed till very lately, but they are now prostrate on the ground. The bishop's hall is adjoining to the kitchen. On the southern side of the quadrangle, is a magnificent apartment: the circular window, which has been often and justly admired, still remains in a good state of preservation. The chief beauty of the building is derived from an open gothic parapet which encircles it, and, by concealing the roof, gives it a very light and airy appearance; a peculiarity attached to the buildings of this bishop. The neglected cathedral of Saint David's is rendered interesting to the antiquarian by many particulars which it still retains and such as are not frequently met with in other cathedrals, among those are the Penitentiary, the Rood-loft, and the Shrine of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. The antiquarian, however, will have reason to regret that the numerous monumental effigies, which once enriched this edifice, have been barbarously mutilated and robbed of their inscriptions; by which so wide a field has been left open to conjecture, and so uncertain a clue for modern ages to determine their right and original owners."—From sir Richard Hoare's annotations to chap. 1, book ii, of his translation of Giraldus de Barri's Itinerary of Archbishop Baldwin through Wales, in 1588. 2 vol. 4to, with 60 capital engravings, published in 1806, at 8 guineas in bds.

INN. Black-Lion.

St. Justinian's Chapel, close upon the coast has been a very fine building.

At the extremity of St. David's Promontory is a disjointed crag, called y-Maensigl; so large, that it is supposed a hundred oxen could not drag it away; but was once so placed on smaller stones, as to have been easily rocked by the pressure of a man's hand, but the equilibrium is now destroyed. Near this head-land is *Ramsey island*, a fruitful little spot. Ancient history states that no less than 20,000 holy saints lie interred in it. The dangerous rocks called the *Bishop and his Clerks*, near this island, are covered with wild fowl in the breeding season. A little way out at sea are some rocks called the *Scrabs*. The road from St. Davids lies upon a barren tempestuous waste TO FISQUARD, a miserable fishing town.

On the road TO HAVERFORD-WEST, the view of *St. Bride's Bay* is grand, but the country is dreary till you come to *Solva*, with it's romantic little creek. Here the mixture of trade, ship-building, and picturesque features, is various and enlivening. On ascending the hill beyond, we return to a bare and rugged track, till the brow of Pen *Dinas*, a lofty cliff overlooking St. Bride's *bay*, opens a sublime prospect. On descending from *Pen Dinas* to the sands, and crossing *Newgill* bridge, we quit the hundred of St. Dewys for that of Ross, separated by a small stream running across the moor. [Giraldus relates the following extraordinary circumstance, which happened upon the beach of Newgill, (or Niwegal) about 16 years before he began his Itinerary. A violent tempest drove the sands from the beach, and exposed land to view which had been concealed for many ages. Trunks of trees stood in the sea, with the marks of the ax visible upon them, as if they had been lately felled, the wood of the trunks resembled ebony. Mr. Wyndham says, the same circumstances happened about the year 1590, as related in a MS. history of Pembrokeshire by mr. George Owen, which MS. mr. W. had in his possession.] *Roche Castle* stands most singularly, at the top of a high rock, rising perpendicularly from an extensive flat. The road now bears from the coast, and we take a last look at that part of St. Bride's bay, called *Nolton Haven*. The country about *Yrecoyd* is populous. The most pleasant part of this district is about *Pelkam Bridge*, over a brook, which is received into Dungleddy river a little to the east.

To Fisguard, 16 miles, Barber; Evans; Skrine.

To

To Fisguard, (by way of Y Maen Sigi) 20 miles, Wyndham.
— Haverford-West, 16 miles, Malkin.

From Dunraven-House, 5 miles. Barber; Malkin.
—— Cowbridge, 5 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Warner.

ST. DONATT or St. Dunawd's Castle, 5 miles s.w. of Cowbridge in Glamorganshire, is an extensive structure of much antique beauty, partly inhabited. This object is so much intercepted by high trees as only to be seen advantageously from some heights in the adjoining park: on one of them stands a watch-tower, which affords a prospect truly grand and extensive. According to Caradoc this castle was apportioned to Sir William le Esterling, alias Stradling, by Fitzhammon on the conquest of Glamorgan. The Stradlings held it 684 years, but becoming extinct, the estate fell in 1740, to Bussey Mansell, esq. The Castle was defended by a ditch, and in some places by a triple wall. It is a large turretted edifice, but void of taste. Of the original structure little remains, and the ad ditions, at different periods, form an irregular whole. The parts are dissimilar, unconnected, and every way displeasing. The most interesting portions of this building are the principal court, which is polygonal, and disproportionately low. It is ornamented with a few small round recesses in the walls, within which are the busts of roman emperors and empresses, which seem to have been painted and gilt. The state apartments are also much ornamented, and contain several specimens of heavy wood-work, greatly in vogue during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. It had a park well stocked with deer, and gardens with terraces facing the Severn. These, tho' now much neglected, exhibit a specimen of the formal style of laying out grounds in the seventeenth century; consisting of a series of hanging gardens or terraces, separated by stone walls, and connected by flights of steps, ascending gradually from the shore to the mansion. In this neighbourhood several Roman coins have been dug up, among which were some scarce ones of Æmilianus and Marius. The Church, situated in the bottom of a dell, is highly sequestered and picturesque. In the yard is a light elegant cross of curious workmanship. In it's posthumous vestibule, now roofless, tho' a considerable burial-place, are two monuments. The one represents an ecclesiastic, his head covered with a cowl, reclining upon a cushion, and his feet resting upon two globes; with the following inscription, "Willhm: de: Rhchllo: gyt: ici: Deu: de: sa: alme: eyt: merce. William de Richelieu lies interred here, the Lord have mercy on his soul." The other is a mummy-like figure, with this inscription, "Ne-pa tract: statuetur, licetur que subjacet. A grandaughter had this monument removed here, and requests the favour it may be suffered to remain." At the E. end is a shrine and chapel, both in ruins, and behind the altar, is a figure of Prince Richard Hopkins, in excellent sculpture, the head broken off. In a niche of the E. wall are the broken remains of a statue of Howell Dha. Underneath, in basso-relievo, is the figure of a woman leaning upon her hand. Near this is a small figure in a kneeling posture, placed on a niche, under which is a Banitier or basin for holy-water. The watch-tower in the park is a lofty building, the view from which, over the channel, and to the distant Somerset, and Devonshire hills, presents a grand variety of objects. Near this place is a large cave, said to have been the retreat of St. Donat.

Mr. Skrine left the town of BRIDGEND on the right, ascended the summit of *Newton Down*, whence an enchanting burst of prospect saluted him, containing features so varied and sublime that it brought to his recollection some of the finest landscapes of Italy. Charmed with this view, which a declining sun displayed to the greatest advantage, he slowly descended to the village of PYLE, where he found an excellent inn.

On the road TO LLANBITHIAN CASTLE and COWBRIDGE is *Lantwit-major*, or *Llanilltyd*, a poor village, but celebrated in british history for having been the seat of a college founded by St. Iltatus, in the year 508, of which there are still some remains. Another old building of stone is called the Hall of Justice, wherein the lords' court was held, or the norman judicial rights (the jura regalia) exercised, which made the nobles thus privileged almost independent of the crown. Under this apartment is a strong arched chamber, apparently intended to receive prisoners who were tried and condemned in the apartment above. On the N. side of it's Church are some old british remains, consisting of high carved stones; but whether sepulchral or otherwise is not determined. There are 5 or 6 tolerable public-houses here, as many decent shops, 3 or 4 bakers, 3 schools, and other remnants of it's former consequence. There are vestiges of several Roman camps in this vicinity. The gateway of the monastery of *St. Illtyd* is still standing. The old parish-book of *Llanmaes* records many examples of extraordinary age. "It is a remark founded on experience, that those parts of our island which are not mountainous, but diversified by moderate inequalities, having sufficient descents from rivers, brooks, and rain water, on a dry, rocky bottom, with a healthy and considerably fertile soil, where vegetation is vigourous, afford the most numerous and remarkable cases of longevity. Such a country is the southern part, or vale of Glamorgan: open, but not a dead flat. To the N. and N.E. the vale is well sheltered by mountains, from sharp winds. To the S. it has the dry rocky shores of the Bristol Channel, without any fens. Of the same character, in most particulars, are the counties of Flint and Denbigh in North Wales. There is habitually less malt liquor drank than in any part of the kingdom, and less animal food eaten. Their food is chiefly good wheaten bread, with cheese, butter, and milk. They use also large quantities of vegetables, and many kinds of food prepared from apples, gooseberries, and other fruits. Flummery, made with oat-meal, is used almost daily. Their drink, is in general, water, or milk and water. Herb broth is much used by the common people. It may be considered as the welsh soup maigre. It is water thickened a very little with oatmeal, into which they put large quantities of such herbs as may be at hand, or in season. They make it savory with salt, put in a little butter, and eat bread with it. In Gower they eat chiefly barley-bread. All these habits are favourable to health and long life.—B. H. Malkin.

Llandough Castle presents a beautiful situation on a small scale. The road from the village under the wood TO COWBRIDGE by the mill, whether the surrounding foliage be made vocal by the nightingales in the spring, or recommended to the eye by the varied tints of autumn, retains very superior and undiminished attractions. On his way to the turnpike-road TO PYLE INN, mr. Warner passed a farm called *Lechmore*, composed of two Saxon words signifying the marsh of carcasses.

To Llanbithian Castle, 4 miles, Barber; Malkin.
" — Dunraven Castle, 5 miles, Wyndham, Evans.
" — Pyle Inn, 11 miles, Skrine; Warner.

From Tregarron, 6 miles, Wyndham.
— Llanidloes, 20 miles, Skrine.

STRATA FLORIDA, or Ystrad Fflur Abbey, is called by the Welsh, Mynachlog Ystrad-fflur, in Caerdiganshire. No other remains of this abbey appear, except a wall at the west end of it's church, and a beautiful door-way of finely proportioned norman architecture. Not a single fragment of a tomb or inscription is to be found. This celebrated monastery stood in the remotest recess of a mountainous semicircle, which still appears an inviting situation. It was founded by Rhys ap Theodore, a prince of S. Wales, in the time of William the conqueror, who, with many of his successors, were interred in the church of this abbey. [See p. 16.] It is chiefly owing to the care of the monks of this house that the public now possess an accurate history of Wales from the year 1157 to the defeat of Llewellyn, the last reigning prince of Wales. The earliest account of the kings of Britain was brought from Britany in France by Gualter, archdeacon of Oxford, about the year 1100. It was a MS. in the British or Armorican language, called Brut y Brenhined, which brought the history down to the year 700. Mr. Warton says, there was a copy of the MS. in the library of mr. Davies of Llanerk in Denbighshire. Geoffry of Monmouth's history is a translation of this work. Caradoc of Llancarvan took up the history where the british author left it, and continued it to the year 1157. Several copies of Caradoc's history were preserved in this monastery, and the monks carefully registered every remarkable event from that time, till near the final defeat of the last prince of british blood in the year 1282. The old church-yard, as it is called, is a very large plot of ground, surrounded with a stone wall; at present there is one of about 2 acres, near the centre of which stands a decent chapel, near the visible remains of the abbey. In the N. side of the chapel are several grave and tomb stones, well executed. In the chancel is a stone in memory of dame Anne Lloyd, daughter of Wm. Powell, late of Nanteos, esq. and Averimer his wife. She was a descendent of Edwyn, one of the 15 tribes of N. Wales. The abbey-house was formerly a grand mansion, but now used as a common farm house. The estate belongs to Thomas Powell, esq. of Nanteos, and he presents the minister.

On his way TO PONT Y MONACH, mr. Wyndham ascended the mountains, and; after resting a night at the execrable inn of *Rhôs Fair*, he pursued his ride to *Spitty Ystwith*, whence he descended to *Pont y Croes*, a bridge of one wide arch, over the Ystwith, which here forms a rapid torrent through a deep and gloomy dell. He then made a serpentine course over the doubtful path of a long morass, while the mountains around appeared most horrible. These scenes served as a proper introduction to his expectations in approaching Pont y Monach.

The river Teivi leads to the town of TREGARON.

To Pont y Monach, 10 miles, Wyndham.
— Tregaron, 5 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Pencamawr, 1½ miles, Barber.
—— Raglan Castle, Evans.
—— Llanvair Iscoed Castle, 3½ miles, Wyndham; Coxe.

STRIGUIL, or TROGGY, or CASTROGY CASTLE, Monmouthshire, stands in a marshy field in the forest of Wentwood, commanding the ancient road from Chepstow to South Wales, at the foot of the side of Pencamawr: "The small remains of this fortress are so profusely overspread with ivy, and the pendant foliage of wide branching trees, that an accurate judgment can scarcely be formed of it's architecture; but where they can be seen, pointed arches, with neat facings appear throughout; from which circumstance, says mr. Barber, the accuracy of Leland and Cambden may be questioned, who date the erection of this castle prior to the conquest. The parts now standing certainly were not constructed within a century subsequent to that event. An octagon tower and some broken walls are the only standing parts of the ruin; but the form of the area may be traced, which is oblong, with towers defending each angle, and a broad moat surrounding the whole." According to Doomsday book this castle was built by William Fitz Osborne, earl of Hereford; but according to Hammer's Irish Chronicle, by Gilbert Strongbow, earl of Ogle. It is called Castell Glyn Istriguil, near the river of that name which falls a little below into the Usk, between Bryn Byga and Caerleon.—J. Evans.

Mr. Barber reascended *Pencamawr* from Striguil Castle upon the site of a British way, which leads from Caerdiff to Monmouth, and brought him into the turnpike road between Newport and Caerwent; who says, "In this interesting progress, on the ridgy summit of the high hills bordering the Usk, our prospects were delightful. Occasionally excluded by the close thickets of the forest, and re-appearing under different circumstances, new scenes were continually arising; and that satiety in consequence avoided which probably would have resulted from a long possession of one species of scenery, however excellent. In this variegated landscape, may be caught a glimpse of the Sugar-loaf and Skyrrid. Not far distant from Pencamawr, appear the antiquated mansion, hanging groves, and dark mantling woods of *Bertholly*, impendent near the limpid Usk, which here makes one of it's boldest curves, forming nearly a complete circle in it's romantic meander. About 2 miles further, in a field on the right of the road, is a building called *Kemys Inferior*, from the summit of which, a range of prospect is obtained, scarcely to be equalled for extent and diversity. The views from the Pencamawr here appear, with all the added charms of the scenery of the Usk, in this part eminently beautiful. From this spot also the Bristol channel displays it's silvery surface with uncommon effect; while the distant shores of Somerset and Devon follow it's course in bay and promontory, until the receding confine, too remote for distinct vision, appears dissolved in the etherial blue. Descending from this charming exhibition, in a short time the british way is left near a public house called Cat's-Ash, to join the Newport turnpike. This road is for the most part formed on the *Julia strata* of the Romans. Where it deviates from the absolute site of the ancient way, it closely follows it's course, and the foundation of the causeway may be traced in the adjoining fields; particularly in a meadow, where a lane from Lanvair to Caldecot level crosses the turnpike. Pursuing this road somewhat more than a mile, a bridle-way on the right leads to the remains of PENCOED CASTLE.

In returning TO CHEPSTOW, mr. Wyndham descended into the circular shady *Dale of Mounton*. A brook gliding through this verdant meadow, washes the side of a little chapel, and is closely surrounded by craggy declivities feathered with trees.

To Pencoed Castle, 2 miles, Barber.
Back to Penhow, 2½ miles, Cox.
To Chepstow, 10 miles, Evans.
— Caldecot, (through Shire-newton, Mounton, and Chepstow) 14 miles, Wyndham.

SUGAR-LOAF AND SKYRRID MOUNTAINS, in Monmouthshire.

AN EXCURSION FROM ABERGAVENNY.

By the Rev. W. Coxe.

Having received repeated accounts of the different and contrasted views from the tops of the Sugar-loaf and Skyrrid, I determined to visit them both on the same day. I departed therefore at 7 in the morning from Abergavenny, rode about a mile along the Hereford road, mounted the eastern side of the Derry, in the dry bed of a torrent, came to a heathy down, and gently ascended to the bottom, which below appears like a cone, and is called the Sugar-loaf. The sides of the mountain were covered with heath, wortle-berries and moss, to the height of a foot, which renders the ascent so extremely easy, that a light carriage might be driven to the base of the cone, not more than 100 paces from the summit. I dismounted near a rock, which emerges from the side of the ridge, forming a natural wall, and reached the top without the least difficulty. This elevated point, which crowns the summit of the 4 hills, is an undulated ridge about a quarter of a mile in length, and 200 yards in breadth, with broken crags starting up, amid the moss and heath with which it is covered. The view from this point is magnificent, extensive, and diversified. It commands the counties of Radnor, Salop, Brecknock, Monmouth, Glamorgan, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, and Wilts. To the w. stretches the long and beautiful Vale of the Usk, winding in the recesses of the mountains, and expanding to the s. into the fertile plain, which is terminated by the Clytha Hills. Above it towers the magnificent Blorenge, almost equal in height to the point on which I stood; and in the midst rises the undulating swell of the Little Skyrrid, appearing like a gentle eminence feathered with wood. To the N., a bleak, dreary, sublime mass of mountains extends in a circular range, from the extremity of the black mountains above Lanthony to the Table Rock near Crickhowel; the commencement of the great chain which extends from these confines of Monmouthshire across N. Wales, to the Irish sea. To the E., I looked down on the broken crags of the great Skyrrid, which starts up in the midst of a rich and cultivated region. Beyond, the *Malvern Hills*, the Graig, the Garway, and the eminences above Monmouth, bound the horizon. Above, and on the side of Brecknockshire, all was clear and bright; but below, and to the s., there was much vapour and mist, which obscured the prospect, and prevented my seeing the distant Severn, and the hills in Somersetshire and Gloucestershire. This elevated point rises 1852 feet perpendicular from the mouth of the Gavenny, and is seen from Bitcomb-hill, near Longleat, in the county of Wilts, and from the *Stiper-Stones*, in Shropshire, near the borders of Montgomeryshire. During my continuance on the summit, I felt that extreme satisfaction which I always experience when elevated on the highest point of the circumjacent country. The air is more pure, the body more active, and the mind more serene; lifted up above the dwellings of man, we discard all grovelling and earthly passions; the thoughts assume a character of sublimity proportionate to the grandeur of the surrounding objects; and as the body approaches nearer to the ethereal regions, the soul imbibes a portion of their unalterable purity. [Rousseau.] Reluctantly quitting the summit, I walked down the side of the Derry, facing the precipitous crags of the dark Skyridd, and in an hour entered the Hereford road, 2 miles from Abergavenny, where I arrived at half past eleven. [I would recommend travellers who visit the top of the Sugar-loaf, to ascend the Derry from the Hereford road, and to descend the side of the Rolben.] After taking some refreshment and repose, I departed at 2 for the summit of the Skyrrid, on horseback, accompanied by the same guide who had conducted me to the top of the Sugar-loaf. Having rode 2 miles along the road leading to White Castle, we attempted to ascend towards the south western part of the mountain, which is distinguished by 3 small fissures. I soon discovered that my guide was unacquainted with the way; and, on enquiring of a farmer, was informed the usual route led by Landewi Skyrrid. By this direction, however, we continued at the foot of the mountain, through fields of corn and pasture, and then proceeded along a narrow path, overspread with high broom, which in many places quite covered my horse. Forcing our way with some difficulty through this heathy wood, we rode over a moor, by the side of the stone wall and hedge, which stretch at the base, reached the path leading from Llandewi Skyrrid, and ascended, on foot, the grassy slope of the mountain. The heat was so intense, the fatigue I had undergone in the day so considerable, and the effort I impatiently made to reach the summit so violent, that when I looked down from the narrow and desolated ridge, the boundless expanse around and beneath, which suddenly burst upon my sight, overcame me. I felt a mixed sensation of animation and lassitude, horror and delight, such as I scarcely ever before experienced, even in the Alps of Switzerland; my spirits almost failed; even curiosity was suspended, and I threw myself exhausted on the ground. These sensations increased during my continuance upon the summit. I several times attempted to walk along the ridge, but my head became so giddy, as I looked down the precipitous sides, and particularly towards the great fissure that I could not remain standing. I seemed only safe when extended on the ground, and was not therefore in a condition to examine and describe the beauties of the view. However I took out my pencil, and made a few hasty notes. The ridge of the Skyrrid seemed to be about a mile in length, extremely narrow, generally not more than 30 or 40 feet broad, and in some places only 10 or 12; it's craggy surface is partly covered with scant and russet herbage, exhibiting only a stunted thorn, which heightens the dreariness of it's aspect. After remaining half an hour on the top, incapable of making any further observations, I descended, and went round the eastern side of the mountain, where it terminates in an abrupt precipice near the large fissure. I walked across the meadows, along a gradual descent, through fine groves of oaks and spanish chesnuts, to *Llanvihangel house*, an old mansion belonging to the earl of Oxford. It was the ancient seat of the Arnold family, and was sold in 1722, to Auditor Harley, ancestor of the present earl. It is now inhabited only by a farmer, and contains nothing but some old furniture, a few family pictures, and some good impressions of Hogarth's prints. The place is distinguished by avenues of Scot's firs, which are the largest and finest in England. From the grounds near the front of the house, the Skyrrid presents itself with peculiar effect, the fissure seems like an enormous chasm, separating 2 mountains, the impending and craggy summits of which vie in height and ruggedness. It was near 6 o' clock, and I hastened to join a party returning from the ruins of Lanthony Abbey. I partook of an elegant collation spread on the banks of the Honddy; the evening was placid and serene, and I forgot the fatigues of the day in convivial intercourse and social conversation. On my return to Abergavenny, the moon shining in full splendor, gleamed on the craggy ridge of the Skyrrid, and tinged with it's silvery rays the undulating and woody sides of the Derry, forming a contrast of beauty and sublimity.

In a subsequent tour, I made a second expedition to the top of the Skyrrid. I passed along the Ross road as far as *Landewi Skyrrid*, where there is an old gothic mansion, now a farm house; it formerly belonged to the family of Greville, was sold by the late earl of Warwick to Henry Wilmot, esq. secretary to the lord Chancellor, and is now in the possession of his son. From this place I followed a narrow stony bridle way, till I reached the extremity of the Skyrrid, and walked up the same grassy path which I had ascended in my first excursion. I attained the summit without making those violent exertions, or experiencing the fatigue which I had before undergone, and admired the prospect without the smallest sensation of uneasiness or lassitude. I ascended to the highest point of the mountain, at it's north-eastern extremity, where a small circular cavity is formed near the verge of the precipice; it is supposed to be the site of a Roman Catholic Chapel, dedicated to St. Michael, from which the Skyrrid has derived one of it's appellations of St. Michael's mount. I could observe no traces either of walls or foundations; the entrance, which is to the s.w. is marked by 2 upright stones, 2 feet in height, on one of them are several letters rudely carved, among which I could only distinguish "Turner, 1671." To this place many Roman Catholics in the vicinity are said to repair annually on Michaelmas eve, and perform their devotions. The earth of this spot is likewise considered as sacred, and was formerly carried away to cure diseases, and to sprinkle the coffins of those who were interred; but whether this superstitious practice still continues, I was not able to ascertain. I seated myself on the brow of the cliff, overhanging the rich groves of Llanvihangel, and surveyed at my leisure the diversified expanse of country which stretched beneath and around. Altho' the summit of the Skyrrid is less elevated than that of the Sugar-loaf, yet it's insulated situation, abrupt declivity, and craggy fissures, produce an effect more sublime and striking than the smooth and undulating surface of the Sugar-loaf and Derry. On the n.e. and e., an extensive and fertile region stretches from the centre of Herefordshire to the valley of the Usk, which, tho' a succession of hill and dale, yet appears a vast plain, broken by a few solitary eminences, and bounded by distant hills gradually losing themselves in the horizon. The spires of Hereford Cathedral gleamed in the distant prospect; the remains of Grosmont Castle, were faintly distinguished under the Graig and Garway, and the majestic ruins of White Castle tower above the church of Llandewi Skyrrid. To the s. the gentle swell of the Little Skyrrid rose like a hillock above the town of Abergavenny, the feathered hills of Clytha, tufted with the Coed y Bunedd, and backed with the Pencamawr, beyond which appears the estuary of the Severn, under the cultivated eminences of Gloucestershire and Somersetshire. To the s.w., the eye caught a glimpse of the Usk, pursuing through copses and meads it's serpentine course, under a continued chain of wooded acclivities. To the w. and n.w. I looked down on a grand and dreary mass of mountains, extending from Abergavenny beyond the frontiers of Herefordshire, and domineered by the elegant cone of the Sugar-loaf. The black mountains form the northern extremity of this chain, and are intersected by the sequestered valley of the Honddy. Beneath yawned the abyss of the stupendous fissure, which appears to have been caused by some violent convulsion of nature, and, according to the legends of superstition, was rent asunder by the earthquake, at the crucifixion of our Saviour, hence it is also denominated the Holy Mountain, by which name it is chiefly distinguished among the natives. After contemplating the chasm above, I endeavoured to enter it down the western side of the mountain; but finding the declivity too precipitous, remounted the ridge, and descended the gentler slope to the e. *Proceeding* along it's base, I turned *round it's* north-eastern extremity, which terminates in an abrupt and tremendous precipice, and passing over fragments of rock, entered the fissure on the north-western side of the mountain. This chasm is not less than 300 feet in breadth; the rugged side of the Skyrrid rises perpendicular as a wall, to an amazing height. The opposite crag is equally perpendicular, tho' far less elevated. At some distance, it appears like an enormous fragment, separated from the mountain. It's shape, and the strata of the rock, resemble that part of the Skyrrid from which it seems to have been detached; but a nearer view convinced me that it never could have fallen from the summit. Many similar fissures I observed in the Alps, and they are common in mountainous regions. The frequent springs, oozing through the interstices of the rocks, undermine the foundation; and the vast masses, thus deprived of support, either sink, or are separated one from the other, till, by degrees, great chasms are formed, and the mountain seems to have been rent asunder. The western side of the smaller crag, which bounds the fissure, is wholly overhung with underwood, and forms a singular contrast with the bare and rugged precipice of the present mountain.

Among other delightful situations in the neighbourhood of Abergavenny, is the principal object of interest on the return TO SWANSEA. The circuit of Gower is between 40 and 50 miles, and there is no public accommodations. In point of landscape it affords less than most parts of Glamorgan; but the origin and habits of the people, the antiquities and curiosities, render it highly worthy of an attentive examination. It abounds in many places with deep pits. The eastern side is remarkably fruitful and well cultivated.—B. H. Malkin.

Mr. Donovan says, that little coasting excursions by sea to Oxwich, Penrise, the Worm's head, and other places on the shores of the promontory of Gower, are sometimes undertaken by parties of pleasure from Swansea, during the finer months of summer. Boats and seamen may commonly be hired in the town for such expeditions. This diligent and ingenious naturalist remarks also that the *light house* rock is only accessible on foot at low water. In one exposed spot the substance of the rock is a brittle calcareous spar, confusedly crystallised in angulated pyramids, diaphanous, of a somewhat variable opazine colour; the fracture glassy, and, as usual, with spars breaking into rhombs. Being incapable of much resistance to the action of the waves this extremity of the rock is worn into the form of a rude natural arch through which the light-house, in one particular point, is distinctly seen. A small battery of four 18 pounders is mounted upon the highest pinnacle of the eminence above. Hence there is an easy descent along the hill to OSTERMOUTH.

Cromllyn-bog lies 2 miles eastward of the ferry across the Tawe river, running for 4 miles in a direction parallel with the old road between Neath and Swansea. None but botanists traverse this morass, but to those it supplies abundant amusement.

From Swansea, mr. Skrine made AN EXCURSION to Ostermouth Castle, and Penrice Castle; he then proceeded to PONT AR DULAS.

The road TO OSTERMOUTH CASTLE lies across the sands.

The road TO NEATH is attained by crossing Swansea river by an exceedingly good ferry, by passing a region of furnaces, and traversing a considerable hill. But A MORE PLEASING, tho' circular ROUTE is described as follows. *Kilvay Hall* rises directly from the beach, in a conical form, and affords a better view of Swansea than can be taken from any other spot. *Morristown* is now a considerable place, with a population of about 1000 inhabitants. It has a new Church, with two dissenting chapels. Mr. Morris's extensive copper works are here. *Clasemont* is mr. Morris's seat, and is one of the first residences in the county. *Wern Llynwith* is a handsome house. The Swansea canal is worth observing, and the walk by the side of it is pleasant. The head at *Hennoyadd* is 372 feet above the level of the Tawe at Swansea Bar; and there are 36 locks upon it in the space of 16 miles. The Swansea canal, in the course of the year 1804, produced a gross income of 3590*l* 8*s* 4*d* chiefly arising from the tonnage of 54,235 tons of coal and culver, brought down and exported at Swansea. From Morristown there is a very beautiful ride westward to *Pont ar Dulas*, through a rich and well inhabited country. The leading object of attraction is *Penllegare*, a new house, in a good style. The country eastward between Morristown and Neath is miserably disfigured by the operations of the works; yet the first view of Gnoll Castle, occupying an eminence above the town of Neath, backed by higher hills and extensive plantations, is highly favourable to the pretensions of that splendid but deserted seat. The colliery, at some distance on the right is well worth visiting, on account of the canal for the carriage of the coal to Neath. At *Ynis y Gerwn*, bar iron is worked into tin plates, after having been made into bars of pig-iron at a forge below. From this place to *Pontneath Vechan*, the gentle course of the river, with hanging woods on either side, and that felicity of soil, atmosphere, and herbage peculiar to the vales in this exposure, produces a scene of pleasure, with some portion of sublimity, to which it would be difficult for any description to do justice. After crossing the river on the return to Neath, it should be the first object to explore *Melin Court*, where there is a magnificent fall of the Cledaugh from the height of 80 feet. With the exception of the Mynach falls, this is the largest in S. Wales, and unrivalled in it's accompaniments, considered as an enclosed scene. The road from Melin-Court to *Gnoll Castle*, the seat of the late sir Herbert Mackworth, is carried along terraces, with thick woods intervening between the passenger and Neath river below.

On the road TO CAERMARTHEN, there is little to amuse; yet some pleasing spots occur by the way. *Pont-ar-Dulas* lies at the distance of 9 or 10 miles. This bridge is a ruinous antiquated structure of 4 arches, 2 of which are dissimilar to the others. About 4 miles beyond is *Llannon*, a small village standing upon the brow of a lofty eminence, with a neat respectable looking church. Within 5 miles of Caermarthen occurs a remarkable cwm or glen of an awful depth, through which a current raves. The whole of this glen is seen from the main road. Soon after the vale of Towey opens in captivated beauty. The LOWER ROAD lies through LLANELLY, and KIDWELLY.

Upon the coast near Rosilly two extraordinary discoveries were made in the year 1807. The tides having of late receded much farther than usual, the wreck of a vessel has appeared, which was lost there about 50 years before, and a cask of iron wire was recovered. A short distance from the same spot, about 12lbs. of Spanish dollars, and half-dollars of the date of 1625, were found among the sand, conjectured to have formed part of the cargo of a spanish vessel called the Scanderoon galley, wrecked upon that part of the coast upwards of a century before.

To Ostermouth Castle, 4 miles, Barber; Wyndham; Malkin.
— Neath, 9 miles.
— Caermarthen, 26 miles, Donovan.
— Llougher, 8 miles, Evans.
The Rev. Richard Warner ended his "Second Walk through Wales," at this place.
To Pont ar Dulas, 12 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Beddgelert, 10 miles, Bingley.
—— Maentwrog, ½ mile, Aikin; Pennant; Warner.
—— Festiniog, 3 miles, Hutton.
—— Harlech, 10 miles, Evans.
—— Dolgelly, 18 miles, Wyndham,
Back from Harlech, 13 miles, Wyndham; Skrine; Pennant.
From Barmouth by Dolgelly and Falls, 28 miles.
—— Pont Aberglaslyn, 4 miles, Skrine.

TAN-Y-BWLCH, (below the pass) is a little inn, situated on an eminence on the N.W. side of the vale of Maentwrog, improved chiefly through the munificence of the earl of Radnor. The accommodations here are very indifferent for the pedestrian, as the compiler has experienced. The best front room was taken up by a chaise party, one facing the stables by another with horses. What then remained? why the humour of the kitchen. Mr. Warner says of his reception here, "We were extremely wet, and much inclined to seat ourselves by a comfortable fire-side you will therefore imagine our disappointment, when the host of Tan-y-Bwlch inn told us we could neither be provided with a dinner, nor accommodated with beds. There is a mode of imparting unpleasant intelligence, which tho' it does not lessen the evil leaves us at least in good humour with the person who tells it. The landlord of Tan-y-Bwlch Inn, however, communicated his information in a manner so ungracious, as to fix an indelible impression on our minds of his being a very surly fellow. It was six in the evening, and we had 8 miles to walk, over the wildest and most desolate road in all Wales." Mr. Wigstead, and Rowlandson, the artist, in approaching Tan-y-bwlch inn, began to calculate on the comforts of good beds and a good supper, and had scarcely decided whether to order chicken or chops, and confidently drawn up to the door, when *mine host*, with petrifying phiz, approached to say, he had no room. Mr. Wigstead asserts that at that time, 1797, not more than two bed-rooms could be occupied with convenience. They then proceeded to Festiniog, 3 miles further, almost in the dark, with jaded horses which could scarcely drag the carriage. After demanding whether they could have beds, an ancient female, said, that she supposed they only came because there was no accommodations at Tan-y-bwlch, and with some apparent reluctance agreed to receive them. The accommodations however, proved of the most ordinary kind. Mr. Wigstead and his companion would have found good accommodation at Maentwrog, only half a mile distant; but this information could not be had at Tan-y-bwlch inn. Mr. Bingley says, "the inn at Tan-y-bwlch is a small but good house, occupied by a civil attentive man of the name Cartwright." Mr. Skrine also asserts, that he found a welcome reception. It may reasonably be asked, in what manner did mr. Bingley and mr. Skrine travel? why, generally in a post-chaise. If you enter this civil landlord's house thus accompanied, he well knows that the metal he desires may flow more plentifully from the hands of posting, than from pedestrian travellers, and so much of human kindness is there in him, that his physiognomic muscles retract or expand in exact conformity to his hopes and expectations. . . . . .

Through the contiguous vale winds the river Dwyryd, and high upon a terrace, beneath a profusion of spreading groves, stands the handsome mansion of the Griffiths family, now possessed by William Oakley, esq., which gives and receives lustre from the surrounding scenery. . . After tracing the vale to the little village of FESTINIOG, the traveller may visit the fall of *Rhaiadr du*, or the black Cataract; which lies in the recess of a narrow glen, where a large stream, dashing over a high precipice of dark rocks, shaded by thick wood, presents a very picturesque object, and adds an additional ornament. . . . Mr. Pennant remarks of this vale as follows; "Rode up the vale, and dismounting, met the course of the Cynfael, which tumbles along the bottom of a deep chasm, darkened by trees, which overspread the whole. Near Festiniog is a remarkably fine cascade, consisting of three great falls, the lowest dropping into a deep pool, black, and overshadowed by impending rocks. Below is a magnificent columnar rock, rising out of the torrent, and called *Pulpit Hugh Llwyd Cynfael*; where he is supposed to have delivered his nocturnal incantations. About a mile from the Cynfael, is a comfortable inn, which has often received me, after my toilsome expeditions. Opposite lies *Cwm Cwmorthin*. I descended through woods, along a steep road into a very deep, but narrow valley, which I crossed, and began a hazardous and fatiguing ascent up the rocky front of a lofty mountain, the path narrow and rarely attempted by horses. After the labour of a mile, reached the habitations of two farmers, in a hollow surrounded on three sides by the rudest of environs, containing a pretty lake. This cwm produces nothing but grass. The mountains which enclose it, are the *Moel wyn yr Hydd*, and the Moel-wyn Gwyn, and others equally rude. High in the first is the lake *Du-bach*; and another, called *Llyn trwstyllon*; and opposite to the last, a third, called *Llyn conglog*. Wound up a narrow path at the farthest end, upon part of Molwyn y hydd, in order to descend through *Cwm Croesor*. In our descent, our poor beasts trembled in every limb; and, in fact, escaped wonderfully in reaching the bottom. The traveller who chooses to follow our steps, will find a narrow grassy bottom in Cwm croesor, with a few tenements; he will pass through a pretty wood, and soon after find himself upon the high road from Tan y bwlch to Caernarvon. In this journey, I went from *Festiniog*, on the road from *Trawsfynydd* to *Yspytty*, and not 2 miles thence fell into *Fford Helin*, which is here quite bare, and exhibits the rude stones with which it was made. Near it, at Rhyd yr Halen, on the right, are the remains of *Beddau gwyr Ardudwy*, the graves of the men of Ardudwy. The tradition relating to these monuments is nearly parallel with the rape of the Sabines. The men of Ardudwy, made an incursion into the vale of Clwyd and brought away a number of women, whom they conducted in safety to this place, where they were overtaken by the warriors of the vale. A battle ensued, and the men of Ardudwy were all slain; but they had gained so much upon the affections of their fair prey, that, rather than return home they rushed into an adjacent water, called, from this event, *Llyn y morwynion*, the maiden's lake, where they perished. Hence I descended the tedious steep of *Bwlch carreg y fran*, into the narrow vale of *Penmachno*: and, after ascending another hill, turned to the right into the black and moory mountains, to visit *Llyn Conwy*, the source of the river of that name. In it are three islands. Descended for 2 or 3 miles, and reached the village of *Yspytty Jevan* or the hospital of saint John of Jerusalem, so called from having been an asylum for travellers. It afterwards became a den of thieves and murderers, who were extirpated by Meredydd ap Evan. Another charity succeeded, in the alms-houses for six poor men, founded in 1600, by captain Richard Vaughan, of Windsor; descended from a neighbouring house called *Pont glas*. In the church are three alabaster figures. The first is the valiant Rhys Vawr ap Meredydd, of the house of Plas Yolyn; to whom, at the battle of Bosworth, Henry 7 entrusted the standard of England, after it's bearer sir Wm. Brandon, had been slain by Richard; the next, his son Robert ap Rhys, chaplain to cardinal Wolsey; and the third Lowry, wife of Rhys. From Yspytty I made AN EXCURSION to CAPEL VOELAS, distant 2 miles, remarkable for a great column, with an inscription in memory of *Llewelyn*, prince of Wales, who was slain in the year 1021. Here is likewise a vast artificial mount, the site of a welsh castelet, destroyed by Llewelyn the great. Hence turned back, and reached the river Conwy. After a short ride, arrived at the celebrated falls called *Rhaiader y graig Llwyd*, not very far from the junction of the Machno with the Conwy river. Where from the neighbourhood of a fulling-mill, the prospect is very extraordinary. The channel of the rivers form a triangle of deep chasms, worn through the rock. At a short distance below, occurs the cataract, the most tremendous I ever saw. The descent is steep. When down I found myself environed by naked precipices, faced with angular columnar rocks, pointing, in a sloping direction towards the river." Descend a steep hill, pass over *Pont ar Lleder*, and arrive in *Nant Conwy*, or the vale of Conwy. Observe, in the course of the Conwy, a deep, wide, and still water, called *Llyn yr Afange*, or the beaver's pool, from being anciently haunted by those animals. The vale gradually expands, and extending about 20 miles, terminates at the town of CONWY. Visit the church of *Bettws wyrion Iddon*, or the bead-house of the grand-children of Iddon. Within is the figure of Gruffydd ap Dafydd Goch, son of Dafydd Goch, natural son of Dafydd, brother to the last prince of Wales. A little farther pass by *Pont y pair*, a singular bridge, flung over the Llugwy; the scenery here is very striking. After a steep ascent, arrive at DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE.

A rapid ascent from Tan-y-bwlch TO PONT ABERGLASLLYN, with oak groves and a rapid brook on the left, and a bold acclivity on the other hand leads to an eminence whence Crickaeth Castle is perceptible on one side, and Snowdon on the other. The soil for many miles is poor and gravelly, and the rocks appear of a burnt colour occasioned by the air acting upon the iron with which they are impregnated. Slate is here of the finest colour and compact texture. In the bogs grow abundance of the Narthecium ossifragum, and Dutch Myrtle. Transitions of scenery on this track are rapid, occasioned by the road winding among masses of rocks, but the prevailing character is scattered rock in the fore ground with naked and lofty mountains in the distance. Come in sight of *Traeth Mawr*, a level tract of sea marshes, extending to the vicinity of Pont Aberglasllyn, and forming an irregular shore. In turning an angle of the road the scenery becomes inexpressibly grand. Snowdon towers above the surrounding mountains; while rocks and precipices, vast, irregular and impending, overhang the path. Steril as is this district, it is not entirely uninhabited, for some scattered cottages appear, in sheltered recesses. Enter a narrow rocky pass, railed towards the declivity, where oaks begin to diversify the rocks. The *Traeth Mawr* appears now to be hemmed in on every side by majestic rocks amid which descend to PONT ABERGLASLLYN.

From Tan-y-bwlch TO BEDDGELERT, by the road is no more distant than 8 miles, of which the greater part is not very interesting; mr. Aikin determined therefore, to explore the windings of the coast, and found great reason to be satisfied with his deviation from the direct way. Quitting the inn, he proceeded beneath the woods which embower the hall to the edge of *Traeth Bychan*, which being perfectly landlocked and bounded by steep cliffs, seems a fine lake beautifully bordered by a line of woods. After walking above a mile on it's banks, he ascended from the Traeth in a N.W. direction; and from an elevated part of the road, came suddenly upon a grand view of *Traeth Mawr*, *Traeth Bychan*, and *Bach* the entrance of *Maentwrog* vale, some lofty mountains in the vicinity of Snowdon, and Harlech castle, which, tho' 4 miles distant, was brought near the eye by a light mist which hung in that quarter. In the marsh pools on the shore of the Traeths grows the Nymphæa alba. In the pools and ditches of the marshes covered by the tide, Ruppia maritima. Hence he proceeded through the scattered and populous hamlet of *Minfordd*, to the edge of *Traeth Mawr*, and then crossed a large extent of salt marshes covered by the sea at high water: at the extremity of these he forded a river, and gaining dry land, walked, rather uncertain of his way, through many fine meadows, till he arrived at Pont-Aberglaslyn. The direct turnpike-road is sufficiently passible for carriages.

TO DOLGELLY, the road lies, for several miles, over the mountain, and on clear days, the summit of Snowdon in the N., and the heights of Cader Idris in the S.E., may easily be discerned. After passing the mean village of *Trawsfynnydd*, mr. Skrine proceeded to view the famous cascade of *Dollgmyllyn*, where the Gamlan, rushing down a rapid slope, falls, in an almost perpendicular cataract, over the side of an immense rock, dashing into spray, and foaming in a broken and impetuous torrent, into the valley below. This part of the country, is remarkable for it's water-falls. Those of *Pistyll y Cayne* and *Rhaiadr y Mawddach*, not many miles distant, are equally interesting and picturesque. [See 164.]

"For want of a guide-post to direct the stranger," says mr. Hutton, "I lost my way, Oct. 1, 1797, between *Tan y Bwlch* and BEDDGELART. Supposing myself wrong, I made enquiries, but could not obtain an English answer. Instead of travelling by land, I found I was going into the sea, at a place called *Traeth Mawr*. I understood that I might ride over this arm of the sea, provided I knew the way, and the tide would allow. But as I had never rode through that element, I was more inclined to procure a guide by land; when, after losing two hours of time, travelling 7 miles in vain, and being afterwards thrown into the night, I was brought into the turnpike-road at the *Cross-hour*. After night commenced, I had to pass the other out-guard to the entrance of Snowdon, PONT ABERGLASLLYN, perhaps the most singular pass in Wales. The serenity of the night, the rising moon, the tremendous roar of the river, dashing through the rocks, the narrow road, which threatened to let me fall from the precipice into the water, and the perpendicular mountain on each hand, which seemed to threaten destruction, had an awful effect on the mind."

Mr. Wyndham took a Cicerone from Tan y bwlch who conducted him wrong both to and from HARLECH. The pretending welsh guides will blunder over the country, and lest their knowledge should be suspected will make no enquiry about the road. In the present case mr. W. was led to the very point of a precipice; and in passing over the sands, his guide would not lead the way. A welsh guide when really alarmed becomes more terrified than those he pretends to conduct. [See 394.]

Back from Harlech, 10 miles; thence to Dolgelly, 18 miles, Skrine.
To Dolwyddelan Castle, 21 miles, Pennant.
— Maentwrog, ½ mile, Bingley; Wyndham; Skrine.
— Pont Aberglasllyn, 4 miles, Warner; Wyndham.
— Beddgelart, 8 miles.
— Harlech, see Maentwrog.

From Llaugharne, 16 miles, Barber; Skrine.
—— Pembroke, 13 miles, Malkin.
—— Monorbeer Castle, 5 miles, Donovan.
—— Narberth, 7 miles, Evans; Warner.

TENBY, or Tenbigh, in Pembrokeshire, is a charming retreat. This place is unequalled in Wales, or perhaps in England, for the beauty of it's bay, and excellency of it's sea-bathing; to these advantages may be added much fine natural scenery. As the rival of Aberystwith, it certainly inherits some advantages. The town is more agreeably situated, and the surrounding country more cultivated and pleasing. It is situated on the ridge of a narrow rock projecting into the sea: a sandy tract connects it with the main land; which being sometimes overflowed, the town becomes insulated. The fine amphitheatre of it's Bay is formed by lofty limestone cliffs, rising abruptly to the W. and the harbour is included between the promontories of the *Monstone rock* and *St. Catharine's point*. It is ornamented at the intersection of the ribs with various armorial bearings, and is supported by human figures, springing from pillars of wood. The streets are inconveniently steep; yet the extraordinary intermixture of wood, rocks, and houses, give the place a very romantic appearance; and the extensive sea-views have a still more pleasing effect. The beauty of it's situation, and it's fine sands, have of late years rendered it a place of fashionable resort. It has a number of good lodging houses, with a respectable hotel. In June 1806, sir William Paxton purchased several tenements which he intended to convert into hot-baths, livery stables, reading-rooms, &c. Mr Cockrell, the architect was then upon the spot, and great expectations originated from the conference. The bathing machines are the property of the innkeepers; the terms 1s each time, and 6*d* the guide.

The water is always remarkably clear, and the bottom excellent. The Quay is generally well lined with vessels, and the whole seems to bespeak an air of opulence. Here was formerly an important fishery, but that concern is now much diminished; yet the exportation of coals has greatly increased, and that article has become the staple commodity of the place. The town has been walled, with gates, to each of which appended a portcullis: that leading to Caermarthen is the most remarkable, being encircled with an embattled but open roofed tower, after the manner of that at Pembroke. The remains of Tenby Castle, which is a norman structure, are very inconsiderable: the broken walls which remain appear towards the extremity of the cliff, boldly jutting out into the sea. The s. wall is entirely demolished, but the N. remains, consisting of a spacious hall of 102 feet by 20, supposed to have been built by sir John Perrot: above and under this hall are grand apartments with extensive offices. Over the gateway, at the w. end are the arms of England, dukes of Lancaster and Carew; contiguous to this entrance is another spacious room of 80 feet by 30. Below, it is said, are some large natural caverns. This castle is the property of lord Milford. The Church is a large building, containing some fine old monuments. At the western end of the s. aisle, there is one erected to the memory of John Moore, esq. who fell passionately in love at the age of 58, notwithstanding he had had 8 children in marriage. The object of his passion disregarding his attentions, he pined into a consumption, and died at Tenby. The monument bears this inscription.

> "He that from home by love was hither brought,
> is now brought home; this God for him hath wrought."

The western door is a curious specimen of mixed gothic, and the carved ceiling of the nave is well executed. The spire is a modern construction of wood, painted in imitation of stone, with a huge weather-cock at top, and a bell hung on the outside.

INNS. The White Lion; Hotel; Ball.

When here, mr. Warner spent two hours in rambling to examine the rock and cliffs of the shore, which he thought nothing could exceed in grandeur and beauty.

Opposite the town are the wild masses of rock which form the *islands of St. Catharine's, St. Margaret's* and *Caldy*. The latter is about a mile long, and half a mile broad, at the distance of 2 miles from the main land. It had formerly a priory parish church, and a chapel. Eastward of the town stretch the *Norton Sands*, which are bounded by grand and uncommonly high cliffs, of a black granite; on those sands are several bathing machines. Round the s. and w. side of the town are the *White* or *Whit sands*, in many respects superior to the Norton Sands, presenting a most romantic and agreeable walk, 2 miles in length either close to the rocks, or by the sea-side, to *Giltar*, a noble promontory of black granite. About 3 miles s. is situated *Caldy Island*, where there is a cell to the abbey of St. Dogmaels. It is about 3 miles in length, and 1½ in breadth, the property of—— Kynaston, esq. who has a house here with cottages for labourers. The *Margaret's Island*, separated from Caldy, by an abrupt chasm, is small and rocky, inhabited only by rabbits.

The following MAREEN EXCURSION, was made by mr. Donovan, in one of the open pleasure-boats of the place. It was scarcely twilight when he doubled the projection of the point, which he describes as inexpressibly bold, and romantic when viewed from his station in the boat. By slow degrees, the morning mists shrunk before the god of day, disclosing, to the w., the obtrusive features of Leadstep-point, with Stackpole-head, and the point of Gower faintly receding beyond; in front, the town of Tenby, rising with dignity upon an aspiring rock. Round *Caldy Island* he caught in a trawl-net many of the Medusæ, particularly the species purpura, and cruciata. On the s.w. side of this island are obtained oysters of an uncommon size. This oyster-bed brings a number of asterias, echini, and other creatures, their enemies. The species of the latter, most injurious to the young spat or spawn of the oyster, is the esculentus, which grows here to a large size. The most abundant of the Asterias genus were the glacialis, and the common sort; Papposa, or thirteen rayed star-fish, is of a beautiful carmine colour. He collected also fine specimens of Asterias lacertosa, Sphæralata, and oculata. Also Cancer tuberosus, and C. asper. Proceeding up the island, mr. Donovan found it thinly inhabited and in a meagre state of cultivation. He understood it to be the property of one principal farmer. During this excursion a squall overtook the voyagers, their tattered sail was torn, and an unlucky wave half filled their boat with water. After being exposed to the rage of contending elements in the open sea for nearly an hour, the wind fortunately shifted and a furious gust drove them rapidly towards the rocks, s. w. of Tenby, and towards evening the tide ebbed, and the squall subsided. On the adjacent shore mr. Donovan found the Tellina depressa, T. squalida, of Solander, and T. fabula; numbers also of the Sabella tubiformes shell, with the living Nereis, Mya Prætenuis, Solen ensis, and Voluta tornatilis. In a geologic view, the rocks of Tenby and island of Caldy have been explored by Woodward, Llwyd, and mr. Adams of Pembroke, who unfortunately perished by the upsetting of a pleasure-boat, with those who were with him. The Torpedo and oblong Diodon have been observed in this part of the Severn sea. Among an abundance of fish caught on the adjacent shores are the turbot, brill, soles, scate, and most of the ray tribe.

A FINE AQUATIC EXCURSION is pointed out by mr. Malkin from Tenby Harbour, across Caermarthen Bay, passing Monkstone-Head, and making either for Llaugharne Pont at the mouth of the Taw, or for Llan Stephen Pont, at the mouth of the Towey, which is navigable as far as Caermarthen Bridge. A party may hire a skiff at Tenby, and accomplish their landing under Llan Stephan Castle in one tide; but they will probably be obliged to find their way by land to Caermarthen, notwithstanding the assurances of the boatmen to the contrary. For those who do not affect the pleasure of sailing, there is A FINE WALK OR RIDE, principally along the sands, from Tenby to Llaugharne. At a place called New Inn, about half the way, there is no public accommodation. At a little distance there is an old mansion, about the date of Elizabeth, built as a marine villa, close to the sand. Near *Pendine* there is a natural cavern under the road; but it is so low that a person can scarcely stand upright at the entrance, and the rill passing through it is inconsiderable. The scenery around, is verdant, woody, and pretty. The descent to LLAUGHARNE is highly romantic; the town is built on the edge of a marsh, in a very low situation, open to the sea, and backed by very high grounds.

Mr. Warner passed TO CAERMARTHEN by way of Savernspite and St. Clare, about 15 miles, chiefly by a foot-path, which skirted the coast, and presented a fine view of Caermarthen bay, the country wearing a pleasing character, diversified by broad vales and swelling hills, increasing in richness and beauty.

TO PEMBROKE a natural terrace may be pursued, traced on a ridge of hills, which commands extensive views, over almost the whole of the county, and a great part of the Bristol channel; it should afterwards be quitted for the sake of descending towards the sea-coast, in search of the gloomy remains of MONORBEER CASTLE, which is wildly situated between two small hills. Mr. Evans left the castle of *Monorbeer* on the left, and the castellated mansion of *Carew* on the right, and descended to the ruins of *Lamphey*, formerly a palace belonging to the see of St. David; a mile beyond which is Pembroke.

On the road TO PEMBROKE make two digressions; one to the stately ruins of MANORBEER CASTLE, the ancient residence of the Barri family, and the birthplace of Giraldus; and another to the episcopal residence of the bishops of St. David's, at *Llamphey-court*. The village of CAREW is not far to the right, where are the remains of a magnificent castle, a british cross in fine preservation, and many rich sepulchral monuments. On this road also, is *Stackpole Court*, [see 477.] In this direction Monorbeer castle may be visited, at about 5 miles from Tenby near the sea.

To Monorbeer Castle, 5 miles, Barber; Skrine.
— Llaugharne, 16 miles, Malkin.
Mr. Donovan's Excursions end here.
To Pembroke 13 miles, Evans.
— Caermarthen, 28 miles, Warner.

* * *

From Chepstow, by water, 9 miles, Wyndham.
—— Piersfield, 2½ miles, Barber
—— Goodrich Castle, 9 miles, Coxe.
—— Hereford, and The Wye, 40 miles, Warner.
—— Monmouth, 12 miles, Skrine.

TINTERN ABBEY, in Monmouthshire, was founded and dedicated to St. Mary, by Walter de Clare, in 1131, as a Cistertian monastery, was suppressed at the dissolution, and the site granted to Henry earl of Worcester, the ancestor of the present Duke of Beaufort, whose property it now is. A few cottages compose a village which the poor inhabitants call Abbey, to distinguish it from other cottages at a short distance called Tintern. At this village is an inn, the landlord of which is in possession of the key of the ruin. "Passing the works of an iron-foundery;" says mr. Barber, "and a train of miserable cottages engrafted on the offices of the abbey, we found ourselves under the w. front of the ruin. This confined approach, incumbered by mean buildings, is not calculated to inspire one with a very high estimation of it's consequence: but on the throwing open of the door, an effect bursts on the spectator, of so majestic and singular a description, that words can neither do justice to it's merit, nor convey an adequate idea of the scene. It is neither a mere creation of art nor an exhibition of nature's charms; but a grand spectacle, in which both seem to have blended their powers in producing an object beautiful and sublime. Through long ranges of gothic pillars and arches, some displaying all the exquisite workmanship of their clustered shafts, while others are hung with shadowy festoons of ivy, or lightly decorated with it's waving tendrils, the eye passes; and, for a moment arrested by the lofty arches rising in the middle of the structure which formerly supported the tower, it glides to the grand window at the termination of the ruin. Beyond this aperture, distinguished by a shaft of uncommon lightness springing up the middle, some wild wooded hills on the opposite side of the Wye rear their dusky summits, and close the scene with much congenial grandeur. The ruin is, generally, in a high state of preservation; the outer walls are perfect, and the elegant tracery of the w. window above the entrance has not suffered in one of it's members. The fallen roof and rubbish have been removed to the original level of the pavement, by order of the duke of Beaufort. Hence all the parts rise in their original and due proportion, and with an undisturbed effect. A few broken columns, cornices, and the mutilated effigies of monks and heroes lie scattered on the floor. Tintern Abbey is cruciform. The length of the nave and choir is 250 feet; their width, 33; and it is 160 fee to the extremes of the transept."

"How many hearts have here grown cold,
that sleep these mouldering stones among!
how many beads have here been told!
how many matins here been sung!

On this rude stone, by time long broke,
I think I see some pilgrim kneel,
I think I see the censer smoke,
I think I hear the solemn peal.

But here no more soft music floats,
no holy anthems chaunted now;
all hush'd, except the ring dove's notes,
low murm'ring from yon beachen bough."

Sir Richard Hoare asserts that "this abbey (as to the first coup d'œil) exceeds every ruin he had seen either in England or Wales."

To PIERCEFIELD the Wye becomes a tide river, and does not appear to advantage except at high water; neither is the scenery, peculiarly impressive, till the vicinity of Piercefield be approached. Here the long line of Banagor crags forms a perpendicular rampart on the left bank, entirely bare, except a few scanty shrubs jutting from the crevices or fringing the summits. On the opposite side, the river is skirted by narrow slips of rich pasture rising into wooded acclivities, upon which peers the *Wynd Cliff* [perhaps a corruption of Wye-cliff,] a perpendicular mass of rock. crowned with thickets. At this place, says mr. Coxe, the Wye turns abruptly round the fertile peninsula of *Llancaut*, under the stupendous amphitheatre of *Piercefield* Cliffs, starting from the edge of the water; here wholly mantled with wood, there jutting in bold and fantastic projections, which appear like enormous buttresses formed by the hand of nature. At the further extremity of this peninsula, the river turns again, and stretches in a long reach between the white and towering cliffs of Llancaut, and the rich acclivities of Piercefield woods. In the midst of these grand and picturesque scenes, the embattled turrets of Chepstow castle break upon the sight; and, gliding under the perpendicular crag, we looked up with astonishment to the massive walls impending over the edge of the precipice, appearing like a continuation of the rock itself; before us stretched the long and picturesque bridge, and the view was closed by a semicircular range of red cliffs, tinted with pendent foliage,, which form the left bank of the river."

While at the village of Tintern, a cottager directed a gentleman tourist (who travelled in July 1806, and since published his account under the title of "A Tour in Monmouthshire, and part of Glamorganshire,") to the Anchor, a public house close to the ferry over the Wye. Anne Bowen, the mistress of this homely mansion is represented as having excellent bread, cheese, and cyder, but had not the convenience of a spare bed. He lamented that this so happened, on account of the landlord of the Beaufort-arms having behaved in a most unwarrantable and disgusting manner. He was accommodated, however, with great civility, at a fisherman's cottage over the way, and represents himself happy, since his bed was clean and neat, in comparison of being subjected to sleep under the inhospitable roof of the landlord of the Beaufort-arms." Mr. Warner has given a very favourable account of his reception here. At Tintern, "One grand view remained," says mr. Warner, "before we finished our expedition; I mean that which is seen from a stupendous elevation called the Wine-cliff, rising a little to the N. E. of Piercefield, and overlooking the surrounding country. Quitting the road, and taking a path through the meadows to the left, we reached this eminence by a gradual ascent, and were astonished with a scene grand and unbounded. Immediately under the cliff is the Wye, discharging it's waters into the Severn. The vast limestone precipices which rise abruptly from it's banks, finely diversified by a regular alternation of rock and wood, appear in front and to the left. Piercefield, with all it's magic scenery, lies under the eye to the right; beyond it, the ruined castle of Chepstow. In the distance, the straining vision roves over Glocestershire, Somersetshire, and Monmouthshire, and following the course of the magnificent Severn, is at length lost in the Bristol Channel. Not being fortunate enough to gain admission into the grounds of Piercefield, this not being a day of public exhibition, we walked on to CHEPSTOW."

On the way TO MONMOUTH, *Llandogo* is 4 miles distant. On this road the Gentleman Tourist, before-mentioned, wandered along the unsheltered brow of Cabbaddic mountain, and while gazing at the village of *Brockwater* on the opposite bank of the Wye, he found himself rather unexpectedly surrounded on all sides by a thick wood. The path hence taking a winding course down an uneven bank, led him from the wood to the scattered cottages which form the hamlet of Llandogo. After taking some refreshment at a little public house, he directed his steps towards Monmouth, by quitting for a while the charming banks of the Wye. Leaving the beaten track, he ascended the craggy brow of a steep mountain; whence he beheld an extensive and cultivated tract of country with the Wye meandering beneath, through rich meadows and cornfields. The steepness of the precipice amazed and terrified him. Advancing a few paces, he looked over a tremendous chasm overhung by trunks of trees, while water rushing over the rocks below added much to the horror of the place. From the top of this eminence the Severn was discernable, to the E. penetrating the vales of S. Wales. After a short respite from toil at *Trellick*, he hastened to Monmouth. In passing this road the beauties peculiar to S. Wales, are seen in many and varied charms, the mountains round Abergavenny and Crickhowel, forming a beautiful termination to the numerous prospects.

Along the Wye to Monmouth, 8 miles, Barber.

To Chepstow, 6 miles, Skrine; Coxe; Warner.

— Moinscourt. [see New Passage, page 451.] 2 miles; thence to Llanvair Castle, 5½ miles, Wyndham.

— Monmouth, by way of Llandogo, and Trelleck, 7 miles.

From Aberystwith, 12 miles, Aikin.

—— Dolgelly, 26 miles, Warner.

—— Machynllaeth, 12 miles, Skrine.

—— Cader Idris, Pennant.

TOWYN, is a small town in Merionethshire, built of coarse schistose stone, commanding a bold and unbounded view of the ocean, and backed by a range of high mountains. It is frequented during the bathing season, by some genteel families. It is surrounded, especially towards the sea, by several populous hamlets, and new comfortable looking farm houses. The soil is rocky, and exposed to the influence of the western gales; yet all-powerful industry has converted the marsh into meadows and pastures, and overspread the sterile rock and bleak shore with waving corn. Of public edifices, the Church is most remarkable, with several good monuments. In the cemetery are two rude pillars. One of them is called St. Cadvan's Stone, shaped like a wedge, about 7 feet high, with a cross, and an inscription on each side, in old british characters. Cadvan had, at the N.E. end of the church yard, a free chapel, the walls of which were existing about 1620; at present the green site only remains. Some say that saint Cadvan lived about the year 250, and is supposed to have been buried in the church, that the stone before mentioned is a fragment of his tomb, and is cautiously preserved. On the shore grows the Arunda arenarea.

Mr. Pennant continued HIS JOURNEY from a place called *Allt-Lwyd*, where he had a full view of the flat called *Towyn Meirionydd*, watered by the Disynwi. From this place he descended through fields, and, crossing the river, dined upon a great stone beneath the vast rock *Craig y Deryn*, or the rock of birds, so called from the numbers of cormorants, rock pigeons, and hawks, which breed there. At the foot is a prodigious stream of stones, which extends some hundreds of yards from the bottom of the rock. Here the Towyn is contracted into a fertile vale, which stretches about two miles further. Near it's end is a long and high rock, narrow upon the top. Here stood the castle of *Teberri*, which extended lengthways over the whole surface of the summit. The remaining walls are well built, but the place is so overgrown with bushes as to render the survey very difficult. It lies in the parish of *Llan vihangel y Pennant*. Returned about half a mile, and rode several miles along the pretty vale of *Tal y llyn*; went by *Llyn y mingil*, a beautiful lake, about a mile long. It's termination is very picturesque; for it contracts gradually into the form of a river, and rushes through a good stone arch into a narrow pass, having on one side the church, on the other some cottages mixed with trees. A few miles beyond Tal-y llyn church, the hills almost meet at their bottoms, and change their aspect. No verdure is now to be seen, but a general appearance of rude and savage nature. One of the precipices is called *Pen y Delyn*, from some resemblance which it has to a harp; another is styled *Llam y lladron*, or the theives's leap. On the left is the rugged heig of Cader Idris. Pass near a small lak called *Llyn y tri grasenyn*, or pool the three grains, from 3 vast rocks, whi some time had fallen from the neig bouring mountain into the wate These, say the peasants, were the thre grains which the giant feeling in h shoe, so as to hurt his foot, he thre them out here. Pass over *Bwlch Ca* and, after descending a bad road rea DOLGELLY; whence visit *Nanneau*, th seat of the ancient family of the Naneys, now of the Vaughans. The wa to it is a continual ascent of two mile On the road side is a venerable oak pierced by age into the form of a goth arch; it's girth 27½ feet. It's name i Derwen Ceubren yr Ellyll, the hollow oak, the haunt of demons. Abov Nanneau is a high rock, called *Moel y thrwm*, evidently once a british pos Return through Dolgelly, and about mile beyond, is a beautiful view o three vales, finely embellished with gentleman's seats and watered by the junction of the Onion and the Mowdach. Instead of the direct track to Barmouth, visit the cascades of *Glyn-maw*. Cross the bridge of *Llan elltyd*. Below is a turbery; on the left is the Church of Llan-elltyd; on the right, in a rich fla, stand the remains of the abbey of *Cymmer*. Part of the church is still to be seen; the great hall and part of the abbot's lodgings now form a farm-house. Continue upon a bank high above the Mowdach. About 5 or 6 miles from Dolgelly, at *Dol y Myllyn*, mr. Pennant turned out of the road to meet the furious course of the Gamlan, which falls, with short interruptions, from rock to rock, for a very considerable space, amid the woods and bushes, till it reaches a lofty precipice, whence it precipitates into a black pool, shaded by trees (which gives the name of *Rhaiadr-ddu*, or the black cataract). Cross *Pont ar Gamlan*, below which the river falls into the Mowdach. Not far thence, the junction of the Mowdach and Eden forms another grand scene. Begin a considerable ascent, and find upon the summit some groves of handsome oaks; in front, a naked country. Descend through steep fields, to another set of wooded dingles, which wind along the bottoms, and join the former. In various parts Cader Idris appears in full majesty. Soon after arriving in the woods another cascade called *Pistil*

Caen; astonishes with it's grandeur, orming a vast fall, bounded on one side by broken ledges of rocks, on the other by a lofty precipice. At the bottom is an alpine bridge, and not far distant is another cascade. Emerging from these romantic depths, a long extent of woodless tract is reached, in the vast parish of *Trawsfynnydd*, walled in on all sides by lofty rugged mountains, of various forms. In a farm-house, not far from this road to *Rhiw goch*, visit *Bedd Porus*, the grave of Porus, with a flat stone over it, containing a broken latin inscription. Not far from it, in another field, is a great upright stone, called *Llech Idris*. After a short ride, see on a common the noted Sarn, or *Llwybr Helen*, the causeway or path of Helen; a road supposed to have been made through part of North Wales, by Helina, daughter of Eudda, or Octavius, and wife to the emperor Maximus. This road is now entirely covered with turf; but, it's elevation causes it to be visible in many parts. Beneath are the stones which form it, and extend in all it's course to the breadth of eight yards. There are tumuli near it in many places. *Castell Prysor* is a singular fort, placed between the hills. The remains are rather slight; the facings are very regular, but the work is destitute of mortar. Hence, towards Festiniog, by the road side, is *Llyn Rathllyn*, a small lake noted for a singular variety of perch. Not far hence, within the enclosed country, is a fine roman camp called *Tommen y Mur*, or the mount within the wall. *Sarn Helen* runs into it at one end, and is continued to *Rhyd yr Halen*, in Festiniog parish, and by the side of *Fannod Vawr*, and over a farm called *Croesor*, at the upper end of Cwm Croesor, and through *Cae Ddafydd*, in Nanmor. The branches are numerous. Close by the road side, on the common, at a short distance from the camp, is an oval inclosure, about 36 yards long, and 27 wide in the middle, surrounded by a high mound of earth, but without a foss. Returning out of the parish of Trawsfynydd, along the beforementioned road, to Llan-elltyd, keep on the side of the hill, above the valley which leads TO BARMOUTH. The ride is very delightful; the vale being watered by the Mawddach (known here only by the name of *Avon* or the river), bounded by hills and chequered with woods.

The lower road TO DOLGELLY, or that which passes the southern side of *Cader-Idris* is preferable to the upper one, which is shorter, but not nearly so interesting. About 3 miles from Towyn is crossed the little river Mathew, and proceeding up the narrow valley through which it flows, the mountain on the left appears covered with underwood nearly to it's summit. Passing the source of the river Mathew, at the little village of *Abergynolwyn* the tourist finds himself on the banks of the river Disynwy, with the steep ascent of Cader-Idris full in view, rising out of the woods which root themselves on it's base. The mountains on both sides now soar to a vast height, become more craggy, and approach so near to each other as almost to shut up the vale. Next appears *Talyllyn*, a piece of water above a mile in length, occupying the bottom of the valley. Coasting this lake by a rough mountain road, a difficult ascent conducts the traveller out of the glen, and proceeding three miles, past enclosed fields and frequent cottages, Dolgelly is reached.

The road TO ABERYSTWITH lies close to the sea-side, over hard sand, for four miles, to the ferry of *Aber-Dyfi*, a small sea-port, romantically situated under rocks, employing about 30 ships. After crossing the Dyfi, and continuing to tread the shore gratified with a view of the troubled ocean, breaking with dreadful fury over the cliffs which form the southern shore of Caernarvon bay, you reach the village of *Porth*, where this stupendous scenery is left, the road winding up an ascent with an elevation on each side. Little beauty of country now occurs, being naked and unpopulous.

To Dolgelly, 18 miles, Aikin.
— Aberystwith, 12 miles, Warner.
— Back to Machynllaeth, 12 miles, Skrine.
— Barmouth, after an excursion round Cader-Idris, Pennant.

From Hafod, 18 miles, Barber.
—— Aberystwith, 18 miles. Malkin.
—— Hafod, 18 miles, Evans.
—— Llanbeder, 11 miles, Wyndham.
—— Strata Florida, 5 miles, Skrine.

TREGARON, is a poor straggling ill-built town, situated in an abrupt hollow, watered by an arm of the Teivi, on the E. side of Caerdiganshire. This place being plentifully interspersed with trees, it forms a pleasing relief to the surrounding dreariness. It boasts the dignity of a mayor, and it's Church is a respectable old building, standing upon a little rocky eminence, regularly circular. There is a weekly market here, and an annual fair. A little below the town, is a spring, where on Easter sunday in the morning the young men and women repair, to treat each other with a small loaf, called Bura Cân, and drink of the water. The mountains in this part of the country, are wild and varied, yet abound in an abundance of grass which rots upon the ground. Poa fluitans, Poa trivialis, P. prælonga, Triticum repens, Agrostis palustris, A. minima, Aira aquatica, and Alopecurus pratensis, flourish exceedingly.

To Llandovery, passing the forest of *Roscob* and descending into the vale of the Irvon, near the banks of the river are the mineral springs called *Llanwrted Wells*, which contain a large quantity of hepar sulphuris, with a small quantity of neutral salts in solution. They are much frequented by the south wallian gentry during the summer months, and are used in cases where the waters of Harrowgate are applied. The small inn of *Tavern y Prydd* affords refreshments; the mountain is ascended to the s. The mansion of *Glan Bran*, situated in a well-wooded park, is passed by an easy descent.

The country to Llanbeder is dreary but improves much in pursuing it. It may be travelled on either side of the river Teivi; but a stranger will prefer the eastern side, over Pont Llanico to *Llan Ddewi Brefi* distant 3 miles, situated near the southern banks of the river Teivi, and opposite *Llanio-isau*, where there are some remains of the roman city of *Loventium*. The church of Llan-Ddewi Brefi is situated upon a gentle eminence, backed by high mountains, and surrounded by miserable hovels. Four lofty gothic arches, supporting a square massive turret, bespeak it's ancient grandeur. In 522, at a holy synod, held here, St. David opposed the opinions of the Pelagians. St. Dubricius, archbishop of Caerleon, having assisted at the synod, resigned his see to St. David, and betook himself to Bardsey Island, to apply the remainder of his life to devotion. A prodigious petrified horn, which is shewn at the church, is said to have remained there from that time; and in the year 1187, Bishop Beck founded a college on the spot. Several roman inscriptions appear upon stones in and about the church; but at a place some distance southward of it, called *Caer Cestish* (the field of the castle), a great number have at various times been discovered, as also coins and roman bricks. Dr. Gibson considers this to be the Lovantinum of Ptolemy, in which opinion he is followed by Horsley. Yet this spot, the site of a roman town, and occupied by it's legions, is now traced with difficulty among barren fields remote from the habitation of man.

There is perhaps no situation, near which you pass between Tregaron and Llanbeder, more agreeably circumstanced than *Millfield*, on the banks of a little tributary brook called Mathern. In the parish of Kellan, bp. Gibson notices a remarkable pillar, about 16 feet high, 6 broad, and 2 thick, erected upon the top of a mountain.

A wild track led mr. Skrine back to the banks of the Ystwith, just below lord Lisburne's park, at Crosswood, whence he passed mr. Powell's at *Nanteos*, and crossed the Rhydol, to the ancient town of Llanbadern Vawr.

On the road from Tregaron northward, about a mile from the town, are two paved places in form of graves, supposed to be the sepulchres of two persons subjected to interment on a cross road. A little futher is a beautiful lake called *Llyn y maes* (lake of the field) where tradition says that Tregaron once stood. Midway between the town and this lake is a marshy bog of excellent peat reaching to the river. On the other side is a coppice of various trees where the Rubus idæus, or raspberry, grows in great abundance. Not far off in a meadow below, is *Ffynnon Elwad*, formerly of great note for curing sore breasts. At the n.e. extremity of these hills is an ascendency almost circular, and very steep on the w. side, where formerly grew a fine grove of timber wood. This hill is called *Banau Bron y Mwyn*, from the mines formerly on the place. At the n. end of the parish of Caron, is the inconsiderable village of *Rhydfendigaid* (the blessed ford), from the river Teivi being fordable there, over which is a very old bridge of stone. A mile eastward of this village lies Strata Florida, called frequently *Monachlog*.

To Llanbeder, 12 miles, Barber; Malkin.
— Llandovery, 27 miles, Evans.
— Strata Florida, 5 miles, Wyndham.
— Llanbadern Vawr, 12 miles, Skrine.

* * *

From Caerleon, 7 miles, Cox; Barber.
—— Llanvair, 10½ miles, Warner.
—— Pont y Pool, 7 miles, Wyndham.
—— Newport, Mon. over Penca-mawr, Skrine.

USK, in the centre of Monmouthhire, supposed to be the Burrium of he Romans, is now a small village, nuch delapidated and untenanted. It's ncient boundaries were of considerable extent, and may yet be traced in an mperfect rampart in the adjoining fields. The figure is irregularly rectilinear. It is pleasingly situated on a river of the same name, over which is a long bridge of stone. It's Castle occupies an easy eminence in the northern precinct of the town, and is celebrated in history for withstanding many a furious attack. The greatest part is converted to the uses of a farm-yard and the rest is enveloped in ivy. It's foundation is attributed to the Clare family. The entrance is a gothic gateway. The baronial hall appears on each side. It's whole appearance indicates the earliest architecture. The Church, tho' much reduced, is still a large structure. Contiguous is the Priory, once consisting of five Benedictine Nuns, founded by the Clare family, now occupied by a farmer. The common prison of this place was formerly a Roman catholic chapel.

In this neighbourhood are the remains of several ancient encampments, particularly that of *Craig-y-garcyd*, crowning a woody precipice on the w. side of the river, about a mile above the town, supposed to be Roman; that of *Campwood*, 2 miles from Usk, on the left of the road to Raglan; and that of *Coed y Runedd*, which is formed on the summit of a considerable eminence, at the extremity of Clytha Hills, about 4 miles from Usk, commands a beautiful view of the northern part of the country. The bridge was built by Wm. Edwards.

The draughtsman will find some good subjects for his pencil in the priory church gateway, bridge, and castle; and the welsh antiquarian may conjecture on the inscribed brass plate in the church. In the parish church of *Tredonock* is a roman inscription dedicated to the memory of Julians, a soldier of the second legion.

Inn. Three Salmons.

On the road TO ABERGAVENNY, mr. Warner pursued the banks of the Usk; but returned to the road, within 5 miles from Abergavenny to survey a highly ornamented gate-way erecting in August 1797, as an entrance to the park of *Clytha Castle*, which appeared to him inconsistent with the inconsiderable appearance of the house.

To Raglan, 5 miles, Coxe; Barber; Skrine.
— Abergavenny, 11 miles, Warner.
Back to Newport, 9 miles, Wyndham.

* * *

VALE CRUCIS ABBEY, see Crucis Abbey.

* * *

From Montgomery, 9 miles, Pennant; Bingley.
—— Shrewsbury, 18 miles, Evans.
—— Llanymynach, by canal, 12 miles, Warner.
—— Llanvyllin, 12 miles, Wyndham; Skrine.
—— Oswestry, 18 miles.

WELSH POOL is a large and populous town of Montgomeryshire, governed by a mayor, burgesses, common council, recorder, &c. the houses, chiefly of brick, form one long and handsome street in the centre of which stands a modern County-hall, having an elegant front, with collonades and pilasters of stone. The manners of the inhabitants are completely English, and the Welsh language is scarcely known. This place is noted as the mart for welsh manufactures, whence they are sent to various parts of England. Formerly the Shrewsbury drapers were the only purchasers, but now drapers from various parts attend the market. The Severn is navigable for small barges up to a place called the Pool Stake, about 3 quarters of a mile from the town, tho' upwards of 200 miles from it's mouth in the Bristol channel. A canal is forming, to which the Ellesmere will join at a right angle near Hordly, to pass through Llanymynach, Pool, and Berhiw to Newtown. The Church is singularly situated at the bottom of the hill, and so low that the upper part of the church-yard is nearly on a level with it's roof. Belonging to it's ornaments is a beautiful chalice of pure gold capable of holding a wine quart.

Inns. The Oak; Cross-keys.

In ditches on the road between Pool Quay and the turnpike road leading to the town, grows Huttonia palustris.

Almost opposite to Welshpool, on the other side of the Severn, is *Buttington*, the Butdigingtune of the Saxons; where, in 894, the Danes, under Hesten, took their station; but the generals of King Alfred instantly blocked them up, and actuated by despair and famine forced their way through the Saxons and were cut to pieces.

At the distance of a mile, in a conspicuous situation, near the road from Montgomery, stands *Powys Castle*; or Castel coch, originally built of reddish stone; it has since been much plastered over with red lime. The antique grandieur of the building is destroyed, by the alteration of the windows to modern sashed ones. The principal entrance is a gateway between two massy round towers. Several other towers are still standing, flanked with Semicircular bastions. The area exhibits nothing worthy of notice, except a gallery 117 feet long. It was once much more extensive. Upon the ground floor the apartments are gloomy. The dining-room and the state bedroom are also gloomy; but the saloon and library are delightfully lighted. The view from the former embraces the richly wooded vale of the Severn, backed by the Breiddin hills. The terrace below is a noble, tho' antiquated appendage. These apartments contain some valuable antiques. In a detached building, more modern than the castle, is a collection of 60 or 70 pictures. Some of these are by the first masters, as Poussin, Claude, Bassano, Vleiger, Canaletti, Cuyn, &c. The Virgin and Child by Carlo Dolce; three owls by Rubens; an ancient painting in fresco, from the ruined city of Pompeii. The portrait of the late lord Clive by Dance. In an adjoining closet is the model of an elephant, covered with a coat of mail, with two indians upon it's back, brought from India by the late lord Clive. The earl of Powys, first created by Charles 1, obtained this castle, (on which 17 manors are still dependant) by purchase, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. During the commonwealth, it was attacked and taken for the parliament, by sir Thomas Middleton, and it's owner, Piercy lord Powis, taken prisoner, on account of his attachment to the king's party. By the death of George earl of Powis the title became extinct; but was restored by his present majesty to lord Clive, who married the sister of the late earl of Powis. Gardens have been laid out with parallel terraces, and squared slopes. The ancient water-works and clipped shrubs are removed. The Park, formed of spacious and verdant lawns, with swelling hills, extends to the town, and is excellently wooded. A road is tastefully conducted to the castle, which is occasionally seen and lost in the approach. "Powys Castle," says sir Richard Hoare, "stands preeminent in this part of the country for it's fine situation and commanding terrace. It is one of those buildings, the character of which requires the adoption of Italian architecture, and the old-fashioned style of garden: it's terraces should be preserved, it's bulustrades decorated with statues and vases, interwoven with creeping plants and evergreens; in short, it should be made a *Villa d' Este* in miniature."

At a short distance from Welshpool lies the pleasing *Vale of Cyveiliog*. At the foot of the *Breiddin hills* are the ruins of the Cistercian Monastery, called *Strata Marcella*, or *Ystrad Marchell*, founded by Owen Cyveiliog, in 1170. Hereabouts the botanist will find Pyrus aria, Pteris crispa, Cotyledon lutea, Sedum rupestre, Papaver cambricam, Chlora perfoliata, Lichnis viscaria.

To the N. of Welshpool rises abruptly from the vale, *Moel y Golfa*, *Craig Breiddyn*, *Cefn Castyl*, and the trifid summits of a rock more than 1000 feet in height. On the highest peak the gratitude of the country erected an obelisk to commemorate the important victory obtained by Rodney over the French fleet in 1781. The vale of Montgomery and Shrewsbury stretch beneath, through which the Severn winds placidly. The distant views are remarkably fine, the solitary Wrekin rising upon the plain of Salop; the extensive chain of the contiguous mountains; the summits of Snowdon to the N. and Cader-Idris to the W. Upon the Craig Breiddin grows Veronica hybryda, Potentilla rupestris; and on the steepest parts, Pyrus aria.

The road TO LLANVAIR lies through a hilly, yet well cultivated country; and is generally preferred by travellers to Montgomery, the new road from the former place to Newtown being very pleasing.

A rich valley, watered by the infant Severn, conducts the tourist, amid populous villages, TO NEWTOWN, almost encompassed by the river, and surrounded by high wooded hills. Upon one of them stands a temple, from which the landscape is enchantingly fine.—Skrine.

On the road TO LLANYMYNACH, distant 6 miles, pass the three high mountains beforementioned, called Breiddin or Vreiddin hills, to the right. This district is agreeably broken into gentle risings prettily wooded. *Gilesfield* village and church are pleasingly situated under the hills. Pass by *Garth*, a seat of the Mittons; and by the Church of Llandysilio: soon after cross the river Vyrnwy by a ferry. *Llwyn y groes* lies a little out of the road, upon the banks of the Severn, the residence of the late ingenious mr. Evans, who published the 9 sheets map of North Wales; or at the distance of a mile from Llanymynach, instead of the direct road to the ferry, turn to the left and go circuitously over a bridge.

On the road TO MONTGOMERY, *Powis Castle* appears to great advantage. Proceed over a fine level country surrounded by an amphitheatre of distant hills. At the distance of a mile, turn to the left and cross the Severn upon a good bridge, to the village of *Leigton*. Proceed two miles to *Forden*, on the right catch a glimpse of *Nantcribba*, the seat of viscount Hereford. About two miles further cross the Camlet river, over a pleasing tract of undulating country. A well-built inn is situated about midway. On approaching Montgomery, it's ruined castle, frowning even in decay, appears upon a high rock; and upon a higher eminence the remains of an ancient british fortification.

To Llanymynach, 9½ miles, Pennant; Bingley.
— Llanvair, 8 miles, Evans.
— Montgomery, by Powis Castle, 8 miles, Wyndham; Warner.
— Newtown, 17 miles, Skrine.

WELSH ST. DONATS, 1½ miles on the N.E. of Cowbridge, seems to have been affixed to this village of Glamorganshire, to distinguish it from St Donats by the seaside. It is remarkable that tho' this place lies within little more than a mile of the great road from England to Milford and Ireland there is scarcely a village in the principality where less English is spoken. The situation is agreeable without being striking. In this village are several specimens of the genuine welsh pigstye, the conic form and solid fabric of which give an air of architectural dignity to these edifices not granted to the habitations of so slovenly a race in England. The pigeon-houses are in many places really ornamental: their height, size and circular construction, give them, at a distance, the effect of castellate towers; and some of them are actually of considerable antiquity. From the top of an elevated common just beyond Welsh St Donatts, you look down on the village of *Pendoylan*, to the right; and before you lies *Hensol*, the house and grounds belonging to which are seen to the best advantage from this spot. Samuel Richardson, esq. is the present proprietor, by purchase from lord Talbot, who takes from it his second title of baron Hensol. The late lord Talbot, son of the lord Chancellor added the two wings and the towers to Hensol, between the years 1730, and 1740, to him it likewise owes it's plantations, formed on the inseparable principles of good taste and utility. Mr. Richardson seems disposed to pay as much attention to the agricultural, as lord Talbot did to the decorative, improvement of Hensol. The farm-yard, with it's threshing machine, and modern improvements, is in a style superior to the usual habits of the country. Hensol lies on the right of the road from Cowbridge to Llantrissant. On the left is *Newton-house*, belonging to Wm. Gibbon, esq. [see 135.]

From Clun, 12 miles, Warner.

WIGMORE, in Shropshire, was the head of the famous barony of the Mortimers, earls of March, and had 21 manors, which owed suit to the Honour-court, held here once every 6 weeks. The Mortimers were descended from Richard, first duke of Normandy, and came into England with the Conqueror. This family settled at Wigmore. In the reign of Henry 4, the celebrated Owen Glendwr, provoked by the injustice of lord Grey of Ruthin, took up arms to recover possession of an estate of which he had been unjustly deprived by that nobleman. Henry sent assistance to Grey; and by this impolitic conduct, kindled the flames of a tedious and bloody war; for Glendwr supported by his countrymen, sustained the contest with invincible hardihood; and approached the estates of the Mortimers, committing almost every kind of depredation in his progress. The earl of March advanced from Wigmore to give him battle; but, after a desperate struggle, was defeated, and made prisoner, according to tradition, by Glendwr himself, after a personal combat sustained with great bravery. Henry refused to ransom the earl of March, it is supposed on account of the latter being the real heir to the crown. Mortimer indignant at the neglect, formed an alliance with Glendwr, in conjunction with his relatives the Percies of Northumberland; but the celerity of Henry defeated their army near Shrewsbury, before they could effect a junction with the other confederates. The army of Glendwr himself, was dispersed near Leominster, by the sudden approach of prince Henry, afterwards Henry 5. Glendwr never recovered this event; for being proscribed, and forced to become a wanderer, he is said, by some authors, to have been found starved to death in Haywood forest, near Hereford: others, with more probability, say he sought refuge at the house of one of his sons in law, either Scudamore or Monnington, both of Herefordshire. Tradition affirms that he died at the abode of the latter, and that he was buried in the church yard at Monnington. The situation of Wigmore is very romantic: it's site is the slope of an immense mountain of bare rock, and the streets themselves, are undisturbed masses of stone, which renders them almost impassable for horses and carriages. Upon an eminence westward of the village, irregularly intersected by ravines, and covered with underwood, are the ruins of the Castle, now almost enveloped by a mantle of rich ivy. The outward wall is the most perfect, tho' of this a very considerable part is destroyed. Within the area, upon a high artificial hill, are the ruins of the Keep, chiefly consisting of massive fragments, grandly overlooking the country to the N. and E: on the W., the castle is itself commanded by a more elevated hill, now covered by a flourishing young wood. The principal entrance is to the E., which appears singularly low; a profuse mantle of iv crowns the summit, which, creepin over some of the adjoining bastion gives an air of venerable majesty to th mouldering pile. The original founde of this castle has not been ascertained, but the time was certainly previous t the reign of Edward the elder, who re paired Wigmore. It was taken fro Edric Sylvaticus by Ranulph Mortimer; and appears to have been soon afterwards re-built by William Fitz-Osborne, earl of Hereford; it afterwards came into the Mortimer family, who resided here for some centuries in almos princely grandeur; extending their jurisdiction over all the surrounding country, exercising many of the rights of sovereignty, holding their own courts, and trying and executing the criminals found within their demesne. It is now an appendage to the estate of lord Oxford, whose ancestors have enjoyed it ever since the reign of James 1, who granted it to Thomas, Harley, esq. of Brampton Brian, the great grandfather of the Lord Treasurer in Queen Ann's reign. The Church is a spacious, ancient edifice, standing upon the pinnacle of the hill, and close to a precipice. It is curiously constructed of large blocks of light and porous composition resembling pumice-stone. Within, the most striking object is a sumptuous seat facing the pulpit. The church-yard affords a view of the flat unwholesome country to the E. of the village; and a mile to the left, the *Grange of the Abbey*, founded by Sir Hugh de Mortimer. The monks were of the order of St. Austin. On the right is a solitary farm-house called *Government*, where the steward of the castle was wont to reside; who received from the numerous tenants of the barony, the rents of their respective farms, in kind. In the Abbey Church many of the Mortimers were buried, and among them the five earls of March; all of whose monuments were destroyed at the Dissolution, with the building itself. The lands belonging to the Grange are rented at 500*l* per annum.

Croft Castle, is situated between 2 and 3 miles south-eastward from Wigmore. It was the ancient seat of the Crofts, a saxon family of distinction, who resided here in the reign of Edward the confessor, but were deprived of the inheritance by the Conqueror. They however soon recovered possession, and their descendants continued to reside here till nearly the conclusion of the 16th century, when the family became extinct. The estate is now the property of Somerset Davis, esq., who has also a seat called *Wigmore Hall*, about 2 miles distant, which formerly had a castle, but it has long since been demolished. An extensive park ranges upon an eminence to the north from Croft, in the north-western part of which is a British Camp, with a double ditch and ramparts, called *Croft Ambrey*: the prospect from this site is very extensive and grand. Upon an eminence to the sw., about *Aymestre*, is a smaller Camp of a square form. The valley through which the river Lugg flows in this part of it's course, is extremely rich and picturesque; particularly near Aymestre, where the bridge, rocks, hanging woods, and beautiful meadows, compose a scene worthy of the pencil of Claude.

To Leominster, the only place connected with any remarkable circumstance, is the little village of *Mortimer's Cross*, situated in a very beautiful valley, bounded by considerable eminences, covered with fine timber, and watered by the Lugg. There is a decent public house at the distance of 3 miles, near the intersection of two cross roads. This neighbourhood is celebrated on account of the battle fought between the partizans of the rival houses of York and Lancaster, on Candlemas eve, 1461; which terminated in favour of the earl of March, afterwards Edward 4, who commanded in person. The immediate site of the battle was *Kingsland Field*, a small level plain, intersected by a brook. Here, in an angle of two roads, a neat tuscan Pedestal of white stone has been erected, having on it's base the following inscription. "This pedestal is erected to perpetuate the memory of an obstinate, bloody, and decisive battle fought near this spot, in the civil wars between the ambitious houses of York and Lancaster, on the 2d day of February, 1460, between the forces of Edward Mortimer, earl of March, afterwards Edward 4, on the side of York, and those of Henry 6, on the side of Lancaster. The king's forces were commanded by Jasper, earl of Pembroke: Edward commanded his own in person, and was victorious. The slaughter was great on both sides; 4000 being left dead upon the field; and many welsh persons, of the first distinction, were taken prisoners among whom was Owen Tudor, great grandfather to Henry 8, and a descendent of the illustrious Cadwallader, who was afterwards beheaded at Hereford. This was the decisive battle which fixed Edward 4 upon the throne of England. He was proclaimed king on the 5th of March following. Erected by subscription, 1799."

Kingsland is a pleasant well-built, and neat village, remarkable as to a custom prevalent among the inhabitants, of shading their doors and windows with jasmine, woodbines, and grape-vines. The Church is a massive building, consisting of an embattled tower, a naive, side isles, and chancel. Kingsland was the great inheritance of the Mortimers. This manor was part of the estate of the late lord viscount Bateman, of Shobden-court, now the elegant seat of lady Bateman, situated about 2 miles westward from *Mortimer's Cross*. The Park is extensive, and includes some rich scenery. On the decease of lady Bateman, this estate will become the property of William Hanbury, esq., of Kelmarsh, in Northamptonshire. Near this mansion is the Church, built by Oliver de Merlylond, steward to Hugh de Mortimer, about the year 1140, and a small Priory for Cannons near it, but afterwards removed to to Eye, and thence finally to Wigmore.—Brayley and Britton's England.

To Hereford, 23 miles, Warner.
— Leominster, 8 miles.

Commencement of Mr. Hutton's Principal Tour.

THE WREKIN, is one of the mountains which form the eastern boundary of the county of Salop, on the Staffordshire boarder. The hills of Actonburnel, Frodsley, the Lawley, and Caer Caradoc, compose the rest. "The Wrekin, with two other smaller hills on the n. and s. of it, consists of a coarse dark grey whin, red on the surface, owing to the oxidation of it's iron. It is craggy at the top, and so much higher than the surrounding hills, as apparently to rise alone from the middle of the plain; it's plan is a long oval, pointing nearly n. and s. it's figure very exactly resembling that of a whale asleep on the surface of the sea; the strata which are perpendicular to the horizon, lie

E. and w. or across the short diameter. The most precipitous side of the mountain is the eastern; it's height is reckoned about 1200 feet."—A. Aikin. The prospect from the summit is not only extensive, but amazingly fine, for the lands below being rich and level, the observer looks down upon the beautiful enclosures as upon a map. Round the top are the traces a British camp, consisting of two trenches and two ramparts, one elevated 30 or 40 yards above the other. Each of them encircle the crown of the hill, and each admits but of one entrance, narrow as a gateway, with a small eminence on each side by way of portal. The lower, or outward trench is more than a mile round, the inner much less. This spacious camp would accommodate 20,000 men, who would find it a cold birth, suited only to a hardy Briton. I know of no historical fact which will attach to this camp; but as it is not certainly known upon what hill in Shropshire Caractacus, king of Wales, was encamped, when forced by Ostorius, the Roman general, there is great probability of it's being his.—W. Hutton.

Mr. Hutton noticed no place between this and Oswestry.

* * *

From Ruabon, 5½ miles, Bingley; Skrine; Pennant.
—— Ruthin, 16 miles.
—— Gresford, 4 miles, Wyndham.
—— Chester, 12 miles.

WREXHAM is a populous market-town, in Denbighshire, the buildings generally good, and the country beautiful. From it's size and consequence, this town might, with propriety, be denominated the metropolis of N. Wales. It appears to have been a place of some antiquity, and known to the Saxons by the name Wrightesham. The Common Hall is a large and convenient building. The Church is a most elegant structure. It was formerly collegiate. The inside is spacious. Over the pillars is much grotesque carving, and above the arches are the arms of many of the british and saxon princes. Two monuments in this church are by Roubiliac. One of them is in memory of Mary, the daughter of sir Richard Middleton, who died in 1747. She is represented bursting from the tomb, in all the fulness of youth and beauty, tho' she died a withered old woman. "I like," says mr. Pennant, the thought of the sculptor, allusive to the passage in the burial service, "The trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed." The figure is strikingly fine, and the countenance strongly expressive. In the back ground is a shattered pyramid. The other is in memory of the rev. Thomas Middleton and Arabella his wife. Their faces are represented in profile on a medallion. Opposite the former is a recumbent figure of Hugh Bellot, bishop of Bangor, who died in 1596. An antique monument, which was found as some workmen were digging a foundation for the iron gates in the church-yard, lies under the belfry. The figure is a knight in complete armour. Round his shield is an inscription in saxon characters with which antiquaries are puzzled. The church is richly ornamented on the outside, with the kind of gothic sculpture which prevailed in the reign of Henry 7. The tower is 135 feet high, and very elegant. On 3 of it's sides have been statues of not less than 30 saints, of which two have been destroyed by falling from their niches. A former church on this spot was destroyed by fire. The present church, except the tower, was finished before 1472, the glass came from Normandy. The tower appears to have been completed in the year 1506. In the inside is much grotesque carving, over the pillars, with the arms of many of the british and saxon princes. In the church-yard, among some other singular inscriptions is the following on *Elihu Yale*, of Plas Gronow, esq., who was interred July 22, 1721. He bestowed the altar-piece with the picture of the institution of the Sacrament, which he brought from Rome; also the picture of king David.

"Born in America, in Europe bred,
in Afric travell'd and in Asia wed,
where long he liv'd and thriv'd; at London died.
Much good, some ill he did; so hope all's even,
and that his soul thro' mercy 's gone to heaven.
You that survive, and read, timely take care
for this most certain exit to prepare:
when blest in peace the actions of the just
smell sweet & blossom in the mouldering dust."

At Wrexham is held a large annual fair which lasts 9 days, for welsh commodities, and Yorkshire, Manchester, and Birmingham goods. Two squares are appropriated to the use of the sellers. At a short distance from Wrexham is a cannon manufactory.

The best Inns are the Red-lion, and the Eagles.

On advancing within a mile of GRESFORD, from Wrexham, the road leads through a romantic glen, after which occurs a bridge of one arch, accompanied with rustic cottages, and overshadowed with trees in a beautiful style.

About 4 miles on the road to BANGOR, occurs the village of *Marchwiel*. It's elegant little church, lately cased with stone, was in the year 1788 ornamented with a painted window by Eggington. It is divided into 21 compartments containing the arms and crests of the Middletons and Yorkes, with rich borders. It is somewhat strange that such subjects should be thought proper ornaments for a church. The religion of the holy Jesus has no relation to blazonry and pride of birth.

On the road to RUABON, the approach to *Erddig* is rendered peculiarly beautiful by a rich wood overhanging the banquetting-room, which stands upon the edge of a murmuring brook skirting an extensive meadow. The walks through the wood and around this building are traced out with taste and elegance. There is a way across the park into a road by *New-Hall*, to RUABON.

To MOLD, 12 miles. 4½, Cedgidown bridge; 1½, CAERGWRLE, near which are some remains of it's castle; ½, Hope; 6, Mold.

On his road to GRESFORD, Mr. Pennant called at *Acton*, then the seat of his friend Ellis Yonge, esq. This place formerly belonged to the Jefferies, a race which after running uncontaminated from an ancient stock, had the disgrace of producing in the 17th century the infamous George Jefferies, chancellor of England. His portrait was a fine full length, by Kneller.

To Holt 6 miles. Returned to Wrexham, thence to Caergwrle, 5½ miles, Bingley.
— Ruabon, 5 miles, Wyndham.
— Bangor iscoed, 7 miles.
— Gresford, 4 miles, Skrine; Pennant.

* * *

From Shrewsbury, 13 miles.

WENLOCK, is an ancient borough of Shropshire. Saint Milburge, sister to St. Mildred, and daughter of Merwald, son of Penda king of the Mercians, despising the vanities of the world, and devoting herself to the love of God, and a religious life, retired to this place, where, by the assistance of her father Merwald, and her uncle Wulpher, king of the Mercians, she founded a monastery for nuns, of which she became the first abbess, about the year 676. The ruins of this priory are both extensive and picturesque. It presents various specimens of saxon and gothic architecture. Of the former order are three beautiful arches at the western entrance, sunk deeply in the ground; probably a part of the building erected by Roger de Montgomery in the year 1101. The cloisters remain, and are appropriated to the uses of a farm house. This monastery and manor, soon after the dissolution, came into the possession of Thomas Lawley, esq., who lived in the house; by a marriage with a Lawley it devolved to Robert Bertie, esq. of the Ancaster family; and from him it passed into the family of Gage. Sir John Wynne, of Wynnstay, in Denbighshire, bought it of lord viscount Gage, and devised it with his other estates to his kinsman the late sir Watkin Williams Wynne, bart., whose son of the same name is the present proprietor.—Grose. The parish church of Wenlock, adjoining the ruinous priory, bears many marks of saxon antiquity. A large round arch separates the nave of the church from the chancel: the western door is saxon, and within the building there is a window of the same order, as well as a door way on the northern side. On the right of the altar are some gothic niches; but no monuments of sufficient antiquity or sculpture to attract the notice of the antiquarian.—Sir R. Hoare's Giraldus, ii. 192.

To Ludlow, 12 miles.

* * *

From Tintern Abbey, Barber.
—— Monmouth, Coxe.
Mr. Gilpin begins his Description of the Wye at Ross.
From Goodrich Castle to Tintern Abbey, Coxe.
—— Hereford, Warner.

THE WYE, rises near the summit of Plinlimmon, and divides the counties of Radnor and Brecknock, passing through the middle of Herefordshire; thence becoming a second boundary between Monmouthshire and Glocester, falls into the Severn below Chepstow. "To the last place; from Ross, which is a course of near 40 miles," says mr. Gilpin, "this river flows in a gentle, uninterrupted stream; and adorns, through it's various reaches, a succession of the most picturesque scenes. The beauty of these scenes arises chiefly from two circumstances; the lofty banks of the river, and it's mazy course. From these circumstances the views it exhibits, are of the most beautiful kind of perspective; free from the formality of lines."

The following

DESCRIPTION OF THE WYE,

from Ross to Monmouth, is

FROM GILPIN.

The first part of the river is tame. The banks are low, and scarcely an object attracts the eye, except the ruins of *Wilton Castle*, which appear on the left, shrouded by a few trees. This structure was formerly the seat of the Greys, barons of Wilton; it is now converted into a dwelling-house. The bank however soon begins to swell on the right, and is richly adorned with wood. We met with nothing for some time, during our voyage, but these grand woody banks, one rising behind another; appearing and vanishing by turns, as we doubled the several capes. But tho' no particular objects characterized these scenes; yet they afforded great variety of pleasing views, both as we wound round the several promontories, which discovered new beauties, as each scene opened; and when we kept the same scene a longer time in view, stretching along some lengthened reach, where the river is formed into an irregular vista by hills shooting out one beyond the other and going off in perspective. The key-stones of Wilton-bridge lock curiously one into the other. Near this place a dealer in corn has erected a pleasing residence, which he has skirted with willows. The Salix babylonica, however of all the species appears to advantage in a picture. After sailing 4 miles from Ross, we come to a ferry, and on the left is GOODRICH, CASTLE; where a grand view is presented, and we rested on our oars to examine it. A reach of the river, forming a noble bay, is spread before the eye. The bank on the right, is steep, and covered with wood; beyond which a bold promontory shoots out crowned with the castle, rising among trees. This view, which is one of the grandest on the river, I should not scruple to call correctly picturesque; which is seldom the character of a purely natural scene. In following the course of the Wye, which here makes one of it's boldest sweeps, we were carried almost round the castle, surveying it in a variety of forms. As we leave Goodrich-Castle, the banks on the left, which had hitherto contributed less to entertain us, began now principally to attract our attention; rearing themselves gradually into grand steeps; sometimes covered with thick woods, and sometimes forming concave slopes of mere verdure; unadorned, except here and there, by a straggling tree: while the flocks, which hung browzing upon them, seen from the bottom, were diminished into white specks. The view at *Rure-dean-church* next unfolds itself, which is a scene of uncommon grandeur. Here, both sides of the river are steep, and woody; but in one the woods are intermixed with rocks. The deep umbrage of the forest of Dean occupies the front; and the spire of the church rises among the trees. The reach of the river which exhibits this scene, is long; and, of course, the view, which is a noble piece of natural perspective, continues some time before the eye: but when the spire comes directly in front, the grandeur of the landscape is gone. The *stone quarries*, on the right, from which the bridge of *Bristol* is built; and on the left, the furnaces of *Bishop's-wood*, vary the scene, tho' they are objects of no great importance in themselves. For some time, both sides of the river continue steep and beautiful. No particular objects indeed characterizes either: but in such exhibitions as these, nature characterizes her own scenes. We admire the infinite *variety* with which she shapes and adorns these vast concave, and convex forms. We admire also that varied touch with which she expresses every object. At *Lidbrook* is a large wharf, where coals are shipped for Hereford, and other places. Here the scene is new and pleasing. All has thus far been grandeur, and tranquillity. It continues so yet; but mixed with life and bustle. A road runs diagonally along the bank; and horses, and carts appear passing to the small vessels, which lie against the wharf, to receive their burdens. Close behind, a rich woody hill hangs sloping over the wharf, and forms a grand back-ground to the whole. The sloping hill is the front screen; the two side screens are low. But soon the front becomes a lofty side-screen on the left; and sweeping round the eye at *Welsh-Bickner*, forms a noble amphitheatre. At *Coldwell* the front screen first appears as a woody hill, swelling to a point. In a few minutes, it changes it's shape, and the woody hill becomes a lofty side screen, on the right; while the front unfolds itself into a majestic piece of rock-scenery. Here we should have gone on shore and walked to the *New-Weir*, which by land is only a mile; tho' by water, I believe, it is three. The water views in this part, were very tame. We left the rocks, and precipices behind; exchanging them for low banks, and sedges. But the grand scenery soon returned. The views at *White-Church* were an introduction to it. Here we sailed through a long reach of hills, whose sloping sides were covered with large, lumpish, detached stones; which seemed, in a course of years, to have rolled from a girdle of rocks, which surround the upper regions of these high grounds on both sides of the river; but particularly on the left. From these rocks we soon approached the *New-Weir*; which may be called the second grand scene on the Wye. The river is wider than usual, in this part; and takes a sweep round a towering promontory of rock; which forms the side-screen on the left; and is the grand feature of the view. It is not a broad, fractured face of rock; but rather a woody hill, from which large projections, in two or three places, burst out; rudely hung with twisting branches, and shaggy furniture; which, like a mane round the lion's head, give a more savage air to these wild exhibitions of nature. Near the top a pointed fragment of solitary rock, rising above the rest, has rather a fantastic appearance: but it is not without it's effect in marking the scene. On the right side of the river, the bank forms a woody amphitheatre, following the course of the stream round the promontory. It's lower skirts are adorned with a hamlet; in the midst of which, volumes of thick smoke, thrown up at intervals, from an iron forge, add grandeur to the scene. But what peculiarly marks this view, is a circumstance on the water. The whole river at this place makes a precipitate fall, of no great height indeed, but enough to merit the name of a cascade; tho' to the eye above the stream, it is an object of no consequence. In all the scenes we had yet passed, the water moving with a slow, and solemn pace, the objects around kept time, as it were, with it; and every steep, and every rock, which hung over the river, was solemn, tranquil, and majestic. But here, the violence of the stream, and the roaring of the waters, impressed a new character upon the scene: all was agitation, and uproar; and every steep, and every rock stared with wildness and terror. A kind of fishing-boat is used in this part of the river, constructed of pitched canvas stretched over a few slight ribs; constructed for a single man only. It is called a Coricle. [See 267.] Below the *New-Weir* are other rocky views of the same kind, tho' less beautiful. But description flags in running over such a monotony of terms. High, low, steep, woody, rocky, and a few others, are all the colours of language we have, to describe scenes, in which there are infinite gradations, and, amidst some general sameness, infinite peculiarities. After we had passed a few of these scenes, the hills gradually descend into Monmouth, which lies too low to make any appearance from the water: but on landing, we found it a pleasant town, and neatly built."

Mr. Coxe appears to have been much gratified in performing the navigation of the Wye. "The banks," he says, "for the most part rise abruptly from the edge of the water, and are clothed with forests broken into cliffs. In some places they approach so near, that the river occupies the whole intermediate space, and nothing is seen but wood, rocks, and water; in others, they alternately recede, and the eye catches an occasional glimpse of hamlets, ruins, and detached buildings, partly seated on the margin of the stream and partly scattered on the rising grounds. The general character of the scenery, however, is wildness and solitude; and if we except the populous district of Monmouth, no river perhaps flows for so long a course through a well cultivated country, the banks of which exhibit so few habitations." Convenient vessels, adapted for holding eight persons besides the boatmen, provided with an awning, may be had at Hereford and Monmouth. Mr. Coxe dwells much on the description of the *Coldwell Rocks* and *Symond's Gate* or *Yat*. The latter is not less than 2000 feet above the water. The river here makes a singular turn; for tho' the direct distance by land is not more than 600 yards, the course by water exceeds 4 miles. In continuing the navigation of the Wye to Tintern-Abbey, mr. Coxe particularly notices the romantic village of *Redbrook*, the church and castle of *St. Briaval's*, the beautifully situated hamlet of *Llandogo*, and *Brooks Weir*.

The usual practice is to go from Hereford to Ross in a carriage, and thence in a boat to Chepstow; but the beautiful scenery on the banks of the Wye is omitted. Mr. Warner thinks there is no mode of seeing the numerous and varied beauties of this river so satisfactorily, as by tracing it's sinuosities on foot; and the following is the route he pursued. We crossed the Wye at Castle-green, and struck through the grounds and farm-yard of *Rotherwas*, the elegant family mansion of C. Bodinham, esq. *Dynedor hill* lay before us; and the roman encampment, which receives it's name from it, on the left. Hence we took a farewell view of Hereford and it's neighbourhood, the adjoining hills, and the black mountain, that striking boundary to the N.W. and enjoyed a diversified and sweeping prospect to the opposite point. Our approach to *Hom-Lacy* was by a gradual descent of nearly a mile, through a rich productive country. This is one of the many houses belonging to his Grace the duke of Norfolk. The older part of it displays the awkward style of Elizabeth's time; the more modern part was built about the beginning of last century. It's situation is quiet and retired, commanding a beautiful but confined view in front. Hom-lacy was for some centuries in the ancient family of the Scudamores, whose ancestor, St. Scudamore, (so called from the scutum amoris divini, which he took for his arms) attended William the Conqueror in his expedition to England. Philip Scudamore, a descendant, settled here in the 14th century. This was the principal seat of the family till the year 1716, when the last viscount Scudamore dying, the estate vested in his only child, a daughter. By Charles Fitzroy Scudamore esq. (her second husband) she also had a daughter, to whom the property descended. This lady married the present duke of Norfolk in 1771, and added Hom-Lacy to the princely domains of that nobleman. was the last viscount Scudamore wi rebuilt the greatest part of the mans house. He was the friend of Pope, wi frequently wooed the muses here. Th good taste of the duke of Norfolk, a lows the mansion to remain unalter The family portraits, and elaborate ca vings by Gibbons, but little inferior t those at Petworth and Chatsworth, ar still a part of their venerable ornaments. The apartments are decorated wi many valuable paintings, by Vandyck, Jansen, Holbein, and other artis Here is a very capital picture by Hamilton, of Solomon and the Queen o Sheba; and Louis 13 and his Queen, by Beaubrun, cotemporary with Vandyck. In the cabinet is a sketch of the gre lord Stafford, in crayons, from Vandyck, by Pope. The grounds at Hom-Lacy are very pleasant. The old garden, on the S. front, was formed on the model of Hampton Court, in Middlesex, and is a very spacious terrace. The yew-trees, originally clipped into grotesque shapes have been left to regain their foliage. Ascending the hill into the park, the scenery becomes more noble, and the landscape more expanded. From the upper part of it are commanding prospects of the Glocestershire hills, the black mountains in Monmouthshire and Brecknock; those over Hereford and Bradwardine, with Robin-Hood's Butts; and the Clee-hills in Shropshire. Near the parsonage-house is a remarkable *Pear Tree*, covering nearly a quarter of an acre, and forming an orchard of itself, having yielded for many years from 12 to 16 hogsheads of perry. It is accounted for as follows. A large branch having broke by the wind, it's head fell to the ground, the butt still adhering to the trunk. Some time after it appeared to have struck into the ground, taken root, and formed a scion. Willing to humour this lusus naturæ, the incumbent gave directions for other layers to be made from the tree in a similar manner, which became rooted and bear fruit. Opposite Hom-Lacy, at the bottom of an extensive meadow, is a ferry to the village of *Fownhope*. Passing this place about half a mile to the N. is an ancient *camp*; and twice that distance to the N. is another, occupying the summit of an eminence called *Capler-Hill*; the latter camp is doubly trenched and called *Woldbury*. This hill is finely wooded; the prospects from it are extensive and rich, among which the [illegible] Wye forms a striking feature. Here the river makes a capricious turn to the S., and leads the pedestrian, who follows it's banks, a circuitous walk of 6 miles, to *Fawley Court*, a venerable mansion of the time of queen Elizabeth, and anciently belonged to sir John Kyrle, an ancestor to the "Man of Ross." To the village of *How-Caple*, the direct path is 2 miles. Inclosed by a reach of the river below Fawley, is *Ingeston-House*, an old and spacious brick mansion, long the residence of the Hoskyns family. On the banks of the Wye, nearly opposite to Ingeston, at a place called *Hole in the Wall*, are the remains of some ancient building, the site is now partly occupied by many cottages. About a mile lower down, on the Wye, is another of the ancient *Camps* which form a chain upon the eminences in this part of the country. It occupies the summit of *Eaton Hill*; the entrenchments are very perfect and deep; the area is cultivated. A farm-house at Eaton displays vestiges of an ancient mansion; the ground about it is called the *Park of Eaton*. Opposite to Ross, on the western bank of the Wye, are the ruins of *Wilton Castle*, for several centuries the baronial residence of the Greys of the south, who derived from it their first title, and who became owners in the time of Edward the first. The royalist governors of Hereford, ordered it to be burnt, in the absence of it's then possessor, Sir J. Brydges, in the reign of Charles I. GOODRICH-CASTLE, the ancient family seat of the Talbots, rises upon the opposite bank of the river, at the distance of 4 miles from Wilton. Proceeding to *Hensham Ferry* a considerable sweep of the river is left, which contains no features particularly interesting. Again crossing the Wye, you turn immediately into a path through the meadows on it's banks. Here the scene becomes truly majestic. The Coldwell rocks, rising to a towering height on the right hand, alternately start through the thick woods which mantle their sides in lofty pointed crags; and display broad masses of their surface, relieved by creeping lichens, and diversified with mineral tinges. Hence mr. Warner's course led him up a steep and winding ascent to the summit of *Symond's rock*, a stupendous precipice. Hence the river, just crossed, with it's contiguous scenery, appears spread beneath. In an opposite direction are seen the New Weir and iron-works; a sharp and capricious turn of the river; the Doward rocks; and a huge insolated crag, little inferior to the cliff from which it is seen. At the New Weir it is again necessary to cross the river to follow it's meanders. On the right, for more than half a mile, continuing a bold steep bank covered with beech-trees. The Doward rocks constitute a very graud feature of the Wye, now begin to open, opposite to which is a fine echo, from near a spreading beech tree, in the middle of the meadow. This path leads to the turnpike-road from Ross to MONMOUTH, which runs parallel with the river for some distance, commanding a glorious view of the Wye. Passing the bridge at Monmouth over the Wye, and turning into the meadows near it's margin, at the distance of little better than half a mile the river makes another grand sweep to the right, and assumes a new character. Dismissing it's rocks and precipices, it rolls through lofty sloping hills, thickly covered with waving woods. All here is solemn, still, and soothing. An agreeable variety, however, soon occurs, at the picturesque village of *Redbrook*, a busy scene, enlivened by active industry in various forms. *Whitebrook*, another hamlet, ornamented with the house of general Rooke, presently succeeds; to the left of which, on a commanding elevation, is seen the village of *St. Brieval's*, with it's church and castle. The singular village of *Llandogo*, which next opens, is disposed upon a lofty hill, the indented side of which is mantled with deep woods, with many small cottages intermingled. The river next takes a sharp turn to the left to *Cardithel*, in a descent of several feet in the distance of half a mile. At the populous village of *Brookweir*, the Severn hoys ascend to receive the lading of the Wye barges; where mr. Warner left, for a short time, the banks of the river, to wind up a narrow lane for another mile. He then attained the summit of a hill, from which a prospect appeared of extraordinary richness and variety. Behind, the fairy region of Llandogo, the busy village of Brookweir, deeply embosomed in wood; and the crystalline river, studded with vessels. In front, the village of Tintern, with the diversified scenery of

CLASS V.
PENTANDRIA.
MONOGYNIA.
Pulmonaria maritima, 129, 315
sea-lungwort, july.
Borago officinalis, 229, 236
common borage, june, july.
Menyanthes trifoliata, 602
buckbean, june, july.
Huttonia palustris, 631
featherfoil, june, july.
Lysimachia thyrsiflora, 129
tufted loosestrife, july.
Convolvulus Soldanella, 129, 315
sea bindweed, july.
Campanula rotundifolia, 66, 285
β uniflora, 66
round leav. bell-fl., aug. sep.
Ranunculus, 558
rampion bell-flow. jul. aug.
latifolia, 261
giant bell-flower, august.
Trachelium, 582
nettle-leaved bell-fl. july.
hederacea, 284, 340
ivy-leav. bell-fl. june—aug.
Jasione montana, 331
sheep's bit, june, july.
Lobelia Dortmanna, 108, 285, 287, 289, 574
water lobelia, july.
Impatiens Noli me tangere, 435
yellow balsam, august.
Viola canina, 8, 567
dog's violet, april—june
lutea, 389, 404
yel. mou. pansy, may—sep.
Atropa Belladonna, 230
deadly nightshade, june.
Chironia pulchella, 461
dwarf bran. centua. aug. sep.
Samolus Valerandi, 90
brookweed, july.
Euonymus europæus, 183, 230
spindle-tree, may.
Glaux maritima, 90, 129, 266
black salt wort, june, july.
Vinca minor, 580
lesser periwinkle, may.
DIGYNIA.
Chenopodium maritimum, 90, 129
sea goosefoot, july, august.
Gentiana Pneumonanthe, 604
marsh gentian, august, sep.
Amarella, 261
autumnal gentian, august.
campestris, 261, 284
field gentian, september.
Eryngium maritimum, 129, 229, 266, 315
sea-holly, july, august.
Crithmum maritimum, 129, 130, 315, 602
sea samphire, august.
Sium verticillatum, 74
worled wa. parsnep, jul. au.
Anethum Fœniculum, 129, 315, 540
com. fennel, july, august.
TRIGYNIA.
Sambucus Ebulus, 183, 229
dwarf elder, july.
TETRAGYNIA.
Parnassia palustris, 289
grass of parnassus, sep. oct.
PENTAGYNIA.
Statice Armeria, 289, 574
thrift, july, august.
CLASS VI.
HEXANDRIA.
MONOGYNIA.
Ornithogalum luteum, 350
yell. star of bethlehem, ap.
Scilla verna, 129
vernal squill, ap.
Anthericum serotinum, 289, 567, 574
mountain spiderwort, june.
Narthecium ossifragum, 611
lancash. asphodel, july, aug.
Juncus acutus, 223, 229
great sharp sea-rush, july.
glaucus, 223, 229
hard rush, july.
trifidus, 108
three leaved rush, july.
squarrosus, 567
moss rush, june, july.
triglumis, 288, 289, 574
three flowered rush, july.
TRIGYNIA.
Rumex digynus, 289, 567
mountain sorrel, june.
POLYGYNIA.
Alisma natans, 162
float. wat. plantain, jul. aug.
CLASS VIII.
OCTANDRIA.
MONOGYNIA.
Epilobium, augustifolium, 285
rose-bay willow-herb, july.
Chlora perfoliata, 129, 261, 632
yellow centuary, july, aug.
Vaccinium Myrtillus, 231, 289, 558
bilberry, may.
uliginosum, 340
great bilberry, april, may.
vitis idæa, 66
red whortle-berry, june.
TRIGYNIA.
Polygonum viviparum, 285
alpine bistort, june, july.

Polygonum fagopyrum, 540
buck-wheat, july, aug.

CLASS X.
DECANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.
Andromeda polifolia, 105
wild rosemary, june.
Arbutus alpina, 66
blk. ber. alpine arbutus, ma.

DYGYNIA.
Chrysosplenium oppositifolium, 288, 289, 567.
golden saxifrage, may.
Saxifraga stellaris, 66, 289, 567
hairy saxifrage, june, july.
nivalis, 288, 289, 400, 567, 574
clustered alpine saxif. jul.
oppositifolia, 289
purple saxifrage, ap.
aizoides, 567
yellow moun. sax. jul. aug.
cæspitosa, 287, 289
tufted alpine saxifrage, june.
palmata, 287, 289
palmate saxifrage, may, jun.
hypnoides, 66, 289
mossy saxifrage, may, june.
Saponaria officinalis, 337
soapwort, aug. sep.

TRIGYNIA.
Silene nutans, 129
nottingham catchfly. ju. jul.
maritima, 90, 129, 315
sea campion, aug. sep.
acaulis, 284, 289
moss campion, june, july.
Stellaria nemorum, 581
wood stitchwort, may, june.
uliginosa, 340
bog stitchwort, june.
Arenaria peploides, 129, 315, 602
sea chickweed, june, july.
rubra, 266
purple sandwort, july, aug.
verna, 129, 261, 285, 289, 567
β juniperina, 289, 574
γ laricifolia, 284, 289
vernal sandwort, may—aug.

PENTAGYNIA.
Cotyledon Umbilicus, 129, 285, 337
com. navelwort, june, july.
lutea 632
greater yel. navelwort, jun.
Sedum Telephium, 66, 129
orpine or live-long, aug.
anglicum, 129
english stonecrop, july.
rupestre, 66, 285, 287, 289, 340, 484, 574, 632
rock stonecrop, july.
Lychnis Viscaria, 632
german catchfly, may, june.
Cerastium alpinum, 567, 574
alpine chickweed, june, july.
latifolium 567
bt-leav. rough chick we. jun.

CLASS XI.
DODECANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.
Lythrum Salicaria, 266
purple loosestrife, july, aug.
hyssopifolium, 266
hyssop-leav. loosestrife, aug.

TRIGYNIA.
Reseda Luteola, 601
dyer's weed, july.
lutea, 601
wild mignonette, july, aug.

CLASS XII.
ICOSANDRIA.

PENTAGYNIA.
Pyrus hybrida, 321
bastard mount. ash, may.
Aria, 130, 484, 632
white beam tree, may.
Spiræa Filipendula, 129, 315
com. dropwort, july.

POLYGYNIA.
Rosa spinosissima, 129, 315, 357, 602
burnet rose, july.
villosa, 333
apple rose, june.
Rubus idæus, 221, 340, 400
raspberry, may, june.
cæsius, 221
dewberry, june, july.
saxatilis, 108, 130, 289, 567, 574
stone bramble, june.
Chamæmorus, 289
mountain bramble, june.
Potentilla argentea, 434
hoary cinquefoil, june.
verna, 129
spring cinquefoil, ap. may.
Tormentilla reptans, 340
trailing tormentil, june, jul.
Geum rivale, 567, 574
water avens, june, july.
Dryas octopetala, 567
mountain avens, july, aug.

CLASS XIII.
POLYANDRIA.

MONOGYNIA.
Chelidonium majus, 129
celandine, may, june.
corniculatium, 129
red horned poppy, june, jul.
Glaucium luteum, 285, 315, 602
yellow horned pop. jul. aug.

Papaver dubium, 603
long smooth pop jun, jul.
cambricum, 284, 567, 602, 632
yellow poppy, july.
Nymphea lutea, 183, 602
yellow water-lily, july.
alba, 262, 393, 404, 612.
white water lily, july.
Cistus marifolius, 129, 161
hoary dwarf cistus, may jun.
guttatus, 259
spot. flowered cist. jun. jul.
Helianthemum, 129, 161, 315, 357
com. dwarf cistus, jul. aug.
POLYGYNIA.
Thalictrum alpinum, 289, 567, 574
alpine meadow-rue, june.
minus, 129, 161, 289, 574
lesser meadow-rue, jun. jul.
Ranunculus acris, 567
mead. crowfoot, june, july.
parviflorus, 259
sm. flow. crowfoot, ma. jun.
Trollius europæus, 285
globe-flower, may, june.

CLASS XIV.
DIDYNAMIA.
GYMNOSPERMIA.
Verbena officinalis, 183, 602
com. vervian, july.
Scutellaria minor, 284
lesser scullcap, aug.
ANGIOSPERMIA.
Scrophularia vernalis, 129
yellow figwort, april, may.

CLASS XV.
TETRADYNAMIA.
SILICULOSA.
Subularia acquatica, 208, 268, 285, 288, 289
awlwort, july.
Draba incana, 287, 289, 574
twist whit-grass may jun.
Lepidium latifolium, 540
br. leaved pepperwort, july.
Thlaspi hirtum, 574
hairy mith. mustard, june.
alpestre, 340
alpine shep. purse, jun. jul.
Cochlearia officinalis, 130, 289, 567
γ groenlandica, 567
com. scurvy grass, may,
SILIQUOSA.
Sisymbrium tenuifolium, 229
wall rocket, july—oct.
monense, 130
dwarf sea rocket, june, jul.
Cheiranthus sinuatus, 602
sea-stock, aug.

Brassica oleracea, 130, 223, 229
sea cabbage, may, june.

CLASS XVI.
MONADELPHIA.
PENTANDRIA.
Erodium moschatum, 558
musky stork's-bill, june.
DECANDRIA.
Geranium robertianum, in marit.
stink. crane's-bill, may—
columbinum, 130
longstalked cr.-bill, ju.
sanguineum, 129, 161,
bloody cr.-bill, july—

CLASS XVII.
DIADELPHIA.
HEXANDRIA.
Fumaria claviculata, 337, 511, 575
white climb. fumito. ju.
DECANDRIA.
Anthyllis vulneraria, 129, 215, 357
kidney vetch, june—
Orobus sylvaticus, 340
bitter vetch, may, june.
Lathyrus sylvestris, 129
everlasting pea, july,
Astragalus hypoglottis, 229
moun. milk vetch, ju.
Trifolium maritimum, 461
teasel-headed trefoil, ju.
arvense β. 461
hare's-foot trefoil, july,

CLASS XVIII.
POLYADELPHIA.
POLYANDRIA.
Hypericum Androsæmum, 266, 395
tutsan, july, august.
montanum, 484
moun. st. john's-wort. july.

CLASS XIX.
SYNGENESIA.
POLYGAMIA ÆQUALIS.
Hedypnois Taraxica, 289
alpine hedypnois, august.
Hieracium alpinum, 108, 289, 567,
al. sin. flow. hawkweed, jul.
murorum, 285, 321
wall hawkweed, july.
sylvaticum, 289
wood hawkweed, august.
Cichorium Intybus, 120
wild succory, july, august.
Serratula alpina, 567
alpine sawwort, july, aug.
Carduus marianus, 161
milk thistle, august.
eriophorus, 359
woolly-headed thistle, aug.
heterophyllus, 288
melancholy thistle, jul. aug.

POLYGAMIA SUPERFLUA.
naphalium dioicum, 66, 289
moun. cudweed, june, july.
igeron acre, 548
blue flea-bane, july, aug.
enecio sylvaticus, 506
mountain groundsel, july.
tenuifolius, 261
hoary ragwort, july, aug.
ster Tripolium, 549
sea star-wort, aug. sep.
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